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NEWSPAPER MORALS

BY HENRY L. MENCKEN

ASPIRING, toward the end of my nonage, to the black robes of a dramatic critic, I took counsel with an ancient whose service went back to the days of *Our American Cousin*, asking him what qualities were chiefly demanded by the craft.

'The main idea,' he told me frankly, 'is to be interesting, to write a good story. All else is dross. Of course, I am not against accuracy, fairness, information, learning. If you want to read Lessing and Freytag, Hazlitt and Brunetière, go read them: they will do you no harm. It is also useful to know something about Shakespeare. But unless you can make people *read* your criticisms, you may as well shut up your shop. And the only way to make them read you is to give them something exciting.'

'You suggest, then,' I ventured, 'a certain—ferocity?'

'I do,' replied my venerable friend. 'Read George Henry Lewes, and see how *he* did it—sometimes with a bladder on a string, usually with a meat-axe. Knock somebody in the head every day—if not an actor, then the author, and if not the author, then the manager. And if the play and the performance are perfect, then excoriate someone who does n't think so—a fellow critic, a rival manager, the

unappreciative public. But make it hearty; make it hot! The public would rather be the butt itself than have no butt in the ring. That is Rule No. 1 of American psychology—and of English, too, but more especially of American. You must give a good show to get a crowd, and a good show means one with slaughter in it.'

Destiny soon robbed me of my critical shroud, and I fell into a long succession of less aesthetic newspaper berths, from that of police reporter to that of managing editor, but always the advice of my ancient counselor kept turning over and over in my memory, and as chance offered I began to act upon it, and whenever I acted upon it I found that it worked. What is more, I found that other newspaper men acted upon it too, some of them quite consciously and frankly, and others through a veil of self-deception, more or less diaphanous. The primary aim of all of them, no less when they played the secular Iokanaan than when they played the mere newsmonger, was to please the crowd, to give a good show; and the way they set about giving that good show was by first selecting a deserving victim, and then putting him magnificently to the torture. This was their method when they were performing for their own profit only, when

their one motive was to make the public read their paper; but it was still their method when they were battling bravely and unselfishly for the public good, and so discharging the highest duty of their profession. They lightened the dull days of midsummer by pursuing recreant aldermen with bloodhounds and artillery, by muckraking unsanitary milk-dealers, or by denouncing Sunday liquor-selling in suburban parks — and they fought constructive campaigns for good government in exactly the same gothic, melodramatic way. Always their first aim was to find a concrete target, to visualize their cause in some definite and defiant opponent. And always their second aim was to shell that opponent until he dropped his arms and took to ignominious flight. It was not enough to maintain and to prove; it was necessary also to pursue and overcome, to lay a specific somebody low, to give the good show aforesaid.

Does this confession of newspaper practice involve a libel upon the American people? Perhaps it does — on the theory, let us say, that the greater the truth, the greater the libel. But I doubt if any reflective newspaper man, however lofty his professional ideals, will ever deny any essential part of that truth. He knows very well that a definite limit is set, not only upon the people's capacity for grasping intellectual concepts, but also upon their capacity for grasping moral concepts. He knows that it is necessary, if he would catch and inflame them, to state his ethical syllogism in the homely terms of their habitual ethical thinking. And he knows that this is best done by dramatizing and vulgarizing it, by filling it with dynamic and emotional significance, by translating all argument for a principle into rage against a man.

In brief, he knows that it is hard for the plain people to *think* about a

thing, but easy for them to *feel*. Error, to hold their attention, must be visualized as a villain, and the villain must proceed swiftly to his inevitable retribution. They can understand that process; it is simple, usual, satisfying; it squares with their primitive conception of justice as a form of revenge. The hero fires them too, but less certainly, less violently than the villain. His defect is that he offers thrills at second-hand. It is the merit of the villain, pursued publicly by a *posse comitatus*, that he makes the public breast the primary seat of heroism, that he makes every citizen a personal participant in a glorious act of justice. Wherefore it is ever the aim of the sagacious journalist to foster that sense of personal participation. The wars that he wages are always described as the people's wars, and he himself affects to be no more than their strategist and *claque*. When the victory has once been gained, true enough, he may take all the credit without a blush; but while the fight is going on he always pretends that every honest yeoman is enlisted, and he is even eager to make it appear that the yeomanry began it on their own motion, and out of the excess of their natural virtue.

I assume here, as an axiom too obvious to be argued, that the chief appeal of a newspaper, in all such holy causes, is not at all to the educated and reflective minority of citizens, but frankly to the ignorant and unreflective majority. The truth is that it would usually get a newspaper nowhere to address its exhortations to the former, for in the first place they are too few in number to make their support of much value in general engagements, and in the second place it is almost always impossible to convert them into disciplined and useful soldiers. They are too cantankerous for that, too ready with embarrassing strategy of their own. One

of the principal marks of an educated man, indeed, is the fact that he does *not* take his opinions from newspapers — not, at any rate, from the militant, crusading newspapers. On the contrary, his attitude toward them is almost always one of frank cynicism, with indifference as its mildest form and contempt as its commonest. He knows that they are constantly falling into false reasoning about the things within his personal knowledge, — that is, within the narrow circle of his special education, — and so he assumes that they make the same, or even worse errors about other things, whether intellectual or moral. This assumption, it may be said at once, is quite justified by the facts.

I know of no subject, in truth, save perhaps baseball, on which the average American newspaper, even in the larger cities, discourses with unfailing sense and understanding. Whenever the public journals presume to illuminate such a matter as municipal taxation, for example, or the extension of local transportation facilities, or the punishment of public or private criminals, or the control of public-service corporations, or the revision of city charters, the chief effect of their effort is to introduce into it a host of extraneous issues, most of them wholly emotional, and so they contrive to make it unintelligible to all earnest seekers after the truth.

But it does not follow thereby that they also make it unintelligible to their special client, the man in the street. Far from it. What they actually accomplish is the exact opposite. That is to say, it is precisely by this process of transmutation and emotionalization that they bring a given problem down to the level of that man's comprehension, and what is more important, within the range of his active sympathies. He is not interested in anything

that does not stir him, and he is not stirred by anything that fails to impinge upon his small stock of customary appetites and attitudes. His daily acts are ordered, not by any complex process of reasoning, but by a continuous process of very elemental feeling. He is not at all responsive to purely intellectual argument, even when its theme is his own ultimate benefit, for such argument quickly gets beyond his immediate interest and experience. But he *is* very responsive to emotional suggestion, particularly when it is crudely and violently made, and it is to this weakness that the newspapers must ever address their endeavors. In brief, they must try to arouse his horror, or indignation, or pity, or simply his lust for slaughter. Once they have done that, they have him safely by the nose. He will follow blindly until his emotion wears out. He will be ready to believe anything, however absurd, so long as he is in his state of psychic *tumescence*.

In the reform campaigns which periodically rock our large cities, — and our small ones, too, — the newspapers habitually make use of this fact. Such campaigns are not intellectual wars upon erroneous principles, but emotional wars upon errant men: they always revolve around the pursuit of some definite, concrete, fugitive malefactor, or group of malefactors. That is to say, they belong to popular sport rather than to the science of government; the impulse behind them is always far more orgiastic than reflective. For good government in the abstract, the people of the United States seem to have no liking, or, at all events, no passion. It is impossible to get them stirred up over it, or even to make them give serious thought to it. They seem to assume that it is a mere phantasm of theorists, a political *will-o'-the-wisp*, a utopian dream — wholly

uninteresting, and probably full of dangers and tricks. The very discussion of it bores them unspeakably, and those papers which habitually discuss it logically and unemotionally — for example, the *New York Evening Post* — are diligently avoided by the mob. What the mob thirsts for is not good government in itself, but the merry chase of a definite exponent of bad government. The newspaper that discovers such an exponent — or, more accurately, the newspaper that discovers dramatic and overwhelming evidence against him — has all the material necessary for a reform wave of the highest emotional intensity. All that it need do is to goad the victim into a fight. Once he has formally joined the issue, the people will do the rest. They are always ready for a man-hunt, and their favorite quarry is the man of politics. If no such prey is at hand, they will turn to wealthy debauchees, to fallen Sunday-school superintendents, to money barons, to white-slave traders, to unsedulous chiefs of police. But their first choice is the boss.

In assaulting bosses, however, a newspaper must look carefully to its ammunition, and to the order and interrelation of its salvos. There is such a thing, at the start, as overshooting the mark, and the danger thereof is very serious. The people must be aroused by degrees, gently at first, and then with more and more ferocity. They are not capable of reaching the maximum of indignation at one leap: even on the side of pure emotion they have their rigid limitations. And this, of course, is because even emotion must have a quasi-intellectual basis, because even indignation must arise out of facts. One fact at a time! If a newspaper printed the whole story of a political boss's misdeeds in a single article, that article would have scarcely any effect whatever, for it would be far

too long for the average reader to read and absorb. He would never get to the end of it, and the part he actually traversed would remain muddled and distasteful in his memory. Far from arousing an emotion in him, it would arouse only *ennui*, which is the very antithesis of emotion. He cannot read more than three columns of any one subject without tiring: 6,000 words, I should say, is the extreme limit of his appetite. And the nearer he is pushed to that limit, the greater the strain upon his psychic digestion. He can absorb a single capital fact, leaping from a headline, at one colossal gulp; but he could not down a dissertation in twenty. And the first desideratum in a headline is that it deal with a single and capital fact. It must be 'McGinnis Steals \$1,257,867.25,' not 'McGinnis Lacks Ethical Sense.'

Moreover, a newspaper article which presumed to tell the whole of a thrilling story in one gargantuan installment would lack the dynamic element, the quality of mystery and suspense. Even if it should achieve the miracle of arousing the reader to a high pitch of excitement, it would let him drop again next day. If he is to be kept in his frenzy long enough for it to be dangerous to the common foe, he must be led into it gradually. The newspaper in charge of the business must harrow him, tease him, promise him, hold him. It is thus that his indignation is transformed from a state of being into a state of gradual and cumulative becoming; it is thus that reform takes on the character of a hotly contested game, with the issue agreeably in doubt. And it is always as a game, of course, that the man in the street views moral endeavor. Whether its proposed victim be a political boss, a police captain, a gambler, a fugitive murderer, or a disgraced clergyman, his interest in it is almost purely a sporting interest. And

the intensity of that interest, of course, depends upon the fierceness of the clash. The game is fascinating in proportion as the morally pursued puts up a stubborn defense, and in proportion as the newspaper directing the pursuit is resourceful and merciless, and in proportion as the eminence of the quarry is great and his resultant downfall spectacular. A war against a ward boss seldom attracts much attention, even in the smaller cities, for he is insignificant to begin with and an inept and cowardly fellow to end with; but the famous war upon William M. Tweed shook the whole nation, for he was a man of tremendous power, he was a brave and enterprising antagonist, and his fall carried a multitude of other men with him. Here, indeed, was sport royal, and the plain people took to it with avidity.

But once such a buccaneer is overhauled and manacled, the show is over, and the people take no further interest in reform. In place of the fallen boss, a so-called reformer has been set up. He goes into office with public opinion apparently solidly behind him: there is every promise that the improvement achieved will be lasting. But experience shows that it seldom is. Reform does not last. The reformer quickly loses his public. His usual fate, indeed, is to become the pet butt and aversion of his public. The very mob that put him into office chases him out of office. And after all, there is nothing very astonishing about this change of front, which is really far less a change of front than it seems. The mob has been fed, for weeks preceding the reformer's elevation, upon the blood of big and little bosses; it has acquired a taste for their chase, and for the chase in general. Now, of a sudden, it is deprived of that stimulating sport. The old bosses are in retreat; there are yet no new bosses to belabor and pursue; the newspapers

which elected the reformer are busily apologizing for his amateurish errors, — a dull and dispiriting business. No wonder it now becomes possible for the old bosses, acting through their inevitable friends on the respectable side, — the 'solid' business men, the takers of favors, the underwriters of political enterprise, and the newspapers influenced by these pious fellows, — to start the rabble against the reformer. The trick is quite as easy as that but lately done. The rabble wants a good show, a game, a victim: it does n't care who that victim may be. How easy to convince it that the reformer is a scoundrel himself, that he is as bad as any of the old bosses, that he ought to go to the block for high crimes and misdemeanors! It never had any actual love for him, or even any faith in him; his election was a mere incident of the chase of his predecessor. No wonder that it falls upon him eagerly, butchering him to make a new holiday!

This is what has happened over and over again in every large American city — Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Baltimore, San Francisco, St. Paul, Kansas City. Every one of these places has had its melodramatic reform campaigns and its inevitable reactions. The people have leaped to the overthrow of bosses, and then wearied of the ensuing tedium. A perfectly typical slipping back, to be matched in a dozen other cities, is going on in Philadelphia to-day. Mayor Rudolph Blankenberg, a veteran warhorse of reform, came into office through the downfall of the old bosses, a catastrophe for which he had labored and agitated for more than thirty years. But now the old bosses are getting their revenge by telling the people that he is a violent and villainous boss himself. Certain newspapers are helping them; they have concealed but powerful support among

financiers and business men; volunteers have even come forward from other cities — for example, the Mayor of Baltimore, himself a triumphant ringster. Slowly but surely this insidious campaign is making itself felt; the common people show signs of yearning for another *auto-da-fé*. Mayor Blankenberg, unless I am the worst prophet unhung, will meet with an overwhelming defeat in 1915. And it will be a very difficult thing to put even a half-decent man in his place: the victory of the bosses will be so nearly complete that they will be under no necessity of offering compromises. Employing a favorite device of political humor, they may select a harmless blank cartridge, a respectable numskull, what is commonly called a perfumer. But the chances are that they will select a frank ringster, and that the people will elect him with cheers.

Such is the ebb and flow of emotion in the popular heart — or perhaps, if we would be more accurate, the popular liver. It does not constitute an intelligible system of morality, for morality, at bottom, is not at all an instinctive matter, but a purely intellectual matter: its essence is the control of impulse by an ideational process, the subordination of the immediate desire to the distant aim. But such as it is, it is the only system of morality that the emotional majority is capable of comprehending and practicing; and so the newspapers, which deal with majorities quite as frankly as politicians deal with them, have to admit it into their own system. That is to say, they cannot accomplish anything by talking down to the public from a moral plane higher than its own: they must take careful account of its habitual ways of thinking, its moral thirsts and prejudices, its well-defined limitations. They must remember clearly, as judges and lawyers have to remember

it, that the morality subscribed to by that public is far from the stern and arctic morality of professors of the science. On the contrary, it is a mellower and more human thing; it has room for the antithetical emotions of sympathy and scorn; it makes no effort to separate the criminal from his crime. The higher moralities, running up to that of Puritans and archbishops, allow no weight to custom, to general reputation, to temptation; they hold it to be no defense of a ballot-box stuffer, for example, that he had scores of accomplices and that he is kind to his little children. But the popular morality regards such a defense as sound and apposite; it is perfectly willing to convert a trial on a specific charge into a trial on a general charge. And in giving judgment it is always ready to let feeling triumph over every idea of abstract justice; and very often that feeling has its origin and support, not in matters actually in evidence, but in impressions wholly extraneous and irrelevant.

Hence the need of a careful and wary approach in all newspaper crusades, particularly on the political side. On the one hand, as I have said, the astute journalist must remember the public's incapacity for taking in more than one thing at a time, and on the other hand, he must remember its disposition to be swayed by mere feeling, and its habit of founding that feeling upon general and indefinite impressions. Reduced to a rule of everyday practice, this means that the campaign against a given malefactor must begin a good while before the capital accusation — that is, the accusation upon which a verdict of guilty is sought — is formally brought forward. There must be a shelling of the fortress before the assault; suspicion must precede indignation. If this preliminary work is neglected or ineptly performed, the

result is apt to be a collapse of the campaign. The public is not ready to switch from confidence to doubt on the instant; if its general attitude toward a man is sympathetic, that sympathy is likely to survive even a very vigorous attack. The accomplished mob-master lays his course accordingly. His first aim is to arouse suspicion, to break down the presumption of innocence — supposing, of course, that he finds it to exist. He knows that he must plant a seed, and tend it long and lovingly, before he may pluck his dragon-flower. He knows that all storms of emotion, however suddenly they may seem to come up, have their origin over the rim of consciousness, and that their gathering is really a slow, slow business. I mix the figures shamelessly, as mob-masters mix their brews!

It is this persistence of an attitude which gives a certain degree of immunity to all newcomers in office, even in the face of sharp and resourceful assault. For example, a new president. The majority in favor of him on Inauguration Day is usually overwhelming, no matter how small his plurality in the November preceding, for common self-respect demands that the people magnify his virtues: to deny them would be a confession of national failure, a destructive criticism of the Republic. And that benignant disposition commonly survives until his first year in office is more than half gone. The public prejudice is wholly on his side: his critics find it difficult to arouse any indignation against him, even when the offenses they lay to him are in violation of the fundamental axioms of popular morality. This explains why it was that Mr. Wilson was so little damaged by the charge of federal interference in the Diggs-Caminetti case — a charge well supported by the evidence brought forward, and involving a serious violation of popular no-

tions of virtue. And this explains, too, why he survived the oratorical pilgrimages of his Secretary of State at a time of serious international difficulty — pilgrimages apparently undertaken with his approval, and hence at his political risk and cost. The people were still in favor of him, and so he was not brought to irate and drum-head judgment. No roar of indignation arose to the heavens. The opposition newspapers, with sure instinct, felt the irresistible force of public opinion on his side, and so they ceased their clamor very quickly.

But it is just such a slow accumulation of pin-pricks, each apparently harmless in itself, that finally draws blood; it is by just such a leisurely and insidious process that the presumption of innocence is destroyed, and a hospitality to suspicion created. The campaign against Governor Sulzer in New York offers a classic example of this process in operation, with very skillful gentlemen, journalistic and political, in control of it. The charges on which Governor Sulzer was finally brought to impeachment were not launched at him out of a clear sky, nor while the primary presumption in his favor remained unshaken. Not at all. They were launched at a carefully selected and critical moment — at the end, to wit, of a long and well-managed series of minor attacks. The fortress of his popularity was bombarded a long while before it was assaulted. He was pursued with insinuations and innuendoes; various persons, more or less dubious, were led to make various charges, more or less vague, against him; the managers of the campaign sought to poison the plain people with doubts, misunderstandings, suspicions. This effort, so diligently made, was highly successful; and so the capital charges, when they were brought forward at last, had the effect of confirm-

ations, of corroborations, of proofs. But, if Tammany had made them during the first few months of Governor Sulzer's term, while all doubts were yet in his favor, it would have got only scornful laughter for its pains. The ground had to be prepared; the public mind had to be put into training.

The end of my space is near, and I find that I have written of popular morality very copiously, and of newspaper morality very little. But, as I have said before, the one is the other. The newspaper must adapt its pleading to its clients' moral limitations, just as the trial lawyer must adapt his pleading to the jury's limitations. Neither may like the job, but both must face it to gain a larger end. And that end, I believe, is a worthy one in the newspaper's case quite as often as in the lawyer's, and perhaps far oftener. The art of leading the vulgar, in itself, does no discredit to its practitioner. Lincoln practiced it unashamed, and so did Webster, Clay, and Henry. What is more, these men practiced it with frank allowance for the naïveté of the people they presumed to lead. It was Lincoln's chief source of strength, indeed, that he had a homely way with him, that he could reduce complex problems to the simple terms of popular theory and emotion, that he did not ask little fishes to think and act like whales. This is the manner in which the newspapers do their work, and in the long run, I am convinced, they accomplish far more good than harm thereby. Dishonesty, of course, is not unknown among them: we have newspapers in this land which apply a truly devilish technical skill to the achievement of unsound and unworthy ends. But not as many of them as perfectionists usually allege. Taking one with another, they strive in the right direction. They realize the massive fact that the plain people, for all

their poverty of wit, cannot be fooled forever. They have a healthy fear of that heathen rage which so often serves their uses.

Look back a generation or two. Consider the history of our democracy since the Civil War. Our most serious problems, it must be plain, have been solved orgiastically, and to the tune of deafening newspaper urging and clamor. Men have been washed into office on waves of emotion, and washed out again in the same manner. Measures and policies have been determined by indignation far more often than by cold reason. But is the net result evil? Is there even any permanent damage from those debauches of sentiment in which the newspapers have acted insincerely, unintelligently, with no thought save for the show itself? I doubt it. The effect of their long and melodramatic chase of bosses is an undoubted improvement in our whole governmental method. The boss of to-day is not an envied first citizen, but a criminal constantly on trial. He is debarred himself from all public offices of honor, and his control over other public officers grows less and less. Elections are no longer boldly stolen; the humblest citizen may go to the polls in safety and cast his vote honestly; the machine grows less dangerous year by year; perhaps it is already less dangerous than a *camorra* of utopian and dehumanized reformers would be. We begin to develop an official morality which actually rises above our private morality. Bribe-takers are sent to jail by the votes of jurymen who give presents in their daily business, and are not above beating the street-car company.

And so, too, in narrower fields. The white-slave agitation of a year or so ago was ludicrously extravagant and emotional, but its net effect is a better conscience, a new alertness. The news-

papers discharged broadsides of 12-inch guns to bring down a flock of buzzards — but they brought down the buzzards. They have libeled and lynched the police — but the police are the better for it. They have represented salicylic acid as an elder brother to bichloride of mercury — but we are poisoned less than we used to be. They have lifted the plain people to frenzies of senseless terror over drinking-cups and neighbors with coughs — but the death-rate from tuberculosis declines.

They have railroaded men to prison, denying them all their common rights — but fewer malefactors escape to-day than yesterday.

The way of ethical progress is not straight. It describes, to risk a mathematical pun, a sort of drunken hyperbola. But if we thus move onward and upward by leaps and bounces, it is certainly better than not moving at all. Each time, perhaps, we slip back, but each time we stop at a higher level.

THE REPEAL OF RETICENCE

BY AGNES REPLIER

THERE is nothing new about the Seven Deadly Sins. They are as old as humanity. There is nothing mysterious about them. They are easier to understand than the Cardinal Virtues. Nor have they dwelt apart in secret places; but, on the contrary, have presented themselves, undisguised and unabashed, in every corner of the world, and in every epoch of recorded history. Why then do so many men and women talk and write as if they had just discovered these ancient associates of mankind? Why do they press upon our reluctant notice the result of their researches? Why this fresh enthusiasm in dealing with a foul subject? Why this relentless determination to make us intimately acquainted with matters of which a casual knowledge would suffice?

Above all, why should our self-appointed instructors assume that because we do not chatter about a thing,

we have never heard of it? The well-ordered mind knows the value, no less than the charm, of reticence. The fruit of the tree of knowledge, which is now recommended as nourishing for childhood, strengthening for youth, and highly restorative for old age, falls ripe from its stem; but those who have eaten with sobriety find no need to discuss the processes of digestion. Human experience is very, very old. It is our surest monitor, our safest guide. To ignore it crudely is the error of those ardent but uninstructed missionaries who have lightly undertaken the rebuilding of the social world.

Therefore it is that the public is being daily instructed concerning matters which it was once assumed to know, and which, as a matter of fact, it has always known. When 'The Lure' was being played at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York, the engaging Mrs. Pankhurst arose in Mrs.

Belmont's box, and, unsolicited, informed the audience that it was the truth which was being nakedly presented to them, and that as truth it should be taken to heart. Now, it is probable that the audience — adult men and women — knew as much about the situations developed in 'The Lure' as did Mrs. Pankhurst. It is possible that some of them knew more, and could have given her points. But whatever may be the standard of morality, the standard of taste (and taste is a guardian of morality) must be curiously lowered when a woman spectator at an indecent play commands its indecencies to the careful consideration of the audience. Even the absurdity of the proceeding fails to win pardon for its grossness.

It is not so much the nature of the information showered upon us to which we reasonably object, but the fact that a great deal of it is given in the wrong way by the wrong people. Who made the Pankhursts our nursery governesses, and put us in their hands for schooling? We might safely ignore the articles of Miss Christabel Pankhurst in the *Suffragette* — articles which are a happy blend of a vice-commissioner's report and an amateur medical dictionary, — were it not that these effusions find their way into the hands of young women whose enthusiasm for the 'cause' lets down their natural barriers of defense. If Miss Pankhurst knows what she is writing about, — and let us hope she does n't, — it should occur even to her that more legitimate and, on the whole, more enlightened avenues may be found for the communication of pathological facts.

Are there no clinics at our gates,
Nor any doctors in the land?

A writer in *Harper's Weekly* assures us that Whittier would have approved of Miss Christabel's revelations, and that

he probably had something of the kind in mind when he wrote, —

your battle-ground
The free, broad field of thought.

Perhaps! It is a safe thing to say of a man who has been dead twenty-two years. But to most of us an alliance between Mr. Whittier and Miss Pankhurst sounds as desperately whimsical as the union recently suggested by a light-minded contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* between John Halifax and Ann Veronica.

The 'Conspiracy of Silence' is broken. Of that no one can doubt. The phrase may be suffered to lapse into oblivion. In its day it was a menace, and few of us would now advocate the deliberate ignoring of things not to be denied. Few of us would care to see the rising generation as uninstructed in natural laws as we were, as adrift amid the unintelligible, or partly intelligible things of life. But surely the breaking of silence need not imply the opening of the floodgates of speech. It was never meant by those who first cautiously advised a clearer understanding of sexual relations and hygienic rules that everybody should chatter freely respecting these grave issues; that teachers, lecturers, novelists, story-writers, militants, dramatists, social workers, and magazine editors should copiously impart all they know, or assume they know, to the world. The lack of restraint, the lack of balance, the lack of soberness and common sense, were never more apparent than in the obsession of sex which has set us all a-babbling about matters once excluded from the amenities of conversation.

Knowledge is the cry. Crude, undigested knowledge, without limit and without reserve. Give it to boys, give it to girls, give it to children. No other force is taken account of by the vision-

aries who—in defiance or in ignorance of history—believe that evil understood is evil conquered. 'The menace of degradation and destruction can be checked *only* by the dissemination of knowledge on the subject of sex-physiology and hygiene,' writes an enthusiast in the *Forum*, calling our attention to the methods employed by some public schools, noticeably the Polytechnic High School of Los Angeles, for the instruction of students, and urging that similar lectures be given to boys and girls in the grammar schools. It is noticeable that, while a woman doctor was employed to lecture to the girl students of the Polytechnic, a 'science man' was chosen by preference for the boys. Doctors are proverbially reticent,—except, indeed, on the stage, where they prattle of all they know;—but a 'science man'—as distinct from a man of science—may be trusted, if he be young and ardent, to conceal little or nothing from his hearers. The lectures were obligatory for the boys, but optional for the girls, whose inquisitiveness could be relied upon. 'The universal eagerness of under-classmen to reach the serene upper heights' (I quote the language of the *Forum*) 'gave the younger girls increased interest in the advanced lectures, if, indeed, a girl's natural curiosity regarding these vital facts needs any stimulus.'

Perhaps it does not, but I am disposed to think it receives a strong artificial stimulus from instructors whose minds are unduly engrossed with sexual problems, and that this artificial stimulus is a menace rather than a safeguard. We hear too much about the thirst for knowledge from people keen to quench it. Dr. Edward L. Keyes, president of the Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, advocates the teaching of sex-hygiene to children, because he thinks it is the kind of infor-

mation that children are eagerly seeking. 'What is this topic,' he asks, 'that all these little ones are questioning over, mulling over, fidgeting over, imagining over, worrying over? Ask your own memories.'

I do ask my memory in vain for the answer Dr. Keyes anticipates. A child's life is so full, and everything that enters it seems of supreme importance. I fidgeted over my hair which would not curl. I worried over my examples which never came out right. I mulled (though unacquainted with the word) over every piece of sewing put into my incapable fingers which could not be trained to hold a needle. I imagined I was stolen by brigands, and became—by virtue of beauty and intelligence—spouse of a patriotic outlaw in a frontierless land. I asked artless questions which brought me into discredit with my teachers, as, for example, who 'massacred' St. Bartholomew. But vital facts, the great laws of propagation, were matters of but casual concern, crowded out of my life, and out of my companions' lives (in a convent boarding-school) by the more stirring happenings of every day. How could we fidget over obstetrics when we were learning to skate, and our very dreams were a medley of ice and bumps? How could we worry over 'natural laws' in the face of a tyrannical interdict which lessened our chances of breaking our necks by forbidding us to coast down a hill covered with trees? The children to be pitied, the children whose minds become infected with unwholesome curiosity are those who lack cheerful recreation, religious teaching, and the fine corrective of work. A playground or a swimming-pool will do more to keep them mentally and morally sound than scores of lectures upon sex-hygiene.

The point of view of the older generation was not altogether the futile

thing it seems to the progressive of to-day. It assumed that children brought up in honor and goodness, children disciplined into some measure of self-restraint, and taught very plainly the difference between right and wrong in matters childish and seasonable, were in no supreme danger from the gradual and somewhat haphazard expansion of knowledge. It unconsciously reversed the adage, 'Forewarned, forearmed,' into 'Forearmed, forewarned,' paying more heed to the arming than to the warning. 'Trust in God, and keep your powder dry.' It held that the working-man was able to rear his children in virtue and decency. The word degradation was not so frequently coupled with poverty as it is now. Nor was it anybody's business in those simple days to impress upon the poor the wretchedness of their estate.

If knowledge alone could save us from sin, the salvation of the world would be easy work. If by demonstrating the injuriousness of evil we could insure the acceptance of good, a little logic would redeem mankind. But the laying of the foundation of law and order in the mind, the building up of character which will be strong enough to reject both folly and vice, — this is no facile task.

The justifiable reliance placed by our fathers upon religion and discipline has given place to a reliance upon understanding. It is assumed that youth will abstain from wrong-doing, if only the physical consequences of wrong-doing are made sufficiently clear. There are those who believe that a regard for future generations is a powerful deterrent from immorality, that boys and girls can be so interested in the quality of the baby to be born in 1990 that they will master their wayward impulses for its sake. What does not seem to occur to us is that this deep sense of obligation to ourselves and to our fel-

low creatures is the fruit of self-control. A course of lectures will not instill self-control into the human heart. It is born of childish virtues acquired in childhood, youthful virtues acquired in youth, and a wholesome preoccupation with the activities of life which gives young people something to think about besides the sexual relations which are pressed so relentlessly upon their attention.

The world is wide, and a great deal is happening in it. I do not plead for ignorance, but for the gradual and harmonious broadening of the field of knowledge, and for a more careful consideration of ways and means. There are subjects which may be taught in class, and subjects which commend themselves to individual teaching. There are topics which admit of *plein-air* handling, and topics which civilized man, as apart from his artless brother of the jungles, has veiled with reticence. There are truths which may be, and should be, privately imparted by a father, a mother, a family doctor, or an experienced teacher; but which young people cannot advantageously acquire from the platform, the stage, the moving-picture gallery, the novel, or the ubiquitous monthly magazine.

Yet all these sources of information are competing with one another as to which shall tell us most. All of them have missions, and all the missions are alike. We are gravely assured that the drama has awakened to a high and holy duty, that it has a 'serious call,' in obedience to which it has turned the stage into a clinic for the diagnosing of disease, and into a self-authorized commission for the intimate study of vice. It advertises itself as 'battling with the evils of the age,' — which are the evils of every age, — and its method of warfare is to exploit the sins of the sensual for the edification of the virtuous, to rake up the dunghills with the avowed

purpose of finding a jewel. The doors of the brothel have been flung hospitably open, and we have been invited to peer and peep (always in the interests of morality) into regions that were formerly closed to the uninitiated. Situations once the exclusive property of the police courts make valuable third acts, or become the central theme of curtain-lifters, unclean and undramatic, but which claim to 'tell their story so clearly that the daring is lost in the splendid moral lesson conveyed.' Familiarity with vice (which an old-fashioned but not inexperienced moralist like Pope held to be a perilous thing) is now advocated as a safeguard, especially for the young and ardent. The lowering of our standards of taste, the deadening of our finer sensibilities are matters of no moment to dramatist or to manager. They have other interests at stake.

For depravity is a valuable asset when presented to the consideration of the undepraved. It is coining money for the proprietors of moving-pictures, who are sending shows with lurid titles about 'White Slaves' and 'Traffic in Souls' all over the country. These shows claim to be dramatizations of Mr. Rockefeller's vice-commission reports, or of United States Government investigations. 'Original,' 'Authentic,' 'Authorized,' are words freely used in their advertisements. The public is assured that 'care has been taken to eliminate all suggestiveness,' which is in a measure true. When everything is told, there is no room left for suggestions. If you kick a man down stairs, and out of your door, you may candidly say that you never suggested that he should leave the house. One 'Great New York Sensation' is advertised as personally endorsed by Mrs. Belmont and Miss Inez Milholland; and again we are driven to ask why should these ladies assume an intimate knowledge

of such alien matters, and why should they play the part of mentors to such an experienced Telemachus as the public?

It is hard to estimate the harm done by this persistent and crude handling of sexual vice. The peculiar childishness inherent in all moving-picture shows may possibly lessen their hurtfulness. What if the millionaires and political bosses so depicted spend their existence in entrapping innocent young women? A single policeman of tender years, a single girl, inexperienced but resourceful, can defeat these fell conspirators, and bring them all to justice. Never were villains so helpless in a hard and virtuous world. But silliness is no sure safeguard, and to excite in youth a curiosity concerning brothels and their inmates, can hardly fail of mischief. To demonstrate graphically and publicly the value of girls in such places is to familiarize them dangerously with sin. I can but hope that the little children who sit stolidly by their mothers' sides, and whom the authorities of every town should exclude from all shows dealing with prostitution, are saved from defilement by the invincible ignorance of childhood. As for the groups of boys and young men who compose the larger part of the audiences, and who snigger and whisper whenever the situations grow intense, nobody in his senses could assert that the pictures convey a 'moral lesson' to them.

Nor is it for the conveying of lessons that managers present these photo plays to the world. They are out to make money, and they are making it. While one reputable Philadelphia theatre was regaling the public with 'white-slave' films, its next-door neighbor was elevating our moral tone with the listless dancing of Evelyn Thaw. We hear a great deal in these days about 'commercialized vice.' Miss Pankhurst

has hinted that it stands responsible for the protests against her pseudo-surgical articles in the *Suffragette*. But if the engagement of Evelyn Thaw to exhibit herself to theatre-goers is not a commercialization of vice, what meaning is there in the phrase?

In one respect all the studies of seduction now presented so urgently to our regard are curiously alike. They all conspire to lift the burden of blame from the woman's shoulders, to free her from any sense of human responsibility. It is assumed that she plays no part in her own undoing, that she is as passive as the animal bought for vivisection, as mute and helpless in the tormentors' hands. The tissue of false sentiment woven about her has resulted in an extraordinary confusion of outlook, a perilous nullification of honesty and honor.

To illustrate this point, I quote some verses which appeared recently in a periodical devoted to social work, a periodical with high and serious aims. I quote them reluctantly (not deeming them fit for publication), and only because it is impossible to ignore the fact that their appearance in such a paper makes them doubly and trebly reprehensible. They are entitled 'The Cry to Christ of the Daughters of Shame.'

'Crucified once for the sins of the world:
O fortunate Christ!' they cry:
'With an Easter dawn in thy dying eyes,
O happy death to die!'

'But we, — we are crucified daily,
With never an Easter morn;
But only the hell of human lust,
And worse, — of human scorn.'

'For the sins of passionless women,
For the sins of passionate men,
Daily we make atonement,
Golgotha again and again.'

'O happy Christ, who died for love,
Judge us who die for lust.
For thou wast man, who now art God.
Thou knowest. Thou art just.'

Now apart from the offense against religion in this easy comparison between the Saviour and the woman of the streets, and apart from the deplorable offense against good taste, which might repel even the irreligious, such unqualified acquittal stands forever in the way of reform, of the judgment and common sense which make for the betterment of the world. How is it possible to awaken any healthy emotion in the hearts of sinners so smothered in sentimentality? How is it possible to make girls and young women (as yet respectable) understand not only the possibility but the obligation of a decent life?

It might be well if some of these hysterical apologists would read the torrent of disagreeable truths which Judge Lindsey poured out upon the heads of those members of the 'Woman's Protective League' of Denver, who had accused him of undue leniency to male offenders. The law of Colorado defines rape as entering into sexual relations with any unmarried female under eighteen, even should she solicit the relation. This permits a young woman, deeply acquainted with evil, to prey upon the passions, or the curiosity of youth, and then charge her associate with a criminal offense,—a merry life to lead. Girls of sixteen boasted to Judge Lindsey of the snares they had laid, one of them gleefully asserting she had entrapped no less than twenty-five boys, of whom she knew little or nothing. It is probable that this girl lied,—lying is inevitable under these conditions,—but we can hardly plead that such a young prostitute is 'aton ing' for the sins of the world.

There would be less discussion of meretricious subjects, either in print or in conversation, were it not for the morbid sensibility which has undermined our judgment and set our nerves a-quivering. Even a counsellor so sane

and so experienced as the Reverend Hon. Edward Lyttelton, Headmaster of Eton, who has written an admirable volume on *Training of the Young in Laws of Sex*, drops his tone of wholesome austerity as soon as he turns from the safeguarding of lads to the pensive consideration of women. Boys and men he esteems to be captains of their souls, but the woman is adrift on the sea of life. He does not urge her to restraint; he pleads for her to the masters of her fate. 'The unhappy partners of a rich man's lust,' he writes, 'are beings born with the mighty power to love, and are endowed with deep and tender instincts of loyalty and motherhood. When these divine and lovely graces of character are utterly shattered and foully degraded, the man on whom all the treasure has been lavished tries to believe that he has made ample reparation by an annuity of fifty pounds.'

This kind of sentiment is out of place in everything save eighteenth-century lyrics, which are not expected to be a guiding force in morals. A woman with 'lovely graces of character' does not usually become the mistress even of a rich man. After all, there is such a thing as triumphant virtue. It has an established place in the annals and traditions, the ballads and stories of every land.

'A mayden of England, sir, never will be
The wench of a monarcke,' quoth Mary Ambree.

It is like a breath of fresh air blowing away mists to hear this gay and gallant militant assert the possibilities of resistance.

Forty years ago a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* commented upon the amazing fact that in Hogarth's day (more than a century earlier) vignettes representing the 'Rake's Progress' and the 'Harlot's Progress' were painted

upon fans carried by young women. 'English girls,' said this sober essayist, 'were thus, by way of warning, made familiar with subjects now wisely withheld from their consideration.'

The pendulum has swung backward since 1874. Even Hogarth, who dealt for the most part with the robust simplicities of sin, would have little to teach the rising generation of 1914. Its sources of knowledge are manifold, and astoundingly explicit. Stories minutely describing houses of ill-fame, their furniture, their food, their barred windows, their perfumed air, and the men with melancholy eyes who visit them. Novels purporting to be candid and valuable studies of degeneracy and nymphomania. Plays and protests urging stock-farm methods of breeding the human race. Papers on venereal diseases scattered broadcast through the land. Comment upon those unnatural relations which have preceded the ruin of cities and the downfall of nations, and veiled allusions to which have marked the deepest degradation of the French stage. All these horrors, which would have made honest old Hogarth turn uneasily in his grave, are offered for the defense of youth and the purifying of civilized society.

The lamentable lack of reserve is closely associated with a lamentable absence of humor. We should be saved from many evils if we could laugh at more absurdities. We could clearly estimate the value of reform, if we were not so befuddled with the serious sensationalism of reformers. It is touching to hear Mr. Percy Mackaye lament that 'Mendelism has as yet hardly begun to influence art or popular feeling'; but he must not lose hope, — not, at least, so far as popular feeling is concerned. 'Practical eugenics' is a phrase as familiar in our ears as 'intensive farming.' 'How can we make the desirable marry one another?' asks Dr.

Alexander Graham Bell, and answers his own question by affirming that every community should take a hand in the matter, giving the 'support of public opinion,' and the more emphatic support of 'important and well-paid positions' to a choice stock of men, provided always that, 'in the interests of the race' they marry and have offspring.

This is practical eugenics with a vengeance, but it is not practical business. Apart from the fact that most men and women regard marriage as a personal matter with which their neighbors have no concern, it does not follow that the admirable and athletic young husband possesses any peculiar ability. Little runts of men are sometimes the ablest of citizens. When nature is in a jesting mood, her best friends marvel at her blunders.

The connection between Mendelism and art is still a trifle strained. It is an alliance which Mendel himself — good abbot of Brünn working patiently in his cloister garden — failed to take into account. The field of economics is not art's chosen playground; the imparting of scientific truths has never been her mission. Whether she deals with high

and poignant emotions, or with the fears and the wreckage of life, she subdues these human elements into an austere accord with her own harmonious laws. She is as remote from the crudities of the honest but uninspired reformer who dabbles in fiction and the drama, as she is remote from the crudities of the shameless camp-followers of reform, who use its passwords for their own base ends, and whose diversion it is to see how far they dare to go.

'Far rolling my ravenous red eye,
And lifting a mutinous lid,
To all monarchs and matrons I said I
Would shock them, — and did.'

For this amiable purpose, no less than for our instruction and betterment, the Seven Deadly Sins have acquired their present regrettable popularity. Liberated from the unsympathetic atmosphere of the catechism, they are urged upon the weary attention of adults, embodied in the lessons of youth, and explained in words of one syllable to childhood. Yet Hogarth never designed his pictures to decorate the fans of women. Suetonius never related his 'pleasant atrocities' to the boys and girls of Rome.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND LATIN AMERICA

BY F. GARCIA CALDERON

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1913, Professor Hiram Bingham discusses the celebrated Monroe Doctrine as 'An Obsolete Shibboleth.' Listening to him one would suppose it an elaborate and sterile theory of the past. But the dead are hard to destroy; this policy of intervention and coercion is alive and active. A North-American Senator, Mr. Lodge, is the author of a recent resolution forbidding European nations to purchase land belonging to feeble Spanish republics of the New World. Forced by the logic of his doctrine, might he not endeavor to restrict immigration to the south of the Rio Grande, or even to demand that all Spanish-American loans be henceforth placed in the market of New York, the headquarters of South American finance?

Far from growing antiquated and disappearing, Monroeism is winning new adherents hitherto antagonistic to its influences. In the United States the Democrats are becoming its zealous defenders. They are abandoning their irreproachable attitude of sympathetic neutrality toward the efforts of new peoples. Their enthusiasm now surpasses the ardor of the Republicans, who are naturally inclined to expansion and to war. Henceforth imperialism is destined to form part and parcel of the great national tradition. Its influence depends but little upon rivalry of parties and changes of administration.

After all the discussions of the North-American Senate upon the Panama affair, after the frank acknowledgment

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ment of error pronounced by farsighted statesmen, the United States, in its relation to Mexico, is assuming a position which seemed to have lapsed into desuetude: treating this great neighboring nation as if it were a conquered colony; interfering in the melancholy quarrels of this uneasy and unhappy people; sitting in judgment and condemning *ex cathedra*, with a dangerous assumption of infallibility. And herein lies a new aspect of this old doctrine, so extolled by some, so roundly condemned by others — of powerful guardianship, generous protection, conquest in disguise, according as times and men happen to interpret it. In Europe one could indeed wish that this doctrine were becoming an 'out-worn shibboleth.' Every one is familiar with the opinions of the German professor, Hugo Münsterberg, set forth in his book upon the Americans. He condemns 'the error and the folly of the Monroe Doctrine' and he hopes that it will perish from the mere fact of North-American indifference toward it. But, at the same time, Professor Münsterberg is a sympathetic believer in the efforts at colonization which Europe will make after the abandonment of this much-decried defense, and he writes, 'No Russian or French or Italian colony in South America would ever in the world give rise to a difficulty with the United States through any real opposition of interests.' Is not this the naive avowal of an imperialism which feels its hopes thwarted by the protection which the United States persists

in granting to the endangered republics?

When Professor Burgess, in his celebrated discourse at Berlin, denounced the haughty policy of his compatriots, the Pan-Germanists were loud in exultation. They coveted the great American continent so jealously guarded against European aggression. The recent discussion between Great Britain and the United States, concerning the free navigation of the Panama Canal, has embittered British imperialists, who are irritated by this *ne plus ultra*, from which their commercial ambition must suffer. Everywhere there is a general desire to limit or to destroy the application of this theory, formulated a century ago by an audacious executive against a Europe still in the trammels of mysticism and feudalism. In the guise of declarations of idealistic policies, European nations seek to denounce the covetousness and the ambition of an insatiate plutocracy. The Paris *Temps* recently stated that the acts of President Wilson might perhaps be accounted for by the competition for the possession of rich oil-bearing territories. The newspaper declared that this Puritan idealogue was obeying unwittingly the corrupt pressure of Wall Street, and suggested that a precise title given to the future war between Mexico and the United States would reveal its true character: that it might be styled the 'Oil War,' after the fashion of the 'Opium War' of China.

When North America is under discussion, there is always talk of the menace of the United States, of its political duplicity, and its financial invasion of countries to the South. At the last Pan-American Congress, which met at Buenos Ayres, the delegate from San Domingo, M. Americo Lugo, publicly attacked the hypocritical influence of the United States and the periodic

holding of these useless conferences wherein the envoys from Washington sit enthroned, and wherein colorless debates always end in the acceptance of the projects advanced by the North-American delegation. The disinterestedness of the United States toward Cuba, its quixotic war against Spain, were not sufficient to convince the more distrustful spirits of the advantage of Saxon guardianship. Has not the United States dispensed liberty after the fashion of the heroes of mythology? Has it not cleansed the cities and purged the finances of the marvelous island? Schools, roads, industries,—a splendid impetus along the path of progress had created all these after the long domination of inquisitorial Spain. True, Cuban autonomy was not complete, but under the beneficent guardianship of the great liberating people the republic was to live and to prosper. In San Domingo a treaty made with Washington stipulated for intervention in the island's finances. Even if Porto Rico is a colony, Cuba and San Domingo are timid republics of the type of the Australian 'Commonwealth' and of other states of precarious liberties. The United States is sovereign in the Antilles,—'paramount,' according to the haughty formula of Mr. Secretary Olney.

Latinos do not invariably condemn this insistent pressure of the north—this civilizing mission which does so much toward maintaining internal peace. Even the Dominicans have come to recognize that their revolutions have diminished in importance since the United States declared that the conquering chieftains might no longer loot the national treasury. It is not worth while to squander the moneys raised by loans when their expenditure is audited by the guardian nation. In Cuba, education and hygiene have made rapid strides under American

control, and, in spite of the danger of future intervention, liberty in that uneasy island is a respected fact.

But there are limitations of this generous guardianship. It may weigh heavily upon nations when divisions exist. Indeed, it has already overpassed the boundaries of that affectionate intervention which characterized the romantic struggle for Cuban independence. In Panama, in Nicaragua, in the frequent convulsions of Central America, the action of the United States contradicts all its political principles. It divides a country; it favors revolutions; it marches straight toward conquest. In order to make itself mistress of Panama, it improvises a republic and treats the historic rights of Colombia with contempt. Instantly its prestige begins to diminish. The United States no longer ranks among the liberators but among the conquerors. It has forgotten the idealism of the Pilgrim Fathers and has become a violent servant of Caliban. Its action in Mexico assumes the form of a protectorship of the most audacious character. The Panama Canal seems, then, destined to fix the provisional limits of North-American Imperialism. To the South a continent newly severed from the North will for many years, perhaps forever, retain the autonomy which its natives have so boldly won; but to the north of the Canal nothing seems likely to check the progress of the haughty overlord.

It is not true, as Professor Bingham maintains, that amongst the republics which form the A B C Alliance, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, powerful and solidly organized states, one finds any jealous opposition to the neo-Saxon power—such as would explain, according to Professor Bingham's theory, the alliance of these ambitious peoples. On the contrary, among these nations, out of range of North-American action, the

liveliest sympathy with the politics of the United States is discernible. Chile, of course, has not forgotten the Allsop affair with its disastrous consequences. The humiliation to which this warlike nation was subjected has made her react sharply against that vague sentiment of brotherhood prated of by ill-informed politicians. Brazil and Argentina have always acted in concert with their great sister republic. They have followed her examples; they have admired her statesmen and her institutions; and, in the periodic congresses which convene sometimes at Washington, sometimes at Rio de Janeiro, and sometimes at Buenos Ayres, the nations of Spanish origin have accepted without hesitation the leadership of North America.

It is rather in the 'zone of influence' of the United States, between the northern frontier of Mexico and Panama, in the Antilles, in Colombia and in Venezuela, that hatred against the United States has become a popular passion. It is in these territories also that the encroachments of the North Americans are visible, and have often threatened national independence. It would, then, be quite possible to divide Latin-America into two clearly defined zones, according to the state of the political and sentimental relations between these Latin countries and the Saxons across the seas.¹ If you draw a line from the northern boundary of Peru to the river Para in Brazil, and continue it to the distant mouths of the La Plata, you will outline the territory wherein the prestige of the United States has not been lessened. Its policies and its civil methods are admired by statesmen, and one finds only occasional intellectuals who criticize the excesses of North-American imperialism.

As for the perils of this influence to

¹ The author now lives in Paris. — THE EDITORS.

the autonomous development of the Latin republics, one is disposed to see in them only one of those deceptive nightmares which perpetually haunt the tropical imagination. Even Chile, dominated by very definite schemes of its own and by a shrewd materialistic policy, can very readily forget the injuries of her sister republic, and remember only the practical common sense of which they alone in South America are the fortunate possessors. Quite recently, at Buenos Ayres, a former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Estanislao Zeballos, in the course of a much-quoted speech, misrepresented the part played by the British in securing Argentine independence. He passed over the happy initiative taken by Canning and extolled the policy of Monroe, the true defender of the new republic. He demanded that one of the streets of the beautiful Latin capital should bear the name of the famous president, and selected that very one which the gratitude of his compatriots had already dedicated to the memory of the great Liberal minister. At Rio de Janeiro, a Monroe Palace testifies to the respect of Brazil for this beneficent protectorate of the north.

It is true that an eminent historian and diplomat of Brazil, Mr. de Oliveira Lima, has taken a stand against the all-powerful influence of the New Saxons, in his book, *Pan-Americanismo*, wherein he writes, 'The Monroe Doctrine was invariably in its earlier stages a selfish policy intended to reserve America economically and diplomatically for the most important nation of the American continent. Nevertheless it was by the help of this doctrine that all the other states escaped from the domination of their parent nations in Europe, which were certainly no more monopolistic in their policy than the United States has been.' But this opinion runs contrary to the general belief of Mr. Lima's

compatriots, and he himself admits that the Monroe Doctrine is 'a useful instrument to the whole continent so long as it does not undergo alteration,—that is to say, so long as, continuing to be an arm of protection, it does not become an arm of guardianship, indeed of domination, by means of territorial annexations.'

But must we see in the Monroe Doctrine merely a formula whose significance has been allowed to lapse? I do not believe it. European expansionists realize that the doctrine creates for them a hard-and-fast limitation of all territorial acquisition, but does not interfere with their economic influence, which is so essential to the development of Latin-America. Professor Bingham writes correctly that, 'Had it not been for the Monroe Doctrine, the American republics would have found it very much more difficult to maintain their independence during the first three quarters of a century of their career.' This has reference, however, rather to a moral guarantee than to any practical assistance, for the United States did not defend Peru and Chile in 1866 against the Spanish projects of reconquest, nor did it attempt to shield Argentina, then under the rule of the tyrant, Rosas, from the menace of the French and English navies. When the danger was nearer home, when a foreign prince at the time of the War of Secession in the United States sat on the Mexican throne and planned to found there a 'liberal empire' like that of Napoleon III, the republic of the United States grew uneasy and in the name of the classic doctrine took action against the exotic dynasty. Historians have maintained that the French Emperor wished to champion in Mexico the independence of the Latin idea against Saxon guardianship. In thwarting this ambition, the United States did more than simply defend the au-

tonomy of a nation, thenceforward subject to its uncontrolled suzerainty.

Just here occurs the first stigma upon the traditional policy of the United States. It has only pronounced its *veto* in especial cases, often when its immediate interests were involved. For fifteen years South America in armed rebellion struggled against Spanish rule. Where are the valiant soldiers of North America in the records of 1808 to 1824? You will find there Irishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, fighting in the armies which freed the New World from its ancient servitude; but there the United States played no part. It remained indifferent to this great epic *mélée*. It did not even hasten to recognize the newly won independence of its 'sister Republics.' The French came with their glorious assistance to the American Saxons in their struggle against the mother-country. What a splendid career for a North-American general to become a pioneer in the fierce combats of South America! In their history you will find a Lord Cochrane, an O'Leary, but no captain who came like Lafayette to be the Don Quixote of a noble crusade.

In spite of this estrangement, the Monroe Doctrine is becoming in the sequel a bulwark of South-American independence. The projects of European colonization are vanishing and America, land of the free, is enabled to live far from the lusts of the imperialistic peoples of the Old World. Only, this noble theory is very far from being a stable principle unsusceptible of further growth. It alters continuously; it protects or it bullies; it is a servant of peace or of anarchy. I have made a study of these serious transformations in my book, *Latin America*. May I recall them here? The Monroe Doctrine is passing from the defensive to intervention, from intervention to the offensive. From a theory which opposes

all attempts of Europe to make political changes among the democracies of the New World, — a theory which forbids all acquisition of territory, which opposes all transfer of authority from a weak to a strong power, — is evolved the doctrine of President Polk, who in 1845 decrees the annexation of Texas on account of the fear of foreign intervention. In 1870 President Grant demands the seizure of San Domingo as a measure of national protection — a brand-new corollary of the Monroe Doctrine. President Johnson is greedy to possess Cuba in the name of the 'law of political gravitation which forces little states into the maw of great powers.' In 1895, Secretary of State Olney, at the time of the dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, declares that the United States is, in very fact, sovereign in America. From Monroe to Olney, the doctrine of defense becomes a doctrine of moral guardianship.

And what is more serious still, the very nation which condemns foreign colonial enterprise in the New World, itself takes possession of neighboring territory. The new doctrine of imperialism is grafted upon the outworn theory of moral idealism. An enormous territory is open to the ambition of neo-Saxons, and yet they covet Mexican provinces — and actually acquire them in 1848 and 1852. Henceforth Monroeism becomes a doctrine to be looked on with suspicion by the republics which it protects from European expansion. There is even undeserved prejudice against the intentions of the United States, generous as they often are, and the union of the North Saxon and the South Latin is checked or rendered impossible by the very principle which seemed destined to create a great moral confederation stretching from Washington to Buenos Ayres.

The lack of discipline of the Spanish republics, their surly individualism,

their Castilian pride, revolt against every infringement of their power and especially against any organized protectorate. There is nothing more difficult to manage than the *amour propre* of the nations of the south, who look upon any kind of interference as a menace to their independence. They would choose anarchy, destruction even, rather than suffer the unlawful intrusion of any foreign power which ventured to interfere in the internal affairs of a free country. North Americans have often forgotten this attitude of their 'brothers' of the south. Likewise, with no consideration for their tempestuous pride, they have carried their influence in southern matters to the point of provoking violent outbursts of nationalism. They make parade of their superiority, and the South Americans, proud of their traditions and their ancient cities, revolt angrily against the wise counsels of the protecting nation.

Like all Latins, the South Americans have a feeling for form, and respect for the proprieties. They are naturally subtle and Byzantine. Nothing ruffles them more than the rudeness of Washington politicians, who scarcely take pains to disguise a certain contempt for these inferior and turbulent peoples. Mr. Roosevelt cynically says, 'I took Panama.' He believes in the efficacy of the 'big stick' in the relations between the two Americas. He is scarcely a psychologist in these matters. It is far easier to get what one wants from these Latin democracies through flattering proposals, through courteous replies, through a delicate, nicely shaded diplomacy. Violence accomplishes nothing beyond the embitterment of the South American temper. The bookish President has ventured to write that the Spanish republics will, perchance, reach the degree of civilization possessed by Portugal. This opinion, which the South American looks

upon as contemptuous, is made without regard to the extraordinary progress of Brazil and of Argentina. Such imprudent words make it very difficult for the Saxons and the Latins overseas to understand one another.

The behavior of business men whose desire it is to dominate the finances of South America is another factor in aggravating the readily distrustful attitude of the south for the north. These men are not the aristocrats of the banking world, but commonly mere ignorant adventurers who have made up their minds to despise the southerners; rough business men who have become fomenters of anarchy. They interfere in political disputes; they instigate revolutions in order to obtain from the conquerors huge concessions of land, or railway privileges, or loans calculated to ruin the country. To republics which have no conception of the power and the idealism of the United States, such men as this stand as representatives of a vulgar and immoral nation. They have earned for themselves the troublesome reputation of busybodies. One of these men was told that the Supreme Court of the country opposed his projects, and he, without further preliminaries, asked, 'How much does it cost to buy the Supreme Court?' When someone spoke to an unscrupulous banker of the honesty of certain judges, he retorted that honest people always fetch a higher price than the venal. This is the moral preached abroad by Americans who despise the political vagaries of Latin nations. To the perils of internal anarchy they add the still more disquieting danger of financial corruption.

The contempt of politicians, the thwarted ambition of bankers, estrange the southern democracies from the republic which really desires to help their political advancement. So long as the Monroe Doctrine is allowed to pander

to the covetousness of some and to the unscrupulousness of others, Pan-Americanism, the dream of a statesman, Mr. Blaine, will make no progress.

But after denouncing the dangerous influence of these two concomitants, political tutelage and imperialism for profit, have we said all that can be usefully said concerning this doctrine? Monroeism can be enlarged. Without losing hold of its historic influence, it can change both its method and its aim. Instead of abandoning this traditional principle, it would be entirely practicable to adapt it to the new social conditions of Latin America. A Colombian diplomatist, Mr. Santiago Perea Triana, in a notable publication, has already made a study of the transformation of the doctrine of tutelage. According to him, the instinct for spoils has once again established itself among the great European nations who are sharing the plunder of Tripoli and of Morocco. If their ambition does not look with envious eyes upon Latin America, the reason is that there is another doctrine which opposes it, the 'gift which nations just born into the world find in that cradle of liberty which they have won with so much pain.' He calls upon South-American nations to make a proclamation in their turn, and to declare solemnly that foreign conquest is henceforth banished from the New World. If the United States, says he, would affirm that it also is in accord with the sovereign republics of the south, that it respects the territorial *status quo* in this American continent which its own triumphant expansion seems to threaten,¹ an American system of law would be established, and the union of the two races which govern this huge continent would become a political fact of most

far-reaching consequence. We should be face to face, then, with a new Monroeism as the doctrine of American autonomy accepted and proclaimed by all the people oversea, who would agree to protect one another against all future attempts at conquest, and then, in place of this vexing and harassing tutelage, we should have a sturdy declaration of American solidarity.

Even by 1911 these generous plans showed signs of development. The United States, Brazil, and Argentina, through friendly intervention, averted an imminent war between Peru and Ecuador. When they pacified Central America, Mexico came to their aid, and thenceforward their action no longer bore any resemblance to the intrusion of foreigners. It was in the name of a doctrine not only North American, but Pan-American, that the peoples of the New World addressed the powerful nations which stood ready to tear them in pieces. No one then criticized this intervention of the great countries of the New World, of North Saxon and South Latin. The United States played its part; also,—which made its moral influence acceptable,—the Spanish American nations.

Moreover, the celebrated Drago doctrine is only a single consequence of Monroeism, a single economic development of the troublesome old theory. It was an America threatened by creditors which sought this weapon to defend its autonomy. President Monroe had condemned the colonization of American territory by European peoples. The Argentine Minister, Drago, foresaw the possible occupation of the territory of debtor countries as security for the payment of uncertain debts. The protective doctrine became an accepted theory among southern nations in spite of their abhorrence of an Anglo-Saxon guardianship. With the same idea in mind, during the last Peace

¹ President Wilson has given beautiful expression to this new doctrine in his Mobile speech.—THE EDITORS.

Congress at The Hague, the Spanish-Americans succeeded in proving to indifferent Europe that the peoples of Spanish origin also possessed an ideal of their own, a sharply defined individuality and a jealous care for their traditions and their liberty. In principle the Monroe Doctrine is an essential article in the public code of the New World. Two newspapers of Buenos Ayres, *La Argentina* and *La Razón*, have come to recognize it as such. In them we read that the United States is 'the safeguard of American interests,' and they praise the North-American republic for the paternal protection which it offers. It is only the brutal expression of the doctrine, the cynical imperialism which is deduced from it, which becomes dangerous to the moral unity of the continent.

The wisest statesmen have no thought of divorcing this doctrine from the future history of America, even when they criticize its excesses most severely. If you suppress its moral influence, the relations between Europe and the New World will change on the instant, and the imperialism of conquering nations will awaken to new attempts at colonization, to be checked by the patriotic resistance of the people whose territories are invaded. South-American nations are jealous of one another in spite of their fraternal proposals. The violent spirit of nationalism divides them. It would be difficult indeed to combine them afresh in a single burst of enthusiasm for liberty such as that of a century ago. The powerful republics of Brazil and Argentina are often forgetful of their duties toward nations of the same race which are less rich and less important than they. Mr. Archibald Coolidge, a plain-spoken professor of Harvard University, has seen very clearly the moral danger of this disintegration of interest. The democracy of the North has evidently a sense of

organization and of self-discipline. It is in her power to maintain strong and helpful ties between the republics in the south.

In place of a single Policeman State, a number of governments should form a kind of ideal confederation whose beneficent influence would be felt by all the republics. In proportion as new peoples succeeded in establishing their independence, in sloughing off the ancient anarchy and in developing themselves in peace, this union would enlarge and take them to its bosom. It would be a civilizing organization without any definite powers, in which the two great political systems, Saxon and Latin, the United States and its sister republics, would balance each other; and America would find therein a pledge of peace, of solidarity, and of progress. Thus we should avoid the danger of war between homogeneous nations. The richest people would come to the aid of those whose development is still imperfect, and Pan-Americanism would become an actuality.

The United States cannot now shrink into isolation and give up an influence which its power and its wealth amply justify. In proportion as its uncontrolled action presages danger in the affairs of the New World, just so its complete withdrawal from the struggles of South America would work injury to the progress of the still divided countries of the southern continent. The ambitions of Europe and Japan, as well as North-American imperialism, are dangers which keep the Latin countries of the New World in a state of chronic anxiety. The ambitions of these several countries run counter to each other, and the struggle between them is a perpetual reassurance of independence to the nations of the Equator and to the south of it. Furthermore, the men of the North have a civilizing function to fulfill in a continent wherein

they exercise supreme power. If their behavior is disinterested, if they prevent war, if they fertilize these new countries abundantly with the gold of their banks, if they become apostles of peace and international justice, no one will ever forget the grandeur of their political rôle in the world's politics. We shall inevitably be reminded of France in 1792, the universal liberator of peoples, — a crusade against tyranny.

In considering the behavior of the United States toward its neighbors, we must distinguish quite clearly between its attitude regarding Panama and its policy toward countries south of the Isthmus. In Cuba the United States has respected the liberty which it has bestowed upon this island which has profited so little from its experience; but elsewhere, especially at Panama, many a revolution which it has not condemned, many an example of the lust for advantage, has interfered with the performance of its fine promises. Toward South America its intervention deserves only respect. The purely selfish interest of the United States evidently lay in the acceptance of war and anarchy, in accordance with the classical formula, 'Divide and rule'; yet the United States has kept the peace. From Panama to the La Plata it is working for the union of the peoples and for civilization.

Here, then, is an aspect of the Monroe Doctrine of perpetual usefulness: the struggle against the wars which threaten to ruin the New World, still poor and thinly populated — intervention with the olive branch. In stimulating the union of South American republics, the United States is at the same time protecting its own commercial interests, menaced by this perpetual turmoil. If its action were to halt there, if it renounced all territorial acquisition and set its face against all interference with the internal affairs of

every state, the doctrine so often condemned would seem born anew and no one would dare to criticize its efficacy. Most of all, it is on the score of irregular political practices, of fomenting revolution, that the excessive tutelage of the United States comes in for most widespread condemnation. An Argentine writer, Manuel Ugarte, has summarized this sentiment in the phrase, 'We wish to be brothers of the North Americans, not their slaves.' Even if this tutelage were designed to prepare democracies without democratic tradition for self-government after the Saxon method; even if, as in the case of Cuba, it granted partial liberty and provisional privileges, the passionate feeling for independence which is so widespread throughout America would be exceedingly irritated by this rather contemptuous method of education. Great Britain pays more respect to the autonomy of her colonies than the new Saxon democracy is willing to bestow upon the still fragile independence of some American republics. What would be thought of the attitude of a Conservative minister of Great Britain who put a veto on the action of the Socialist government of Australia by dissolving the colonial Parliament, and criticized the laws of the free 'Commonwealth'? One cannot comprehend the policy which American peoples are often obliged to endure in their relations with Washington.

If from the political point of view the influence of this powerful republic should surely be reduced to the necessary minimum, it should certainly be encouraged from an intellectual and moral point of view. If the behavior of the United States were always disinterested and on the side of civilization, we should in that case better understand the nature of its interventions when they are unselfish and intended to further the cause of civilization. In Latin

America, people do not understand the United States. A few offhand judgments often control the decision which leads Latin Americans to antagonism or to unreflecting infatuation. The Americans of the North are thought to be 'practical people.' Men say that they are intensely covetous of riches. They have no morality. The business man, always hard and arrogant in mind and brutal in method, is the symbol of the nation. Ideals, dreams, noble ambitions, never stir their breasts. These characteristics of the North American the men of the South, according to their individual ideas, admire or despise. They forget how austere is the grandeur that Americans of the North acquire from their superb idealism, from their strong Puritan tradition, from the lust for gold made subservient to ambition for power and for influence over men. They are ignorant of the mysticism which forever flourishes in the United States, continually creating new sects, the perpetual Christian Renaissance whose energy was so greatly admired by William James. We must admit that in South American countries, with their narrow and superficial religiosity, we do not find this great concern regarding the line which divides the ideal from the fact. The example of the United States, the reading of its poets, the study of Emerson, the influence of its universities, an examination of the part which wealth has played in this democracy would, I conceive, go far toward reforming the bad manners of the South and make it appreciate the true fundamentals of the grandeur of North America.

The United States has often been imitated with no proper conception of the spirit of its institutions, and this imitation has been fraught with misfortune to the Spanish republics. For this reason the federal idea among the nations of South America has served only to di-

vide them the more, and to multiply the anarchy by the number of states created by the federation. Whilst among the neo-Saxons the sovereign states have tightened their bonds and welded themselves into a powerful union, the states of South America have passed from an absolute centralization to a chaotic division. In the same way the presidents of South America govern for a period of four years, after the example of the United States, and their ephemeral rule has been powerless to found a stable régime. It would be a great gain to South America to be enabled better to understand the social and political aspects of North-American life, to see its strength and its weakness, to appreciate the part played by idealism and the part played by common sense, to understand the disinterestedness and the imperialism, to appraise the 'big stick' and the loyalty to an idea. Even to-day South Americans grasp very imperfectly the moral idealism which inspires President Wilson to condemn a government which from its very birth has been bloody as the hands of Lady Macbeth. Latin-American peoples, like sceptical Europe, accept the excuse of reasons of state, of necessary crime, and too often forget the relations between politics and morals.

Professor Bingham maintains that the South Americans consider themselves 'more nearly akin to the Latin races of Europe than to the cosmopolitan people of the United States.' If this is true, the prestige of the guardian republic does not suffer thereby. Men do not love it, but they habitually fear and admire it, and these feelings smooth the way for love. In my book on Latin democracies, I have set forth the contrasts which may easily be established between the Catholicism of the Spanish Americans, the state religion, uniform and formal, and the restless and active Protestantism of the United

States: between the mixture of races in the South, and that racial pride, 'the white man's burden,' which controls northern opinion. It would be very easy to push this analysis further and to set forth the strength of aristocratic prejudices among the Spaniards and the very definite democratic spirit which exists among the Saxons; to contrast the idealism of the North with the less vast, less generous ambition of the South; or the stanch, puritanical domestic life among the South Americans with a certain license of morals which exists in North America.¹ But, in spite of this sharp contrast, there are resemblances not less evident than the divergent traits, an Americanism which gives a certain unity to the entire New World. All evidence points to the conclusion that if the United States acts in accord with Latin America, if the Monroe Doctrine loses its aggressive character, the influence of these twenty nations will be a force in the world's progress which cannot be despised.

There are certain general principles, like democracy and arbitration, which are scarcely disputed in America. Two eminent professors, Mr. W. R. Shepherd and Mr. L. S. Rowe, have acknowledged that the idea of arbitration as a judicial means of deciding international differences, owes its origin to Bolivar, the Liberator of the New World. This principle has become American: all the republics accept it, and, in a magnificent burst of impulsive ardor, Mr. Taft wished to impose the principle upon Europe. Self-conscious classes, proud of the privilege of caste, do not exist in this young continent, open to world-wide influences. No religious prejudice over here halts the mingling of races. In Buenos Ayres, just as in New York, the foreigner who

throws off his allegiance to Spain or to Great Britain becomes a patriot. The continent is the smelting-pot of all immigrant races. Analogous intellectual interests are preëminent in the North and in the South, with no preliminary agreement, no subjection of Latin America to the influence of the United States. Poetry sings of the race and its exploits, liberty, and life. We South Americans also have our Walt Whitmans. Social sciences throughout the whole continent have made greater progress than metaphysics and theology. Rivals of Giddings and Lester Ward teach in South-American universities, and over against the work of Wheaton we can set the work of Calvo. Pragmatism, the philosophy of North America, is also the philosophy of Spanish South America, and, in the books of Alberdi, a sociologist of Argentina, we find thoughts to which William James and his disciples subscribed half a century later. We are forced, then, to believe in the definite relationship between the physical order and the moral order. The New World has a geography and a policy which give it genuine originality as compared with Europe.

And the New World must become conscious of this individuality. It must be proud of it. It must come to a full realization of the usefulness of an understanding between the Saxons and the Latins overseas, as races complementary each to each. The Latins must learn to appreciate the United States more fully and to judge it more fairly. On its part the United States must renounce all aggressive policies and must give over a Monroeism at once rigid and perilous. Then it will be possible to apply to the whole continent of America the verses of Walt Whitman upon democracy, whose epic poet he was, when he said of his countrymen,

I will make the most splendid race the sun
ever shone upon.

¹ The writer here refers to the fact that divorce is not permitted in Latin (Catholic) countries. — THE EDITORS.

THE GREATER ART

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

EARLY May in Paris! The pushcarts in the rue des Petits Champs made a sober blaze of color against the wet asphalt street, where the sky was reflected in uneven blue patches. There were daffodils, carts of them; and roses, tea roses, in wicker baskets, from Nice; and pansies, whole masses of them.

Ellen Whitelaw bought some daffodils; then, with these in her hands, entered the little dairy to get a bottle of cream and a pat of butter; then went on a little farther to buy the rolls. When she mounted the second flight of stairs of Madame Tontine's house, she found Tilton waiting for her on the top step.

'I'm sorry to be late,' she said, 'but the morning was so beautiful, and the color was so wonderful, I stayed longer than I should have. Will you take these for me?'

They entered. He arranged the daffodils in a bronze bowl for her while she made the coffee and set a small studio table.

'I'm going to warm the rolls for you,' he said, 'because I never saw a Virginian yet who did not pine for hot bread.'

'I don't,' she answered.

She was standing with her head tilted back a little and her eyes half closed, to catch some likeness of color at the heart of the daffodils, and a note of the same color beyond in the soft fabric covering the picture on the easel.

'You don't!' he said indulgently.

'No, I don't; I really don't. And

what is worse, I don't pine for Virginia. I am just so thankful, so devoutly thankful for this,' she glanced around the room, 'I am so thankful to know that outside there, all around, everywhere, is Paris! To understand what it means to me you must have lived just the life I have lived.'

'You always wanted to paint but could n't leave home. Well, I know a little about that,' he said.

'You see, I was the eldest,' she explained. 'After Geoffrey left home, I could n't leave. Then James left, then Letitia needed me. Letitia always needed steadyng. If I had n't been there she might have married Colby. I've told you about Colby. Then by and by Colby went away. The thing was broken off. Then, I don't really know just how it happened, by a kindly "sweet miracle" I came here. At first I used to worry about having left mother. Three of us going away, you know, and only Letitia there. But I don't worry any more now. I am here where I so greatly longed to be.'

'I see,' he said. 'I understand perfectly. Oh, do I not!' he raised his hand with a little characteristic and dismissing gesture. 'I know exactly. It was art and self-expression that you longed for. For self-expression, the expression of what we each see as beauty, that and nothing else is art. This joy and the exhilaration you feel all the time, now you are here, comes from the effort to express yourself. That is the whole joy, the creative joy. How does the picture come on? May I see it?'

Without hesitation or affectation she removed the cloth from the picture on the easel. He looked long and critically at it. On a large canvas was painted the figure of a young French market-woman, a woman of the pushcart market, a seller of daffodils. She held a little child on one arm. The other hand and arm were stretched out, selecting for a purchaser a certain bunch of daffodils from a pushcart heaped full of them. To her skirts another child, only a little older, clung; and a boy of nine or ten tied the daffodils that had fallen apart.

'It is to be called "The Mother,"' she said, looking at it a little longingly.

'It seems to me,' he replied at last, with a quiet reverence, 'it may easily be the picture of the spring exhibition. You have gone on wonderfully, wonderfully. Let me see, how long have you been here?'

'Oh, let us not talk of it,' she said. 'I'm afraid to think about it for fear something might happen, *might* happen to make it seem that I ought to go home. And you see,' — she turned an appealing look from the picture to him, then back to the picture, — 'you see for yourself that I cannot!'

'Of course I do,' he said eagerly. 'Of course you cannot. In another year! — Bouvet praises rarely, but you know what he has said about your work.'

He turned his head on one side, a little serious, a little light. 'And you know he never said such things about mine — nothing like that anyway.'

He remembered, too, though he did not speak of it, what Bouvet had said about the girl herself; Bouvet who taught and growled and growled and taught, and spoke rarely; Bouvet who had muttered under his breath as he saw her, one day, lovely and absorbed before her easel: 'Quel type! Mon Dieu, quel type de femme!' What a

type she was, too! Tilton considered her as she moved about the studio.

'It is good to have you say I must not go home. I know that I must not, but now and then I am so afraid of something happening to make it seem that I ought to go. At such times, it steadies me to hear you say that I must not go. I know, I *know* I must not.'

There was a knock at the partly open door, and fat little Madame Tantine came in. She carried a box of strawberries.

'My sister sent me some from Nice, mademoiselle. These are for you.'

Tilton flung his hand on his heart and cast his eyes to heaven in the extravagant appreciation that Madame Tantine loved.

'Madame Tantine! Have I not told you, have we not all told you — *all* of us — that you are an angel, and now — behold you bring strawberries!'

'La! La!'

The little fat French woman laughed, raised one hand, and turned her head away with a pretty affectation. 'I have always said to Alphonse,' — she spoke rapidly and with coquetry, — 'Alphonse, my angel, when you see that I am dying — run quick, *quick* and get me strawberries! Let me die eating strawberries — then I shall already be in heaven, with no perilous journey!'

She ended with her voice high, and a little laugh.

Some one called from below stairs, —

'Madame Tantine! Madame Tantine!'

Her face took on suddenly a look of distress. She fumbled in the bosom of her dress and brought out an envelope.

'Something for you, mademoiselle! See! The strawberries are good! Be sure to eat them! See how red! How beautiful!'

Tilton always remembered the look of Ellen Whitelaw's hand as it was

stretched out now to take the telegram. He put down the berries; his face was very sober. He watched her fingers as she opened the envelope.

‘What is it?’ he said, glancing at her face.

A moment later she met his eyes; only, some light had gone out of her own!

‘It is a cablegram from James. Letitia has run away and married Colby after all.’

He did not answer, but watched her keenly.

She folded the paper and slipped it in its envelope. When she spoke her voice had to him a far-off sound.

‘It never would have happened if I had been there. It never would have happened. Letitia needed me. She needed somebody steadier, wiser. Mother would n’t do, beautiful as mother is.’

His eyes did not leave her face, but his thought went defensively to the picture on the easel.

‘You see, you see,’ —she was picturing it all rapidly in her mind— ‘this leaves mother alone. James is away too, now. I must go home.’

He flung his head back as though to be rid of some impatience. He spoke with a kind of forced quietness. His face, with its noticeably fine line of brow and cheek, showed indignant color, suddenly, like a girl’s.

‘See here,’ he said, ‘you are wrong; dead wrong. You must not go and leave your work. You must listen to me. At a time like this your judgment cannot be clear —you’ve got to think it out with me. There are two kinds of art, two kinds of duty, the lesser and the greater. Sometimes we are so bewildered by the events of life, that we cannot tell one from the other. But nevertheless one is the greater, and one the less. You must not forget that. It is for us always, always, to cling to the

greater. Your greater duty is right here; the greater duty and the greater art are right here. I have been all through the thing myself. I have a mother, an old mother. I dote on her; I tell you I *dote* on her. Yet I came away. She is there at home, alone. Do you think it does not take courage to stay here and think of her?’

He was not even sure she had heard him. His feeling was one of real indignation, indignation colored too by his own preference. He felt that art could not afford to lose her; but added to that sufficient fact was his own loss. Who in heaven’s name were Letitia and Colby! Who indeed! That Letitia was pretty he knew. Ellen had told him she was ‘exquisite, beautiful’; that she was utterly selfish he had thought out for himself. And Colby! one of the many and variegated types of masculine human selfishness. The old pitiful trifling claims that drag at a woman’s skirts, and make of her an inferior creature! Why, the lives of men could be so cut up too, if men would allow them (he thought again of his mother), *allow* them to be!

When he brought his indignant look back to her, he was struck anew by the loveliness of her face. He remembered long afterwards the peculiar evening stillness there was about her; he had seen it before only in a clear western sky after the sun is gone, and the look in her eyes that told him he had not moved her.

II

At the familiar little Virginia station no one met her. She had not let any one know that she was coming. She walked along the country road, noting the fallow fields. It was late afternoon. The old white house, when she came in sight of it, looked still and thoughtful in the late light that was almost dusk. Against a clear yellow in the western

sky, the smoke from the low kitchen chimneys rose blue and straight, and cut across a remote young moon in the heavens. She took the short path across the fields, which brought her to the side entrance of Braeton. There was wistaria over the entrance, just coming into bloom. She opened the door. The knob of it felt familiar to her hand. She entered the hall. The house was very still. A few steps brought her to the library door. The rooms seemed smaller than she remembered them to be. There was the quiet self-possessed air of refinement that she knew so well, but added to it the slight look of shabbiness which, though it was perfectly familiar to her, she had not remembered during her absence.

The library door stood partly open. She paused on the threshold. In a low arm-chair by the window in the fading light sat her mother. There was quiet in the whole figure. The face was turned somewhat; she was looking out on the driveway. She was dressed in the accustomed black dress, with the soft white collar and cuffs. Her hands rested on an open letter in her lap. Ellen recognized it as one of her own letters, written on the dun-colored paper that she used to buy from Madame Tontine's brother-in-law, in a little *boutique* on rue des Petits Champs. At sight of it, suddenly, without warning, a surge of almost intolerable homesickness came over her. In the flash of an instant all that she had left was before her, even to Madame Tontine's little gay ways, seriousness, and coquetry. Then suddenly too, it was as though a veil were drawn away.

Paris, the pushcart market, Tilton, fat sympathetic little Madame Tontine, with her hand on her heart and her eyes to heaven — they were swept away, like a piece of changing scenery, and she saw distinctly what was before

her. She saw that the familiar figure by the window was changed by some subtle change. The slender almost girlish shoulders drooped a little more than they used to do. The whole figure was a little thinner. The black dress was too large, a little too large everywhere. The face, partly turned away, had a little added delicacy, the hair was noticeably more gray.

The girl on the threshold knew suddenly and poignantly that the woman at the window had been lonely for her. For herself the time had been short there in Paris; but here, you see, where nothing happened, where the birds built their nests, and the familiar summer came slowly and shone as of old on the fields, and the trees across the shaded driveway bent their branches toward each other continually, and lost their color in the dusk and had it given back to them in the dawn, day after day, patient, submissive; here, where no voices were heard — a year, two years! Two years at that age, under those circumstances! Two years of loneliness had passed their hands over this woman and had wrought this thing. The familiar figure in the familiar chair in the accustomed place! Geoffrey and James and Letitia, and she herself, they had all gone; and this woman, the mother of all of them, was left there in the dusk with a little bit of dun-colored paper in her lap.

Her mother had never complained of loneliness, but something aloof and alone in the little figure told its own story. This was not only Ellen Whitelaw's mother, it was a mother, any mother grown old and left alone; a mother whose children were gone from her; a mother sitting in the dusk of her life, looking out on a road which does not bring them back to her. There was a time when the children were little and clung to her skirts, and when she directed their comings and goings.

We are wont to think of a mother as young, with children, little children dependent on her; this younger type, the daffodil-seller of the pushcart market, was the type Ellen Whitelaw had chosen to paint; not this later crown of motherhood, this loneliness, this renunciation at the last.

Suddenly the whole wonderful picture, as the girl saw it, swam in quick tears. With a swift step she traversed the little space. The little dark figure rose uncertainly in the dim light.

'Ellen! Ellen!'

'O mother, mother! Are you alone? Here I am! I've come back!'

All that evening she followed her mother with eyes that noted anew with a kind of passionate pity the unconscious loneliness of the little figure. Why, the cheerfulness, the delighted cheerfulness at Ellen's return, — was ever anything at heart so lonely as that! On every side the quiet house seemed thinking, meditating.

That night as she lay in her own bed the stillness and loneliness seemed to her intolerable. The homesickness swept over her again, almost unendurable. Tilton's words came back to her, and with them the old comradeship. How wonderful it had all been! She knew now so much better than she had known over there in Paris. Dearly as she had loved Paris then, how infinitely dearer it was now that it was lost to her. She might have remained there, and in time she and Tilton would have married, no doubt. She had refused him once, and he had taken it quietly and had been willing for the time to give her up to her art. But together, they could have served art together, in time. In time doubtless he would have come to mean everything to her. She remembered keenly now the loveliness of their association. The flower of it, the very flower of it, was his understanding of her art, his

ambition for her. She recalled his words. 'The great duty is here; the greater duty to the world is here. I have been through it all, myself.' And that about his mother, — 'I tell you I dote on her. Do you think it does not take courage to stay here and think of her?'

Tilton seemed, suddenly, to have outstripped her in strength and spirituality. Whereas sometimes he had seemed to her light, now she saw in his devotion to art a strength superior to her own. She turned over miserably on her pillow. Why, why had she come away! Why had she not stayed, stayed and finished the picture?

She remembered her promise to Tilton. How he held her, even at this distance, to her art! She would fulfill the promise somehow. But how paint a picture off here, with the inspiration, the atmosphere gone; with no Tilton to encourage her, no Bouvet to inspire her, no Madame Tontine, no rue des Petits Champs, no blaze of daffodils, no pushcart market.

A little breath came in at the window, stirring lightly the scrim curtains and sweeping across her face. It was the breath of fresh-turned fields; a breath sweet but strange; for there were no tilled fields at Braeton and for good reason: there was no one there to till them since Geoffrey was gone and James was in the mill at Richmond. Yet this was unmistakably the breath of earth freshly turned over by the plough. With the scent of it sweet in her consciousness, and a great homesickness for the light of daffodils in rue des Petits Champs, she fell asleep.

III

The next day, in crossing the fields, she found the answer to the question of the night before. Reynold Ambry was at home. The Ambry place adjoined

Braeton. Reynold Ambry was ploughing. She waited for him at the end of a furrow. He lifted the plough, turned it aside, and threw the reins over the horses' backs.

'You came then, despite my cable.'

'I received only a cable from James,' she said. 'Did you cable me also?'

He arranged a place for her on the grass nearby, under a tree.

'Won't you sit down? Yes, I cabled you asking you not to come. I've been all through it, this thing of leaving one's art for the nearer duty. I've been all through that torment myself. I wanted you to be spared the homesickness and the loneliness. I knew I could run in and look after your mother. I knew I could see her often. I knew she would manage somehow, and I wanted you spared, that is all; that is all there is to it. So I took it upon myself to send the cable.'

She turned her clear eyes on him.

'So you have been through it too.'

He nodded.

'Why, you see, it is this way.' He turned his head away from her, considering, with his eyes on the horizon; then he brought his glance back to hers, clear and direct. 'You see, I've always meant to be a writer. I worked and studied in New York, and then I went abroad. I wanted to write plays, in time, good plays. There's such an awful need of them, you know; and I felt I had something to say. But — well, of course I needed study, and I needed life, and great cities, and comradeship, and the press of other lives, and art, art, all that one gets over there. You know what I mean.'

He gave his attention apparently to scratching the earth with a little stick.

'It's a thing you can't talk about to any one who has n't been there, — who does n't know.' He threw the twig away and looked off to the horizon

again. 'But you've been. You know what I mean.'

'Yes, yes.' The words were quick and understanding.

'Well,' he continued, 'I had it all, for six years, for the six years after I left college; and I was getting somewhere; good art is slow work, but I was getting somewhere; and then Cousin Betty died and left Cousin Molly alone. You see Cousin Molly has raised me; she's been a mother to me; and' — he hesitated — 'I'm all she has.'

'So you came home.'

He nodded.

There was silence between them.

'That was why I took the liberty,' he said, at last. 'I wanted you to be spared the torment. I wanted you to be spared those awful nights after you first get back, and you think you can't stand it, really can't stand it; when you wake in the morning and wish it were Paris, with the wet asphalt and the pushcart markets; and with the Arc de Triomphe, and the boulevards, and the Pont Neuf, and the Madeleine, and the Luxembourg, and Cluny all there, somewhere, though you don't see them; all there, like friends, in the morning. And you long for the sound and the smell of it all; and what you hear is nothing but a couple of meadowlarks going about their business, and what you smell is nothing but the breath of fresh fields, and you know that all around you is nothing but Virginia, miles of Virginia. I wanted you to stay over there and follow your art.' He finished abruptly.

She was silent a moment. Then, there was the suggestion of a smile and she looked far off, it might have been toward Paris.

'And you thought you could plough the land for both of us.'

'I thought,' he said, with great simplicity, 'I thought I would do anything to spare you suffering.'

The deep lines and the great earnestness in his face impressed her. She had known him always, but she had never known before that his face was like this — so strong. He was a man who had faced things.

'What was the picture you were painting? Your mother told me of it,' he said, a little as though he were changing the subject.

'A picture to be called "The Mother."

She described it to him briefly. He, in his turn listened with his gaze far away, as though he too saw Paris. At last he turned to her.

'And you cannot finish the picture here?'

She shook her head.

'No. It needs Paris and the push-carts and the wet asphalt and the narrow streets, and the boulevards, and the light of the daffodils; daffodils not as they grow here in small clumps and scraggly borders, but as they are found there, heaped up, in bunches, thousands of them, as one sees them on the pushcarts or beside the Madeleine; concentrated there, as life itself is concentrated; not only beauty here and there, but enough of it, enough of it!'

'I understand,' he said quietly.

It was a few moments later that she left him, on her way over the fields to the village, to mail the letter to Tilton, saying she had arrived home safely.

Ambry watched her across the fields, his hand on the plough. He followed her with a pity he would gladly have spared her, mingled with an appreciation of her, something such as Bouvet had had. What a type of woman she was, to be sure.

IV

The summer drifted by. Ambry was at Braeton often. Then for a while Ellen did not see him, could see no one.

She was painting, painting. It was the picture for the autumn exhibition, the painting that was to fulfill her parting promise to Tilton.

At last it was finished; and Ambry was allowed to come over and look at it.

'It is a portrait of my mother,' she said simply.

Mrs. Whitelaw stood by, an anxious little figure.

'It is beautifully painted,' she said, 'but I rather wish it were a little less sad. If any one who knows me sees it they will say, "How Nancy has aged!" I don't think she realizes she's made the hair a *little* too gray.'

'Then personally,' she told Ambry when Ellen was away, 'I should like it better without the letter in my hands. It looks a little bereft, — you know; I don't know why; I don't believe Ellen quite realizes that either — but, as though my children had left me.'

Ambry hardly heard. He was looking intently at the picture. He had not guessed she painted so well. It was not only the technique, although the technique seemed to him remarkable, but the inner heart of the thing, that so called to him.

For a while the days settled into the commonplace again, after the picture was gone. Sometimes the old homesickness came to her, but it was rare now, and different. She and Ambry, after that first talk in which each had shown the other such swift sympathy, such full understanding, spoke nothing of the big experience they had been through — or were, rather, in the very midst of.

Then one day Ambry, returning from the village, brought her a cable from Tilton. He watched her as she opened it.

'Is it honorable mention?' he said eagerly, as eagerly, almost, as Tilton himself would have said it.

She handed it to him.

‘Yes, and more. The first prize.’

Her eyes shone with sudden tears that were gone almost as suddenly.

Neither spoke for a moment or two. She was far away from him in thought, and her eyes saw Bouvet’s herculean shoulders, as he bent with his near-sighted squint, close to the picture, to see just her manner of painting it; then saw him straighten up again and puff his cheeks and blow out a great breath like a halted steam-engine, as he did when he was pleased and moved.

To Ambry the thought of her homesickness, what he knew must be her homesickness, was something demanding reverence, something one does not talk about. But he questioned in his own mind why she should be here when she could do such things as this,—win prizes over who knows how many competitors, by merely locking herself away from every one, and painting.

V

A letter from Tilton followed in time; a warm characteristic letter. She and Ambry were down by the brook when it came.

‘I wish,’ the letter said, among other things, ‘you had called it “A Portrait of my Mother.” Just to call it “The Mother” is to call one’s attention to the motherhood only, and it is poignant, too poignant. But it is great as art. When are you coming back?’

She let Ambry read the letter.

He read it, folded it, and returned it to her.

‘It is the larger art!’ he said simply and reverently. ‘When are you going back?’

‘I am not going back.’

He looked at the brook a long while as it flowed quiet over the brown stones. They were very used to silences,—he who was often planning

plays, and she who caught sight here and there all the while of things that grouped themselves into pictures she wanted to paint. He turned at last and met her eyes with his grave ones.

‘Is n’t it strange! I renounced art and came back here; and you did; and we found your mother and Cousin Molly; — and then’ — he turned more fully to her, ‘we found each other.’

She shrank a little from him.

‘I suppose I shall always want to paint pictures,’ she said vaguely.

‘Yes,’ he admitted, ‘and you will paint them of course. And I shall try to write plays, and some day perhaps I shall accomplish it. But there is the greater art first — the greater art that you and I thought was the less.’

‘What?’ she said, not looking at him.

‘The planting of these fields; the making of home; the love and laughter of little children; the peace of duty fulfilled; and the smiles of the old.’

She looked at him now with a kind of wonder in her eyes.

‘There is the painting of motherhood,’ — he continued. ‘There is art with all its glories and renunciations; and that is great. Then there is motherhood itself, with all the glories and renunciations of it. There is life for you and me, for you and me, my beloved. There is life itself,—the greater art.’

They sat silent for a moment. For a moment she seemed to see the light of daffodils in rue des Petits Champs, and the little dairy where she used to buy cream and rolls, and the little stairs, and the studio, and Madame Tontine and Tilton; and then it seemed that all this, wonderful and beautiful as it was, was something painted, unreal, something like a picture to be put in a frame, to hang on some wall of her life; but real and wonderful before her sat Ambry, his arms

bared to the elbow, the ploughed field back of him, the blue smoke from the old thoughtful house rising against the quiet sky; above all, the strength and force in his face which made its great beauty; the beauty of a man with purpose and will, and with insight to know and choose.

He leaned forward and took her hands, his whole face lit up with some inner glory.

'Have I spoken too soon, my beloved? Have I been hasty? I knew this

thing perhaps before you knew it. Are you ready to understand? Do you know, too, have you discovered,—here in these brown fields, here at home,—that life is the greater art? Are you ready to live it with me, here? Not to paint motherhood, but to know it? Or will you go back?'

For answer she hid her face on his hands with a little shudder and with a little unconscious leaning toward him, that blessed him with its loveliness and its surrender.

THE EDUCATION OF THE GIRL

BY MARY LEAL HARKNESS

I do not know why an utterance on that subject in yesterday morning's paper stirred me up more than similar ones which I am constantly seeing in print. Perhaps it was because the utterer was advertised as an 'authority' on 'vocational education,' for his words did not differ essentially from the current platitude. 'The problem of girls' education is simple,' he said in effect, 'since what you have to do is merely to train them to be home-keepers; to teach them the details of the management of the house and the care of children, and not to despise domestic duties.'

I regret that I inadvertently gave away the paper this morning, for I should be glad to quote the 'authority's' own statement as to the complexity of the problem of the boy's education as contrasted with the perfect simplicity of that of the girl's. He does recognize that it may be difficult to de-

termine just what vocation may satisfy the physical and spiritual needs (I put the physical first, of course, because that is the up-to-date order of consideration) of a boy between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, and admits that a good deal of anxious thought should be given to the question by the truly conscientious educator. But he evidently considers that it is a peculiar token of the dispensations and compensations of an all-wise Providence that time for this is given to the thoughtful pedagogue through the fact that he has to spend practically none in guessing at the possible destiny of the girl.

Considering that even in the remote days of Carthaginian Dido 'varium et mutabile femina' seems to have been a proverb, and that ever since, in various tongues and under various skies, woman has been described always as 'uncertain, coy and hard to please,'

there is a note of originality in this serene assumption that in one respect, and that the supreme one, she is invariable, and perfectly easy to please, and I almost feel constrained to apologize for calling it a 'platitudo.' On the whole, however, I think I shall let my descriptive term stand, for the definition of a platitudo does not demand that it should also be inconsistent with some other platitudo.

But why, I beg to ask, does every one know that the vocation which is sure to delight every girl and in which she is sure to succeed (always provided, of course, that she is given the proper 'practical' training in her school-days) is housekeeping and the rearing of children, when even the cocksure vocationalist has to admit that he cannot always foretell with absolute certainty whether a boy of fourteen was made to be a carpenter or an engineer, a farmer or a Methodist preacher? In our outward configuration of form and feature we women confessedly differ as greatly from one another as do men. Why this assumption that in the inward configuration of character, taste, and talent we are all made upon one pattern? I must say that the perpetual declaration on the 'woman's page' of modern periodicals that 'every woman should know how to cook a meal, and make her own clothes, and feed a baby' fills me with scorn unutterable. But then for that matter the mere fact of a 'woman's page' fills me with scorn. Why not a 'man's page,' with a miscellany of twaddle, labeled as exclusively, adapted to the masculine intellect? The idea that literature is properly created male and female is no less absurd than the idea that there is one education of the man and another of the woman. And it is no more essential to the progress of the universe that every woman should be taught to cook than that every man should be taught to milk a cow.

I do not propose to enter into any discussion of the possible mental superiority of either sex over the other (although I cannot resist quoting in an 'aside' the recent remark to me of a teacher of distinguished judgment and long experience: 'The fact is, girls are much better students than boys'), but only to maintain this: that girls show as much diversity of taste in intellectual work as boys, that their aptitude for work purely intellectual is as great, and that, therefore, whatever variation is made in the present plan of their education, it should not be based upon the narrow foundation of preconceived ideas of differences inherent in sex. I do not believe that anything necessarily 'becomes a woman' more than a man, except as our superstition has made it seem to do so.

Yet, as a matter of fact, superstition begins to hamper a girl's education almost at the very beginning, and one of the first forms which it takes is 'consideration for her health.' Consideration for the health of a child of either sex is more than laudable, if it be intelligently exercised; but I really cannot see why our daughters deserve more of such consideration than our sons. And the typical consideration for the health of the little girl and the young maiden is not infused with a striking degree of intelligence, as is evidenced by the very small amount of intelligence with which we invariably credit the girl herself. For absolutely the only kind of activity which we ever conceive to be injurious to her is mental activity.

One might perhaps agree to the reiterated parental excuse for half-educated daughters that 'nothing can compensate a girl for the loss of her health,' if parents would explain how they think that anything can compensate a boy for the loss of his. But they take that risk quite blithely, and send him

to college. Personally I have never seen any evidence that the risk for either sex is more than a phantom, and I believe that it is yet to be proved that the study of books has ever in itself been responsible for the breaking down in health of any human being. Many foolish things done in connection with the study of books have contributed to the occasional failure in health of students, but there is, I firmly believe, no reason but prejudiced superstition for the unanimity with which the fond mamma and the family physician fix the cause of the break-down in the books, and never in the numerous and usually obvious other activities. And in the spasms of commiseration for the unfortunates whose 'health has been ruined by hard study' nobody has taken the trouble to notice the by-no-means infrequent cases of young persons, and girls especially, of really delicate health, who have stuck to their studies, but with a reasonable determination not to try to stick to ten or a dozen other side issues at the same time, and have come out of college, not physical wrecks, but stronger than when they went in. And who shall say with what greater capacity for enjoying life than those who have devoted the principal energy of their adolescence to the conservation of their health — frequently with no marked success?

So far as the normal child is concerned, his — and her — brain is naturally as active as his body, and it is not 'crowding,' nor yet 'over-stimulation,' to give that active and acquisitive brain material worth while to work with. Therefore, the pathetic picture which has been painted recently in certain periodicals of the lean and nervous little overworked school-girl may be classed, I think, among the works of creative art rather than among photographs taken from life. Such pictures, as Art, may rank very high, but do not de-

serve great commendation as a contribution to the science of education. I am not saying that there are not many abominations practiced in our schools, especially of primary and secondary grade; but they are not in the direction of over-education.

The thing against which I pray to see a mighty popular protest is the wasting of children's time, and the dissipation of all their innate powers of concentration, through the great number of studies of minor (not to use a less complimentary adjective) educational value, which is now one of the serious evils in our schools. And I think that this evil is bearing rather more heavily upon the girls than upon the boys, for more than one reason.

First, if there is actually a difference, innate or developed by years of artificial sex-distinction, in the attitude of boys and girls toward their studies, it is that girls generally do seem inclined to take their school work somewhat more seriously than boys, whether this be due to greater interest in the work itself, or greater sensitivity to failure. Consequently the mere effort to give conscientious attention to so many different subjects may produce a nervous condition; but not because a girl is learning too much, or even, in a certain sense, working too hard.

Secondly, because this multiplication of the trivialities of education in the lower grades means the neglect or postponement of subjects which even the 'progressives' still allow to approximate, at least, the fundamentals, there is a congestion of all these more important subjects, besides a fresh array of time-devouring frills, in the high-school years, — the one period in a girl's life when, if ever, she does run some risk of physical break-down from over-strain. As a result, if she be conscientious and ambitious, she does

sometimes give way under the dread of failing to carry the suddenly increased load for which she has not been properly trained. But this, remember, is not the result of hard study; it is the natural consequence of never having been taught how to study hard.

But thirdly, the multiplicity of facts now being pursued in the schools is particularly deadly to the girl because it gives a fresh impulse to the thing which has long been the peculiar foe of woman's development: the tendency to dissipate her abilities in the pursuit of an infinity of trivial activities. Trained in school to think that there are 'so many things that it is nice for a girl to know how to do,' she goes on into womanhood, and through it, still thinking that there are so many things that it is nice for a woman to do, and she ambles along, doing them, so far as time and strength permit, until she comes up to that final function, which, it is truly refreshing to think, demands even of a woman her undivided attention. How pleasant to remember that not even the most domestic will ever have to turn back from the gate of Death to embroider a centrepiece or heat the milk for the baby.

Would men ever get anywhere, do you think, if they fussed around with as many disconnected things as most women do? And the worst of our case is that we are rather inclined to point with pride to what is really one of the most vicious habits of our sex. We have all seen the swelling satisfaction with which the comely young school-ma'am, complimented upon a pretty gown, announces, 'I made it myself.' And we have all heard the chorus of admiring approbation following the announcement — joined in it, perhaps, and asked to borrow the pattern. But really, viewed in the light of reason, what is there about the feat upon which she should so plume herself? Suppose

that a man should point proudly to his nether garments, and say, 'Lo! I made these trousers.' I have not a mental picture of even the most economical of his fellow clerks, or mail-carriers, or clergymen, or school-teachers, crowding around to admire and cry, 'What a splendid way to spend your time out of business hours! And it looks just like a tailor-made.' (Which last is just as truly a lie when we tell it to our fellow women as it would be if men told it to men.)

The truth is, most school-teachers who make their own clothes ought to be ashamed of it, for they are stealing time which belongs to their profession and their patrons. And if they defend themselves, as many of them have pitifully good reason to, with the plea of salaries so near the starvation point that they might go unclad (which would disturb the minds of the Ohio Legislature) unless they fashioned their own covering, I would reply that perhaps the general average of the salaries of women teachers might be appreciably raised, if any considerable number of them spent their time out of school hours in efforts to make themselves worthy of even the salary they now receive. It is a somewhat advertised fact that I can iron shirt-waists, not to mention other garments. I have no objection to doing it (I have never 'despised domestic duties') whenever it seems expedient. But I should consider it very close to a sin for me habitually to do my own laundry work, not because I should be taking the work from a poorer woman who needs it, — I wonder why a certain type of social theorist accuses women like me of doing that by entrance into professional life, and then is so calm when we 'save money' by keeping her regular work from the dressmaker or laundress, — but because I should be taking my time and my energy from the pupils to whom

I am pledged to fit myself to teach Latin as well as I possibly can.

But my objection to the whole movement to 'redirect' the education of girls is not that many very good things are not put into the redirected curriculum, but that its whole direction is wrong. I cannot say that it is not a good thing for *some* women to know how to cook and sew *well*, for it is indeed both good and necessary to civilized life. I cannot say that some of the subjects introduced into a good domestic-science course are not educative and truly scientific, because I should be saying what is not true. But I do believe that the idea at the basis of it all is fundamentally false. For the idea is this: that one half of the human race should be 'educated' for one single occupation, while the multitudinous other occupations of civilized life should all be loaded upon the other half. The absurd inequality of the division should alone be enough to condemn it. The wonder is that the men do not complain of being overloaded with so disproportionate a share of the burden. I dare say it is their chivalry which makes them bear it so bravely.

This statement of the division is not inconsistent with my complaint that women try to do too many things. They do, but they are all things which are supposed to be included in some way or other within their 'proper sphere,' the maintenance of the home. Sometimes I grow so weary of The Home that if I did not love my own I could really wish that there were no such thing upon this terrestrial ball. I do love my own home, but I protest that the primary reason is not because my mother is a good cook, although she *is*, notably. Even as I write these words I thrill with the thought of my near return to her strawberry short-cakes. But I know other homes where there is also strawberry shortcake of a

high order, in which I yet think that even filial devotion would have a hard task to make me feel much contentment. I might say the same of the various things that make my home attractive to look upon. Yet the course of study which would graduate 'homemakers' is based upon the principle that 'home' consists primarily of these things. I am aware that its makers would include certain studies supposed to contribute to 'culture,' but even where these are well taught, they are still, in my opinion, rendered largely ineffectual by the false motive for study inculcated from the beginning, which makes them all, for women, only side-issues.

I cannot see that girls were created essentially to be 'home-keepers' any more than boys. Men and women, so far as they choose to marry, are to make a home together, and any system of education which so plans the division of labor between them that the woman shall 'make' and stay in a place for which the man pays and to which he returns once in twenty-four hours, is wrong for at least two good reasons. It trains to two such different conceptions of responsibility that true companionship and community of interest is diminished, and often almost destroyed; and it so magnifies a specialized manual training for the woman that it places her at the end in the artisan class, and not in the educated. If a woman so trained knows how to care for the minds of her children as well as she knows how to feed and dress and physic and spank them, she owes it to the grace of Heaven and not to her 'vocational' education 'for motherhood.' But I do not believe that girls should be 'educated to be mothers' at all, in the absurdly narrow sense in which such education is now conceived.

Every form of special instruction as

a preparation for parenthood that can be necessary for a girl is necessary for a boy also. For what does it profit a woman or her offspring to have kept herself strong and clean, to have learned the laws of sex-hygiene and reproduction, or of care of the child, if the father of that child has failed to do the same?

But I cannot see how the world can have gone so mad as it has over the idea that *the birth of the child*, and its few subsequent months of existence, constitute the epochal point, the climax, as it were, in the life of any married pair. Surely, it is a very narrow view of life which fails to see how much is to be done in the world besides rearing children. It is true that society does perhaps in a way recognize this, but it seems to wish all active doing relegated to the men, while the woman's contribution is confined to 'influence' exerted while nursing a numerous progeny through the diseases of infancy in a happy and perfectly sanitary home. It is time for a more general recognition that such 'feminine influence,' like honesty, *laudatur et alget*. The average woman only influences her husband or children to anything good through her brains and character, and the degree of power to express either brains or character depends mainly upon education. It sounds well to proclaim the mothering of the world as woman's greatest profession, her truest glory; but it would be well also to consider that such 'mothering' as is mostly done — and will be, so long as women are taught to prepare only for its physical demands, its purely material services — is never going to be either great or glorious. An education which can give the greatest intellectual strength, the completest mental sanity, and so the broadest outlook upon life, is the need and the right of girls and boys alike.

But surely it cannot be said that

their need is met alike unless the likeness in their education extends also to the ideal of the use that is to be made of it after school-days are past. If the colleges in which women are taught have failed at all in accomplishing their full possibility, it has been in the comparatively small degree to which they have succeeded in removing even from the minds of the young women themselves the hoary idea that, after all, the principal thing to be expected of the higher education of women is still the diffusion of an exceptionally exalted type of the afore-mentioned 'influence.' It does seem rather a small return for years of collegiate effort that the best that can be said of them is that a woman's mental attainments have proved a great assistance to her husband's career as a Cabinet officer. I cannot think that we shall have what wholly deserves to be called an educated womanhood until we have dissipated the idea, still so prevalent even among women themselves, that a woman needs to have a definite occupation only until she marries, or if she fails to marry. That 'a woman must choose between marriage and a career' is the most detestable of all the woman platitudes in the entire collection, because, while most of these platitudes are merely stupid, this one is wholly vicious. It has been so incessantly reiterated, to the accompaniment of much shallow sentimentalizing on the sacredness of home and mother, that the public has never been allowed a quiet moment to reflect on its injustice, and to realize how possible, and therefore imperative, is its removal along with other ancient injustices.

As I have urged in a previous article, the recently born and phenomenally growing department of education which styles itself variously Domestic Science, Household Economy, and I believe one or two other impressive

things, might be the pioneer in this great work of justice, if it would. So far as that educational movement adds to woman's ability to become a good citizen by leading her to an intelligent interest in the civic problems of housing, feeding, teaching, and amusing not alone her immediate family group, but a whole community, it does more in the right direction. But the very women who are themselves making a successful profession of teaching this group of subjects (thanks mainly to their having received the sort of education they now deprecate for women in general) apparently claim for them no greater mission for the average young woman than ability to guard her husband from ptomaine poison in his ice-cream, or to make gowns and shirt-waists well enough so that she can earn a living, 'if she ever has to work.'

Shall we never cease to hear that contemptible reason for a girl's education? An age in which women have proved themselves possessors of intellects might naturally be expected to recognize as a province of their education the ability to discover some particular intellectual bent whose training and development for life-long use are not contingent upon matrimony and the financial condition of two men — their fathers and their husbands respectively. It is held rather reprehensible to say it, but I do not see why every

girl has not as good a right as every boy to dream of fame, and to be put in the way of reaching fame. If ninety-nine per cent of the girls fail of even the smallest title to fame, just as ninety-nine per cent of the boys do, yet the level of their lives must inevitably be raised by the education and the educational ideals which we should provide for them all for the sake of the hundredth girl. The supreme ideal which I hope that our schools may some day inspire is that every girl should discover something, whether of fame-bringing probabilities or not, which will seem to her worthy of being a life-work.

In nearly every present plan for the education of girls there lurks the same fatal weakness; girls are not made to realize as boys are that they are being educated for a business which must last as long as life lasts; that they are to feel an interest in it and grow in it, — to develop it, if possible; they are not taught that a definite purposeful share in the outside world's work is a privilege not a misfortune. My own theory is that the only way in which such a state of feminine mind can be made general is by broadening woman's education on the purely intellectual side; but of course I am open to conviction that the result can be better attained by 'scientific' bread-making, — even to the exclusion of Latin and Greek.

WIND-SONGS

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I

THIS was the secret of my mind:
That I was made Sister to the Wind.

Oh, I seemed a woman in my ways;
I sang for man's praise or dispraise;

I spun, I wove unto their will;
Yet ever calling over the hill

And through the forest, from the sea,
I heard the voice of one more free,

Of one heart-brother unto me.

II

Bar the doors, he calls again.
(Ye would hold my hands in vain.)
Bar the doors, make fast the chain —
He is calling low.

Bind me, but think not to still
This wild heart or this wild will;
Bind, if ye would keep me till
He shall moan and go.

Bring the lights; watch me askance;
Bar the doors and bid me dance,
Forward, backward, in a trance
Swaying to and fro.

All my days a trance I deem,
All my dancing but a dream.
Wildly, Wind, this heart redeem,
That desires thee so!

Come within the unguarded night,
Shake the earth with thy mad might,
Stay the stars and quench their light —
Seize my hand and go!

III

What is the singing that I hear?
It is thy mother, child.
O no, it is my Brother Wind,
He sings more shrill and wild.

What is the sobbing that I hear?
'T is for thy mother, child.
O no, it is my Brother Wind,
He weeps unreconciled.

For now she sleeps, the sweet white flower,
And happy still, and mild . . .
My Brother Wind cries, cries for me,
The lonely little child.

IV

Mayhap I was not mothered
Save in this flower-leaf flesh;
Thus strangely to be brothered —
Caught in the mother-mesh
From blue deep boundless seas of sky,
Where winds float and fly.

Mayhap I was not mothered
Save in this flame-wrought clay;
Thus strangely to be gathered,
Fruit of a wider day,
And poured, an alien unseen wine,
Within this cup of thine.

V

She made my body beautiful,
She moulded me as fair
As lilies by a woodland pool,
She tressed my midnight hair,

She bore me to a green hid vale
And laid me in a grove
Of oak and ash, 'mid aspens pale
And lilies of her love.

She kissed my wide and wondering eyes
To make me wonder-blind.
She kissed my lips — O wild and wise —
To save me from the wind.

She kissed my hair, she kissed my heart,
She kissed my hands, she laid
Swift kisses on my feet that start,
So swift and unafraid.

She kissed me, O she kissed me, O
She tried to make me hers,
To hush me, hap me, hold me so,
From the White Whisperers.

And I would be hers only now
But that the wild wind came
And kissed me once upon the brow —
O hope, desire and dream!

VI

I lay in the meadow
And prayed as I lay
To the lord of the shadow,
The lord of fair day,

The god of white water
And the dark god of earth,
For I am their daughter,
And one with my birth

Rose fear of their power;
So fearful I pray
To the gray gods that lower
And the god of fair day.

And then my soul wakened
And spake to its kind.
(Swift beauty betokened
My brother, the Wind.)

And I lay in the meadow
And laughed as I lay
For he rent the cloud-shadow
From the face of fair day!

VII

Have pity on all things,
Even on the wind that sings.

Often he feels he is alone,
Hearing his sister moan.

Have pity on the bright restless gay
Leaves; they grow weary, even they.

Have pity on the little waves
That are born in their graves.

Have pity on all souls!
Those also who wear aureoles

And shine and stir and hear the wind —
Even they are bound and blind.

(They too who, hearing, shake with fear,
Knowing not the voice they hear;

They too who turn away
And stop their ears with clay.)

VIII

The wind died
In the dead of the night.
He faltered, sighed,
And ceased outright.
I move, I live —
(I live, they say) —
O gray, gray life
With the wind away.

The wind died.
 I took my glass
 To the fireside.
 Gray breath did pass
 Across its gray:
 I lived, I knew.
 O would I were dead,
 Or would the wind blew!

The wind died
 And Song died too.
 Fear, with his bride,
 Gray Terror, grew.
 I live, I move,
 Like a living thing,
 But what is the worth
 Of such living?

IX

When I lay within the mire —
 (O my soul, white flower of fire) —
 When I lay there, broken, stained,
 No one knew the wind had waned.

Rise, O Wind, I crave thee! Come
 From Heaven's high lit halls, thy home!
 Sandal thee and stalk with keen
 Sword in thy strong hand unseen!

Rise, O Wind, I crave thee! Call,
 Loud through Heaven's high echoing hall!
 See, I rise from out the mire!
 (O my soul, white flower of fire!).

X

To be bound so long and now to be free!

(Brother, Brother, hearest thou me?)

The cord is loosened, the arrow sped,

The golden bowl broken, the wild bird fled,

O wild eyrie, to thee!

The clasp of the clay was sealed by a spell;

(Brother, Brother, hearest thou well?)

But a chain for my mind no magic could find

And the wings of my soul were the wings of the wind;

Brother, they bore me to thee!

And now my body lies white on the wave,

(O ivory beauty no wind-wish could save!);

O come, let us sing ere it sinks in the deep,

And pray the sea-sisters to lull it to sleep,

For wakeful it wandered with me.

I would pray the sea-sisters remember its grace,

As I remember its burdening embrace.

O tears and wild laughter, dark pain and mad play!

'T was my friend and my foe when together we lay,

What dreams it hath dreamèd with me!

Then reach me and teach me thy wind-speech again —

Brother, Brother, I've lived among men!

Prove me the range of the sea and the sky,

The leagues that I longed for, the heights I would try,

Restore and reveal them to me.

For I prayed but one prayer — incarnate of air,

With Space and with Song and with Silence to lair,

To flee, shod with joy, past the uttermost bars

Of night's height, on and on up the stair of the stars,

Forever and ever with thee!

THE SPIRIT OF THE HERD

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

No more interesting group of animals can be found the world over than those in the zoölogical garden of the average farmyard. The history of their domestication is exceedingly, humanly interesting; but still more interesting is the phenomenon itself — what it has wrought in the animals, and what it has left unchanged. For if domestication has not changed the leopard's spots, it is because the leopard has never been domesticated. There is little in the style of spots that domestication cannot change. Color, size, and shape are as clay; habits and tempers, even, have been made over. But not the creature itself, not the wild instinctive thing within the fur or the feathers; for this has hardly been touched by domestication.

That some species of animals are more amenable than others, are predisposed to domestication, is evident. Nothing in wild life is more amazing than the suddenness and the completeness of the elephant's yielding to the how-dah and the ankus — as if his slow years had been only a waiting for some rajah to take him from his jungle. The zebra, on the other hand, though a true horse, has never been tamed, or, rather, domesticated; he is irredeemably wild. So is the Asiatic ass, which stood to the ancient Hebrew writers for the very symbol of freedom and untamable wildness; whereas the Nubian wild ass (the parent of our deeply domesticated donkey) is readily brought to harness.

For many reasons, we are likely to add new species from time to time to

our domesticated family. The establishment of fox-farms is pretty sure, in the end, to yield a domesticated fox; and this may yet happen even to the bison, and to many species of birds now wild. In Oregon the China pheasant is almost a domesticated fowl, and waits only to be clucked into the coop. He is pretty nearly as tame as the tame turkey.

But the tame turkey is essentially a wild bird, and none of our farmyard creatures shows more strikingly than he how hardly feather-deep is the domestication which he wears. He has learned nothing new in his hundreds of years in the farmyard (he was domesticated by the Indians of Mexico long before the 'discovery' of America); nor has he forgotten one of the old wild things he came from the woods knowing. He accepts the fenced and cluttered farmyard, turns it into the tall, timbered river-bottom, and lives his primal forest life among the corn-cribs and Baldwin-apple trees as of old. He has not turned by one quill's breadth aside from his original wild ways. He roosts in the bare tops of the apple trees or along the ridge-pole of the barn, as if the jaguars and panthers were still prowling for him; he wakes in the night, gobbles, ducks, and spreads his round targe of a tail over him to ward off the swoop of the imaginary owl. He breaks the hen's egg out of jealousy, in order to prolong the honeymoon; she steals her nest from him and covers her eggs in leaving the nest, just as she used to; and when the small

turkey-bands of any neighborhood are gathered into a flock to be driven to market, as they still are in the less settled parts, the old flock-spirit returns to them, and they fall into the old migration habits of their wild forbears, who used to gather in great numbers in the autumn and follow the course of the river-banks, sometimes across several states, as they fed on the autumn mast.

Stroke kitty the wrong way and she spits. Yet she sleeps in the kitchen by the fire. What of it! The very lap of her mistress has not counted with the cat in her. The cat in kitty is wild to the top of her twitching tail. Watch her — if she has n't already scratched you — as, crouched in the grass, she makes her way toward some unsuspecting bird. A shiver runs through you. You can feel her claws — so tiger-like is she, so wild and savage, so bent on the kill. Or come upon her at dead of night in some empty, dimly lighted alley. She is on the prowl. The light of the narrow, gulchlike street falls on her with a startling largeness and marks her silent shadow on the flags. She moves stealthily out to the corner, and, well within the shadows, stops to glance furtively up and down the open cross-street. But the people are all within the shut doors. There is no one for her to devour.

The other day I stood in the edge of the woods when a fox-hound, hot on the fresh trail, came baying through the trees toward me, his whole body working convulsively, in a very agony of eagerness, so absolute, single and compelling was his one wild, masterful desire. He saw nothing, heard nothing, because he was tasting the warm scent. I spoke to him, but I might as well have spoken to a tree. Neither hunger nor fear could stop him. He could not feel hunger or fear or weariness. He had forgotten utterly — gone wild.

None of our domestic animals is milder-eyed or of a meeker mien than the cow. She is never abject like the donkey; but centuries of gentling and giving down have made her cowlike, until she is in danger of forever losing her horns. She is not in any danger of forgetting how to use horns, however. More than once have I been chased in the evening by the cow I had driven peacefully to pasture in the morning. On one occasion I narrowly escaped with my life from the kindest of old cows, one which I had been driving to the meadows all summer. Her new-born calf was the trouble. She had hidden it among the mallows, stationed herself nearby, and waited for me, as a thousand years before she had waited for the wolf or the bear. Her swift and unexpected lunge was the very fury of wildness.

Little as domestication has changed the individual animal, it has changed still less the animal group — the herd, the flock, the pack. The spirit of the pack and herd springs from deep and primal needs — common fear, or hunger, or the call of kind to kind. The gregarious animal must be separated from its clan to be domesticated. Allowed to return to the herd or pack, it lapses promptly into the wild state; for the spirit of the herd is wild.

Our western cattle are none of them native. There is no wild native stock except the bison. Our cattle are all European, and they represent centuries of careful breeding. I have never attempted to trace their several lines back to Aurochs, the European bison, — if they can be traced; but the wild black blood of that anarch old must have ceased running in their veins long, long ago. Not so his spirit in them. A herd of heavy, bald-faced Herefords, just beneath their corn-fed coats, may be found as wild and dangerous as a herd of buffalo.

We were trailing the 'riders' of P Ranch across the plains to a hollow in the hills called the 'Troughs,' where they were to round up a lot of cattle for a branding. On the way we fell in behind a bunch of some fifty cows and yearlings which one of the riders had picked up; and, while he dashed off across the desert for a 'stray,' we tenderfeet drove on the herd. It was hot, and the cattle lagged, so we urged them on. All at once I noticed that the whole herd was moving with a swinging, warping gait, with switching tails, and heads thrown round from side to side as if every steer were watching us. We were not near enough to see their eyes, but the rider, far across the desert, saw the movement and came cutting through the sage, shouting and waving his arms to stop us. We had pushed the driving too hard. Mutiny was spreading among the cattle, already manifest in a sullen ugly temper that would have brought the herd charging us in another minute, had not the cowboy galloped in between us just as he did — so untamed, unafraid, and instinctively savage is the spirit of the herd.

It is this herd-spirit that the cowboy, on his long, cross-desert drives to the railroad, most fears. The herd is like a crowd, easily led, easily excited, easily stampeded, — when it becomes a mob of frenzied beasts, past all control, — the spirit of the city 'gang' at riot in the plains.

If one would know how thin is the coat of domestication worn by the tamest of animals, let him ride with the cattle across the rim-rock country of southeastern Oregon. No better chance to study the spirit of the herd could possibly be had. And in contrast to the cattle, how intelligent, controlled, almost human, seems the plainsman's horse!

I share all the tenderfoot's admiration for the cowboy and his 'pony.'

Both of them are necessary in bringing four thousand cattle through from P Ranch to Winnemucca; and of both is required a degree of daring and endurance, as well as a knowledge of the wild-animal mind, that lifts their hard work into the heroic, and makes of every drive a sage-brush epic — so wonderful is the working together of man and horse, a kind of centaur on the plains.

From P Ranch to Winnemucca is a seventeen-day drive through a desert of rim-rock and greasewood and sage, which, under the most favorable conditions, is beset with difficulty, but which, in the dry season, and with anything like four thousand cattle, becomes an unbroken hazard. More than all else on such a drive is feared the wild herd-spirit, the quick, black temper that, by one sign or another, ever threatens to break the spell of the riders' power and sweep the maddened or terrorized herd to destruction. The handling of the herd to keep this spirit sleeping is oftentimes a thrilling experience.

Some time before my visit to P Ranch, in the summer of 1912, the riders had taken out a herd of four thousand steers on what proved to be one of the most difficult drives ever made to Winnemucca. For the first two days on the trail the cattle were strange to each other, having been gathered from widely separated grazing grounds, — from Double-O and the Home Ranch, — and were somewhat clannish and restive under the driving. At the beginning of the third day signs of real trouble appeared. A shortage of water and the hot weather together began to tell on the temper of the herd.

The third day was long and exceedingly hot. The line started forward at dawn, and all day kept moving, with the sun cooking the bitter smell of the sage into the air, and with sixteen

thousand hoofs kicking up a still bitterer smother of alkali dust which inflamed eyes and nostrils and coated the very lungs of the cattle. The fierce desert thirst was upon the herd long before it reached the creek where it was to bed for the night. The heat and the dust had made slow work of the driving and it was already late when they reached the creek, only to find it dry.

This was bad. The men were tired, but the cattle were thirsty, and Wade, the 'boss of the buckaroos,' pushed the herd on toward the next rim-rock, hoping to get down to the plain below before the end of the slow desert twilight. Anything for the night but a dry camp.

They had hardly started on when a whole flank of the herd, suddenly breaking away as if by prearrangement, tore off through the brush. The horses were as tired as the men, and, before the chase was over, the twilight was gray in the sage, making it necessary to halt at once and camp where they were. They would have to go without water.

The runaways were brought up and the herd closed in till it formed a circle nearly a mile around. This was as close as it could be drawn, for the cattle would not bed — lie down. They wanted water more than they wanted rest. Their eyes were red, their tongues raspy with thirst. The situation was a difficult one.

But camp was made. Two of the riders were sent back along the trail to bring up the 'drags,' while Wade, with his other men, circled the uneasy cattle, closing them in, quieting them, and doing everything possible to make them bed.

They were thirsty; and instead of bedding, the herd began to 'growl' — a distant mutter of throats, low, rumbling, ominous, as when faint thunder

rolls behind the hills. Every plainsman fears the growl, for it too often is a prelude to the 'milling,' as it proved to be now, when the whole vast herd began to stir — slowly, singly at first and without direction, till at length it moved together, round and round a great compact circle, the multitude of clicking hoofs, of clashing horns and chafing sides, like the sound of rushing rain across a field of corn.

Nothing could be worse for the cattle. The cooler twilight was falling, but, mingling with it, rose and thickened and spread a choking dust from their feet which soon covered them, and shut from sight all but the wall of the herd. Slowly, evenly, swung the wall, round and round, without a break. Only one who has watched a milling herd can know its suppressed excitement. To keep that excitement in check was the problem of Wade and his men. And the night had not yet begun.

When the riders had brought in the drags, and the chuck-wagon had lumbered up with supper, Wade set the first watch.

Along with the wagon had come the fresh horses — among them Peroxide Jim, a supple, powerful, clean-limbed buckskin, that I think had as fine and intelligent an animal-face as any creature I ever saw. And why should he not have been saved fresh for just such a need as this? Are there not superior horses as well as superior men — a Peroxide Jim to complement a Wade?

The horse plainly understood the situation, Wade told me; and though there was nothing like sentiment for horse-flesh about the boss of the P Ranch riders, his faith in Peroxide Jim was absolute.

The other night-horses were saddled and tied to the wheels of the wagon. It was Wade's custom to take his turn

with the second watch; but shifting his saddle to Peroxide Jim, he rode out with the four of the first watch, who, evenly spaced, were quietly circling the herd.

The night, for this part of the high desert, was unusually warm. It was close, still, and without a sky. The near, thick darkness blotted out the stars. There is usually a breeze at night over these highest rim-rock plains that, no matter how hot the day may have been, crowds the cattle together for warmth. To-night not a breath stirred the sage as Wade wound in and out among the bushes, the hot dust stinging his eyes and caking rough on his skin.

Round and round moved the weaving shifting forms, out of the dark and into the dark, a gray spectral line like a procession of ghosts, or some morris dance of the desert's sheeted dead. But it was not a line, it was a sea of forms; not a procession, but the even surging of a maelstrom of hoofs a mile around.

Wade galloped out on the plain for a breath of air and a look at the sky. A quick cold rain would quiet them; but there was not a feel of rain in the darkness, no smell of it on the air. Only the powdery taste of the bitter sage.

The desert, where the herd was camped, was one of the highest of a series of table-lands, or benches; it lay as level as a floor, rimmed by a sheer wall of rock from which there was a drop to the bench of sage below. The herd had been headed for a pass, and was now halted within a mile of the rim-rock on the east, where there was a perpendicular fall of about three hundred feet.

It was the last place an experienced plainsman would have chosen for a camp; and every time Wade circled the herd, and came in between the cattle and the rim, he felt the nearness of

the precipice. The darkness helped to bring it near. The height of his horse brought it near — he seemed to look down from his saddle over it, into its dark depths. The herd in its milling was surely warping slowly in the direction of the rim. But this was all fancy, the trick of the dark and of nerves, — if a plainsman has nerves.

At twelve o'clock the first guard came in and woke the second watch. Wade had been in the saddle since dawn, but this was his regular watch. More than that, his trained ear had timed the milling hoofs. The movement of the herd had quickened.

If now he could keep them going, and could prevent their taking any sudden fright! They must not stop until they stopped from utter weariness. Safety lay in their continued motion. So the fresh riders flanked them closely, paced them, and urged them quietly on. They must be kept milling and they must be kept from fright.

In the taut silence of the stirless desert night, with the tension of the herd at the snapping-point, any quick, unwonted sight or sound would stampede them; the sneezing of a horse, the flare of a match, would be enough to send the whole four thousand headlong — blind, frenzied, trampling — till spent and scattered over the plain.

And so, as he rode, Wade began to sing. The rider ahead of him took up the air and passed it on until, above the stepping stir of the hoofs, rose the faint voices of the men, and all the herd was bound about by the slow plaintive measures of some old song. It was not to soothe their savage breasts that the riders sang to the cattle, but to prevent the shock of their hearing any loud and sudden noise.

So they sang and rode and the night wore on to one o'clock, when Wade, coming up on the rim-rock side, felt a cool breeze fan his face, and caught a

breath of fresh, moist wind with the taste of water in it.

He checked his horse instantly, listening as the wind swept past him over the cattle. But they must already have smelled it, for they had ceased their milling. The whole herd stood motionless, the indistinct forms close to him in the dark, showing their bald faces lifted to drink the sweet wet breath that came over the rim. Then they started again, but faster, and with a rumbling from their hoarse throats that tightened Wade's grip on the reins.

The sound seemed to come out of the earth, a low, rumbling murmur, as dark as the night and as wide as the plain, a thick inarticulate bellow that stood every rider stiff in his stirrups.

The breeze caught the dust and carried it back from the gray-coated, ghostly shapes, and Wade saw that the animals were still moving in a circle. If he could keep them going! He touched his horse to ride on with them, when across the black sky flashed a vivid streak of lightning.

There was a snort from the steers, a quick clap of horns and hoofs from far within the herd, a tremor of the plain, a roar, a surging mass — and Wade was riding the flank of a wild stampede. Before him, behind him, beside him, pressing hard upon his horse, galloped the frenzied steers, and beyond them a multitude, borne on, and bearing him on, by the heave of the galloping herd.

Wade was riding for his life. He knew it. His horse knew it. He was riding to turn the herd, too, back from the rim, as the horse also knew. The cattle were after water — water-mad — ready to go over the precipice to get it, carrying horse and rider with them. Wade was the only rider between the herd and the rim. It was black as death. He could see nothing in the sage, could scarcely discern the pounding,

panting shadows at his side; but he knew by the swish of the brush and the plunging of the horse that the ground was growing stonier, that they were nearing the rocks.

To outrun the stampede was his only chance. If he could come up with the leaders he might yet head them off upon the plain and save the herd. There were cattle still ahead of him; how many, what part of the herd, he could not tell. But the horse knew. The reins hung on his straight neck, while Wade, yelling and firing into the air, gave him the race to win, to lose.

Suddenly they veered and went high in the air, as a steer plunged headlong into a draw almost beneath their feet. They cleared the narrow ravine, landed on bare rock and reeled on.

They were riding the rim. Close to their left bore down the flank of the herd, and on their right, under their very feet, was a precipice, so close that they felt its blackness — its three hundred feet of fall!

A piercing, half-human bawl of terror told where a steer had been crowded over. Would the next leap carry them after him? Then Wade found himself racing neck and neck with a big white steer, which the horse, with marvelous instinct, seemed to pick from a bunch, and to cling to, forcing him gradually ahead till, cutting him free from the bunch entirely, he bore him off into the sage.

The group coming on behind followed its leader, and in, after them, swung others. The tide was turning. Within a short time the whole herd had veered, and, bearing off from the cliffs, was pounding over the open plains.

Whose race was it? Peroxide Jim's, according to Wade, for not by word or by touch of hand or knee had he been directed in the run. From the flash of the lightning the horse had

taken the bit, and covered an indescribably perilous path at top speed, had outrun the herd and turned it from the edge of the rim-rock, without a false step or a tremor.

Bred on the desert, broken at the round-up, trained to think steer as his rider thinks it, the horse knew as swiftly, as clearly as his rider, the work before him. But that he kept himself from fright, that none of the wild herd-madness passed into him, is a thing for wonder. He was as thirsty as any

animal of the herd; he knew his own peril, I believe, as none of the herd had ever known anything; and yet, such coolness, courage, wisdom, and power!

Was it training? Was it more intimate association with the man on his back, and so, a further remove from the wild thing which domestication does not seem to touch? Or was it all suggestion, the superior intelligence above riding, — not the flesh, but the spirit?

WAR AND THE INTERESTS OF LABOR

BY ALVIN S. JOHNSON

WAR, to the modern industrial laborer, is stark calamity and nothing more. It is a trade in which the price he pays may include pain of body and anguish of spirit, wounds, disease, and death, distress to his family and perhaps its dispersal and utter ruin. And the things thus dearly bought, national victory and national aggrandizement, are of no profit to the industrial worker. His private possessions are not increased; his toil is not lightened, his life is not made brighter. War may increase his country's dominions, but the extension of boundaries offers no wider prospect to the worker or to his children. Grant that they participate in the feeling of enlarged personal significance which accompanies national greatness: it is a feeling that does not often kindle a consciousness dulled by toil. The luxury of the large map, — what a thing for a wage-worker to die for!

To the exposition of such a doctrine of war in its relation to labor, thousands and tens of thousands of socialistic writers and lecturers are devoting much of their energies. The doctrine may sound strange to many of us, but among the eight or ten millions of Socialists there can hardly be one to whom it sounds strange, and very few who would consider it false. Although the Socialists are most active in its promulgation, we should be greatly in error if we supposed that it was taught by Socialists alone. Organized labor everywhere hears it repeated, not by revolutionists, but by the most conservative labor leaders. Others may win or lose through war; the laborer can only lose. It is a theory; but it is a theory more widely held and more unreservedly accepted than many other theories which have played an important part in the history of the world.

Much turns upon the question

whether this theory is true or false. For if it is true that, whether his country is victorious or suffers defeat, the laborer necessarily incurs heavy losses and gains nothing at all, we are justified in looking upon the gathering force of the labor parties as a powerful factor making for universal peace. In former times disastrous wars were fought over trifles; both parties to the conflict have in the end laid down their arms exhausted by losses from which they recovered only after generations. Such wars, it would seem, have been possible only in default of an active political party opposed to war. If modern warfare is inevitably disastrous to the workingman, the labor parties of the several powers will furnish such a continuous, organized criticism of policies likely to lead to hostilities that no group of international trouble-makers, however active, can seduce a nation into undertaking a serious war.

In earlier times there have been, it is true, wars of sentiment and of principle, holy wars, race wars, wars of independence, conflicts of competing civilizations. Such wars we may have in the future also. In the case of wars of this character, calculations of cost and gain are beside the point. Racial existence, political freedom, immunity from religious oppression, are values to be won at any cost. There can be no question of the distribution of these values among the several classes in society. Most wars, however, in all ages, have been fought over questions of material interests. Goods and lands, concessions and markets, have been the prizes of victory. These are measurable values, comparable with the costs of winning them. They are capable of distribution among the different social classes. It is the contention of the labor theorists that these values are not as a fact impartially distributed; that the working class gets none of

them. Our present task is to determine the validity of this contention.

No extended study of history is required to prove that the doctrine of the profitlessness of war to the working class is not valid for all times. From a successful campaign the warrior of antiquity returned well provided with slaves or loaded with booty. The inhabitants of a conquered state and all they possessed, chattels and land, were free prize, and there is no reason for doubting that the common soldier — the working-class representative — shared in the distribution of such gains. War, to men born in poverty, was a trade, like husbandry or the handicrafts. It was fraught with greater risks than these, but its prizes were far more attractive. In the Middle Ages the looting of captured cities appears frequently to have enriched common soldiers as well as officers. The better share of the winnings fell naturally to the men of higher rank, but no military leader could have retained his popularity without granting even the lowest class of his followers a share in the plunder.

In comparatively recent times, also, the material gains from war have been shared by the common soldier and his class. In our own colonial period, for example, the backwoodsman fought the French and Indians partly for patriotic reasons, but partly also for the sake of the hunting grounds and rich valleys to the westward which should provide him and his children with homes and means of livelihood. The Texan heroes fought no doubt for Anglo-Saxondom and liberty; prospective 'headrights' were, however, something also well worth fighting for. A square league of rich land, to be selected in the vast territory cleared of Mexicans — such was the prize that even a private soldier might win.

Almost unnoticed, however, a pro-

found change has taken place in the institutions regulating the conduct of wars. In the last two hundred years the concept of private property has undergone a notable extension and intensification. The lands of the world which are fit for homes of men of the expanding races are almost all private property—the private property of civilized men. And gradually the idea has become fixed in the modern consciousness that such property is to be held inviolable, even through conquest. The clearing of a conquered province of its inhabitants, and the distribution of the land among the soldiers of the victorious army, is now unthinkable. Movable goods are still liable to seizure, under the laws of war; but on land they are not, in fact, seized without compensation, except in so far as they may be regarded as instrumentalities of war. When Germany wrested Alsace-Lorraine from France, the German soldier gained neither land nor loot. On the sea, since 1854, the enemy's goods under a neutral flag have been exempt from seizure; and the public opinion of the world is almost ripe for the establishment of the general principle that private property at sea must be held inviolate.

There is only one way for a citizen of the conquering nation to secure land or chattels within the borders of a conquered province: to buy it. And this he could have done as well without the costs of conquest. For the same social process which established the inviolability of private property has erected into almost universal law the freedom of migration and freedom in the buying and selling of goods. Before the Franco-Prussian war German citizens were privileged to migrate to Alsace-Lorraine and acquire property there; they have no greater privileges now. Capitalism, or the social order dominated by the property concept, has practi-

cally removed struggles for land and goods from the field of international conflict. Under our existing economic system there is nothing to prevent a race from steadily extending its actual borders. The Irish are free to win back the whole soil of Ireland, if they can develop a superiority to English landholders in industry, thrift, and perhaps craft. The Slavs may advance upon the Teutons unchecked by military force, provided that they are economically the better race. In the United States we accept as a matter of course the supplanting of the original Anglo-Saxon population by Germans, Slavs, Hungarians or Italians. All the prejudices created by wide differences in race and in culture are required to arouse us to action against the conquest of land by the process of infiltration of population.

Public property is still subject to seizure by a conquering nation; but such property is seldom of a character to yield profit even to the state; it never yields rewards to the common soldier. Indemnities may be levied; and these, theoretically, may benefit the common soldier and his class through relief of taxation. The benefits from indemnities, however, are intangible, and it would be difficult to produce instances of men enlisting in the army for the purpose of securing them.

There is no material interest of the working class that can be furthered by the conquest of a state in the same stage of civilization, but are there not profits to be gained through the subjugation of states in a different cultural stage? The partition of Africa and the scramble for position in China indicate that statesmen believe that their respective nations have, as a whole, much to gain from the control of such states. Has the working class, as such, anything to gain?

The land in the greater part of Asia, and in a considerable part of Africa, is already private property; native titles would hardly be disturbed upon the assumption of control by a colonizing power. The land not now occupied is desert or swamp or jungle, and is inaccessible to members of the working class. The building of railways, the exploiting of forests and mines, offer valuable opportunities to some of the citizens of the ruling nation, but these are not members of the working class. The flotation of a company to construct a railway in a Chinese province may yield large profits to its promoters. The enterprise may offer attractive investments to capitalists. The business class will be drawn upon to provide managers, the professional class to provide engineers. The road will be constructed, however, with native labor, and native labor, chiefly, will be employed in its operation. The services of the working class of the colonizing nation may perhaps be drawn upon for steel and other supplies. But it stands to lose through the draining away of capital which would otherwise have financed a local venture.

Such enterprises, if successful, establish in the imperial nation a class of persons who draw their incomes from the toil of half-enslaved colonials. It is such a class that most accentuates the differences between the men who toil and the men who possess. The magnate with fortune securely invested in colonial railways or rubber or sugar is likely to be a convinced adherent of the doctrine that the employing class is also the ruling class, whose determinations it is treason to oppose. Colonial exploitation, however much it may enrich certain members of the property-holding class, can hardly fail to be a disadvantage, both material and moral, to the working class.

Colonial dominion, it may be urged,

carries with it the control of markets; and the workingman, as well as the capitalist, profits from an expanding market. The colonial market may even be an exceptionally profitable one; it is almost certain to be such if an exclusive commercial policy is pursued by the colonizing nation. The true measure of the value of a branch of trade to the working class is not, however, its lucrativeness. A better measure is its volume. It is of more importance to labor to export a hundred millions' worth of products at an advance of ten per cent than to export fifty millions at an advance of fifty per cent. The best measure of all is the amount of wages represented by the goods exported; and this amount is likely to be in inverse ratio to the lucrativeness of a branch of trade. Our export of wheat to England is not very lucrative; for every dollar we receive from it, about seventy-five cents has been paid out in wages to the laborers employed in producing and transporting the wheat. Our export of cigarettes to a Chinese province — if we possessed one — would probably be very lucrative; of every dollar received seventy-five cents would represent rent, good-will, business profits and other property income. But our workingmen are interested in exporting, not good-will, but labor 'embodied' in goods and paid for. It is therefore not the closed colonial market, where monopoly profits are to be secured, that is most advantageous to the workingman, but the great, open markets of the world where business is conducted on small margins of profit. A working-class commercial policy would concentrate its action upon the latter field, and would look askance at any tendency in the direction of diverting the national capital and enterprise to the former field.

It is not to be denied that some gain may accrue to the laborer from the

colonial market, provided that it can be secured without injury to the larger and more advantageous open trade. If even twenty-five per cent of the price of cigarettes for China represents the wages of labor, this is in itself a gain to the working class. But the nation that sets about to develop a closed market is almost certain to neglect the open markets, if not to place barriers in the way of those who wish to resort to them. All through the eighteenth century the interchange of goods between France and England was practically prohibited, largely as a result of jealousies originating in the colonial trade. We have no reason to question the justice of Adam Smith's observation that freedom of trade would have been of inestimable advantage to both nations. It certainly would have been worth more to the workingmen of both countries than the colonial trade to which it was sacrificed.

Preoccupation with a closed colonial market is at best a source of inefficiency in a nation's commercial policy. Almost inevitably the exclusion of other nations from a given country's colonial possessions leads to retaliation, and the retaliatory policy never confines itself to colonial affairs. We may exclude Japan from the Philippines by heavy tariffs; Japan may exclude us from Korea and Southern Manchuria by similar means. The matter does not end here; ultimately the direct trade between the United States and Japan, which is far more important to labor than the Philippine or the Korean trade, is impeded by restrictive legislation. On the whole it is doubtful whether a closed colonial trade is ever worth so much to labor as it costs, in terms of open trade alone. If it is necessary to subjugate the colony by arms, the necessity is excessively paid for twice over. And if finally the colony must be defended in a war against

a great power, the price labor pays for the share in the venture becomes colossal in its extravagance.

Modern warfare offers no increase of wealth to the members of the working class; the acquisition of markets through war is of no value to the workingman. This fact does not, however, preclude the possibility that war may offer a powerful appeal to the working class, and thus command its political support. In past wars there have been brilliant prizes for the brave and fortunate. After the Civil War almost every community, North or South, had its instances of men who had fought their way up from the ranks to titles of great popular esteem. The war had bestowed upon them distinction through life, such as they could never have gained in times of peace. A brigadier-generalship won by a man of the people was a stimulus to thousands. It is beside the point to say that the prize was not worth the cost incurred by all those who sought it. Actuarial computations of gains and costs have never governed the actions of masses of men, and probably never will. So long as war remained a lottery, offering splendid prizes to some, the mere fact that its blanks were disproportionately numerous was not sufficient to check the spread of war sentiment.

War, however, becomes less and less of a lottery with every advance in its technique. The training needed by a general to-day is highly specialized. That it may be acquired by a man from the ranks in the brief and sanguinary campaigns that characterize twentieth-century warfare is possible, indeed, but only in rare instances. The European nations which prepare seriously for war provide themselves with trained and competent officers for every emergency. It is these officers, men from the upper and middle classes, who will gain whatever distinction a war

may offer. The man who enters the army as a private, at the beginning of a war, will remain a private to the end of the war. The working-class soldier who rises to a position of high command is destined eventually to take his place alongside of the mythical wandering youth, elevated by freak of fortune to a kingship.

Promotion, however, is only a part of the romance of war which lures men of the working class to the colors. Adventure, new scenes, new experiences, how much these have meant to the young men of restless disposition to whom the environment in which they have been bred seems tame and tedious! Such were the youths who used to run away to sea, or to swear additional years upon themselves in order to be accepted as soldiers. They were once numerous enough to form large armies, and the bellicose statesman could always count upon them as eager to fight in any cause. They seem not so much in evidence now; at any rate, we have difficulty in recruiting men enough even for our small army, and our navy is never too fully manned. There is a consensus of opinion among those who urge political measures for the rehabilitation of our merchant shipping that special inducements will be needed to tempt men to enter the sailor's life. And the British mercantile marine is remarkably dependent upon Lascars and other foreign sailors.

What has become of the adventurous youth of earlier generations? They are largely on the railroad, which sends its spurs into every valley, offering a ready means of escape to the young man who finds the rural quiet intolerable. Or they are in some one of the other wandering occupations which have developed to such extraordinary proportions in these days of expanding trade relations. It is no longer neces-

sary to go to war in order to see the world or to experience life.

And as civil life becomes richer in variety and in romance, war becomes poorer. The military campaign of to-day does not consist, as formerly, of long marches over a strange territory, leisurely sieges, interminable garrisoning of captured cities. The modern campaign is short and sharp; the armies are hurried on fast trains to battle, like cattle to the abattoir. The private soldier's game of life and death is played quickly to its end, and he returns half-dazed to his home, or returns no more. Warfare is becoming mechanical, like a large-scale industry. Its chief distinction is its appalling accident rate. Accident? How does death on the battlefield, nowadays, differ from death in a mine explosion or a railway collision? Bulgars and Turks may still strive with bayonets and sabres; but Germans and French would meet death unromantically, at long range.

Like material gain, glory and adventure are rapidly withdrawing themselves from the reach of the common soldier, if they are not already unattainable. Their tradition remains, however, not without potency. In reality men who enlist may be destined to be mowed down ingloriously by machine guns; but among the motives which appeal to the imagination of the recruit are atavistic yearnings for the excitement of the hand-to-hand conflict. The Scottish fighting tradition is still alive, although two centuries have passed since Scot and Saxon were reconciled, and since the Lowland kine that were once the spoil of the Scottish clansmen came to be vested with the sanctity of 'capitalistic' private property. The warlike tradition, however, cannot forever survive the reality of the personal prize. The statesman of to-day wisely bases his

hopes of military predominance upon universal service. The conscript must serve the purposes of national aggrandizement, since volunteering cannot be relied upon to provide sufficient men for a great war. And with conscription official recognition is given to the fact that war is no longer worth while, from the point of view of the class that furnishes the private soldiers — the working class.

While the gains from war to members of the working class are dwindling to the vanishing point, the costs of war to be borne by labor grow steadily heavier; so at least it is often asserted. If by the costs of war merely the losses and suffering in the field are meant, the assertion is probably not true. The campaigns of the future, to judge from the results of the Russo-Japanese and the Balkan wars, will be more sanguinary than the campaigns of the past, but war will be less protracted. We shall have no future Seven Years' War, much less a Hundred Years' War. Furthermore, if a greater number of soldiers die in battle than formerly, fewer die from disease. It is also to be borne in mind that losses in battle are distributed more impartially than formerly among all classes; mortality among officers in the Boer and Russo-Japanese wars was at least as heavy as mortality among the common soldiers.

But the costs of war do not rest exclusively upon the soldiers at the front. The working population at home has to bear the burden of war-taxes, the hardships attendant upon commercial and industrial disturbances, and the loss of the services of many of its most productive members. These costs, it would appear, are growing heavier. That this is true of the financial burden of war is matter of common knowledge. That it is true of the other incidents of war also follows naturally from the fact that the modern state is

coming to be prevailingly urban. An urban state is less fitted than a rural state to bear the strain of war.

One hundred years ago only 45 per cent of the population of England, already a highly developed industrial country, was found in cities and towns. To-day the urban population forms a higher percentage than this in Germany (54), and in the United States (46.3). In France the percentage is only slightly less (41). In England to-day 77 per cent of the population is city-dwelling.

As a consequence of the concentration of population in the cities the economic life of a nation has come to be very delicately balanced. Food, fuel, and materials must be supplied to the cities with the utmost regularity; the products of the city must find an unobstructed outlet; otherwise a crisis is inevitable, with its attendant unemployment and distress. Even were a nation practically self-sufficing, it could hardly engage in a great war without a serious disturbance of its economic balance.

Few modern states, however, are self-sufficing. The United States is perhaps less dependent upon foreign supplies and foreign markets than any other great power. Yet half a million men in the United States earn their living in the production of goods for Great Britain alone. A war with Great Britain would force all these men to seek new fields of employment. A considerable period of time would elapse before the readjustment of industry could be completed. During the process, our whole economic organism would be seriously disturbed in its functioning.

The city-dwellers, as we have seen, already represent a very large percentage of the population of the modern state, and this percentage is everywhere increasing. If we confine our atten-

tion to men of military age, we can see at once that the percentage of this class found in the cities must be even greater. Young men, and men in the prime of life, flow steadily to the city; the aged and the very young remain in the country. Accordingly, the great war of the future, if such a war ever occurs, will be fought largely by city industrial workers, drawn to the standards under some form of universal military service law. Not merely those who are without dependents, but those who have wives and children, parents and sisters, relying upon them for support, will be required for national defense.

It has been just as true in the past that a great war has required the enrollment of those who had families dependent upon them. When the head of a rural household, however, enlists in the army, he leaves his family with a roof of their own for shelter and with cleared fields which will afford means of subsistence, although the labor of tillage may fall heavily upon them. The industrial worker possesses, as a rule, neither roof nor means of production. When he is drafted into military service his wife and children must fall back upon employment in the factory or the sweat-shop. And such employment is not to be secured with certainty, especially if war is attended, as is almost inevitably the case, by commercial disturbances.

It is doubtful whether, in the whole history of the world, the secondary hardships of war ever rested so heavily upon any class as they would rest upon the industrial working class of the present day. The industrial workers live from hand to mouth; war strikes off the hand. Yet there are persons who would have us believe that working-class anti-militarism is merely a surface phenomenon, which would disappear with the first call to arms.

An aftermath of war is the heavy

addition to the national budget: interest on the war debt and payments on the principal, compensation for property destroyed, and military pensions. There is a belief widely held that this country, at least, is rich enough to accept the financial burden, even of a great war, without serious injury to its people. In an ultimate sense the United States, like all other countries, is poor. It is too poor to meet the obligations that the current formulation of political ethics imposes upon it. Current political ethics requires the state to free its citizens from the costs of epidemic disease; to segregate from its life-stream the elements carrying mental and moral degeneracy; to educate its children properly so as to bring to light all their hidden resources for work and life. These obligations the state does not meet, or it meets them inadequately; it lacks the means to do more. From the point of view of current political ethics, the modern state is an honest and well-meaning bankrupt, meeting some of its obligations in full, others in part, and repudiating still others altogether. Saddle the state with the additional and preferred lien of a war debt, and its moral obligations to its people will be more sadly neglected than they now are.

It is obviously the common people, the working class, whose interests are most seriously prejudiced by any neglect by the state of its social obligations. It is the working class that suffers most severely from faulty sanitation and inadequate hospital service; from contamination of blood through the presence in society of defective strains. It is the children of the working class whose education is most likely to be neglected, and whose chances in life are consequently impaired. Accordingly it can hardly be denied that there is at least a modicum of truth in the statement that, whoever pays the

war taxes, it is upon the workers that the whole burden finally rests.

Occasionally one hears the assertion that war is worth its cost because of the quickening of the national life which follows it. The 'national life,' of which much of the conscious life of the individual is a part, is no doubt a social product, and is capable of undergoing rapid and profound changes. Were a great war to sweep over the modern world, it would affect in some measure every expression of thought and every manifestation of feeling. Nationally and individually, we should be transformed, perhaps. Possibly we should have a richer literature and art, a more significant social and political life. These, however, are not working-class values, and it is in working-class values that our present interest lies.

The most significant interest of the working class is involved in the readjustment of the relations of labor and capital. In every industrial state, labor and capital present conflicting economic interests; they present, further, conflicting conceptions of rights and duties. Employer and employee are far from an agreement as to the meaning of a 'right to a job,' or of a right to a continuous income from invested capital. Of the two systems of asserted rights, that of the employer is the more intelligible to the general public. It is nothing but a transference to the employment of labor of the principles long accepted as properly regulating the purchase and sale of commodities. The laborer's system of rights is something new in the world, and therefore not readily understood.

The laborer would convince the general public — the ultimate arbiter in this as in other matters — that the labor contract differs materially from other contracts, and should be interpreted in the light of a special tradition. Although the public accepts free

competition as a satisfactory principle governing the purchase and sale of commodities, the laborer would have the public accept the principle of the closed shop as regulative of the labor contract. An agreement of dealers and producers to raise prices is a conspiracy against the public; an agreement of laborers for the purpose of raising wages is not a conspiracy, according to the advocates of the labor programme. A merchant who should post a clerk at the entrance to a competitor's place of business, to dissuade prospective customers from entering, would very quickly feel the whole weight of the law. The laborer who 'pickets' an 'unfair' shop, feels that he is quite within his rights, so long as he limits himself to peaceable persuasion. The laborer, evidently, is attempting to introduce a new system of rights. Possibly the system is sound, and conducive to the public welfare. But the burden of proof is upon those who introduce new systems.

Of this new system the general public has already accepted some elements. The right to organize is generally granted. The principle of collective bargaining rules in an extensive part of the modern industrial field. The labor contract is being differentiated from other forms of contract: this is already evident. The process is a slow one, however, and makes head only as a result of persistent efforts on the part of the leaders of labor. But persistence alone would accomplish little; the support of the public is essential; and the cause of labor is greatly strengthened if the more broad-minded and generous employers regard it sympathetically. If, for example, labor can convince the more liberal employers that an eight-hour day is desirable, the public is likely to regard with favor a strike to force other employers also to limit the working day to eight hours. The strike will

receive wide popular attention, and, if successful, will be credited with the victory. The preliminary work of preparing the public mind, and winning a certain amount of support among employers, although indispensable, remains unrecorded. Hence the progress of labor is likely to be regarded as the result of a series of struggles between employers and employees. But it is just as truly the outcome of a conflict of principles in the social mind.

Peace, domestic and international, is a prerequisite to the working out of this conflict of principles, and to the social validation of the laborer's scheme of rights. A war in progress distracts the public attention; its influence is inevitably reactionary. Further, the conclusion of the war injects into civil life large numbers of men who have been trained to drastic action upon quick judgments. The industrial world is filled with little Alexanders, slashing away with their swords at apparent Gordian knots that civilian patience might have unraveled. Let it be granted that the warlike ex-officer, in the rôle of employer, is no more of a menace to the interests of the working class than is the

warlike ex-private in the ranks of labor to the interests of capital. It is none the less the laborer's interest which is most seriously prejudiced by the substitution of the spirit of war for the spirit of peace. The influence of strife and turmoil is reactionary in the end. It strengthens, rather than weakens, the hold upon the social mind of the employer's ethical formulation.

The interests of industrial labor are bound up with peace. Recent historical tendencies, we have seen, have steadily encroached upon the field of possible gain to labor from war, until that field has practically disappeared. Recent tendencies have also steadily increased the weight of the burdens imposed by war upon labor, until these burdens have become intolerable. The hopes of labor for general social recognition of its claims, and for their realization through appropriate institutions, can prosper only through the spirit of peace. All these things the men of the working class are beginning to realize. They are therefore justified in their claim that the labor movement throughout the world is the best guaranty of peace.

THE SECOND VOICE

BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY

I

SHE was the 'Dearest Woman in the world.' This was the universal verdict. One of the doctors who had been in attendance spoke of her as a 'star.'

Her summer had been planned according to the pleasantest conceivable fashion. But it happened, just as she was making arrangements for a children's party, that a mortal illness overtook her and all plans ended. She was a woman whose eighty-odd years had not brought even the remotest idea of withdrawal from a life of far-reaching activity. Consequently there were circles upon circles of intimate friends and pleasant acquaintances, and there were always her especial comrades the children, to whom death meant nothing but a departure to a beautiful country.

George, aged thirteen, said something of the kind to Stephen Gray who had come to take charge.

'She is going to be better off,' said George convincingly.

'She was very well off before,' returned Stephen. 'She has always been well off.'

'But this will be better,' said George; 'she told me so herself.'

George came every morning with a cup-custard nicely done up in a napkin. The custard was duly eaten by some one else, but that did not discourage the boy from bringing another. She had always particularly enjoyed his mother's custards. It would be better to have one at hand. She might rouse and feel hungry.

There is a theory that the way to keep young is to associate with children. If this be true, it must be true also that one of the ways to lose childhood would be for the young to associate with the aged. In the case of the children and the 'Dearest Woman' however, it was not a question of growing old or of keeping young, but simply of friendship.

A piano stood in the neighboring room. Mary, also aged thirteen, used to go in and play little old songs and hymns which the 'Dearest Woman' loved. She always seemed soothed and quieted when Mary played. Sometimes George took the place of the nurse and sat by the bedside, gravely stirring the air with a palm-leaf fan. A grown-up person, seeing George thus occupied and Mary playing softly, observed, 'This is no place for children.'

The nurse (she was the kind spoken of as a 'trained nurse') thought otherwise.

When one dies there are many little things which demand attention; matters perhaps of no especial significance considering the greater ones of time and eternity, but seeming at the moment of much importance. As for instance, what shall be worn on the occasion of one's last appearance on earth, what gown, what article of personal adornment, what telegrams shall be sent, what letters written, how many carriages shall be ordered, who shall go in them, what words shall be read, what hymn sung.

Perfectly reliable persons bore wit-

ness that she who had died desired to be dressed in a certain satin gown which had never been worn, owing to some delay in its completion. Other persons, equally reliable, mentioned a gown of quite another color and fabric. Some one spoke of a ring, saying she had intended it should be given to the one she loved best. Others testified to the number of times they had heard her express a wish that the ring should never be removed from her hand.

Fortunately she had left a written paper of directions. Fortunately also, it was presently discovered. Not that it had been at all difficult to discover, every precaution having been taken to keep it in a place as open to the public eye as the town records. Perhaps for this very reason it had at first escaped attention. In this paper the satin gown and many of the personal ornaments, including the ring, were distinctly specified as to their final disposition, thereby ending all uncertainty in the matter. It was such a document as every human being should thoughtfully compose and put in a place of easy discovery, — clear, concise, and of a nature to prevent all discussion.

II

Stephen Gray went to call on the pastor.

‘We thought Sunday afternoon would be the best day,’ he said. ‘Sunday afternoon at three. There are people who might not be able to come on a week-day, and then again Sunday is more convenient for the organizations. You see she was n’t like a private person. She had so many public interests.’

The pastor acquiesced. Yes, certainly, Sunday would be the best day.

‘The representatives of various organizations came to see me last evening’ Stephen Gray went on. ‘They

spoke of wishing to take some part in the service. I promised to consult with you. One of them, he was a man with a fine Scotch accent, told me she had been a member of his particular society for more than sixty years and that he desired to show her especial honor because of the wonderful work she had done and because they loved her so.’

‘Because they loved her so,’ the pastor repeated, as he opened a note-book and wrote in it.

‘Then there was a woman,’ said Stephen, ‘who told me the children would send flowers and that I was to see they were placed as near as possible, otherwise the children’s hearts would be broken, because they loved her so.’

The pastor wrote in his note-book, ‘The children loved her so.’

‘I regret to disappoint any of her friends,’ he said, ‘but I feel it would please her best to keep everything simple. My preference would be that some one person who knew her well should speak, only not longer than five minutes.’ And he asked if there were any favorite hymns she might have liked sung.

It was then that Stephen Gray remembered the paper of directions, and he read from it aloud: ‘I wish the pastor of my church to conduct the service and to make it as simple as possible. I wish hymn No. 583 to be sung by John Wilson, and I wish him to get some one to sing it with him. I am sure he will be willing.’

‘That is precisely what he will not be willing to do,’ said the pastor. ‘He never sings with any one. It’s his peculiarity. He sings alone or not at all.’

‘Not if it were a written request?’

‘No, not if it were a written request. Of course I shall tell him, but it won’t make a particle of difference. He always sings alone.’

III

The church was filled with people. The light fell through the stained glass of the windows upon a wealth of flowers from field and wood and garden, for the season was midsummer. The little girls were in Sunday frocks and ribbons. The little boys sat with serious faces. The officers of the different organizations came in the regalia of their orders, and the rich hues of their dress gave an added touch to the coloring.

The words were repeated, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life' — 'In My Father's House are many Mansions.' — The prayers were offered, the brief address given.

'Whatever I may be able to say,' so the pastor began, 'can be of little import beside the one sublime thing that every one loved her, men, women, and little children' —

It had been decided that the allotted five minutes should be given to the Scotchman, he of the fine accent. He spoke out of a full heart and with a tender lingering on his concluding words, 'Good-night and good-morrow!' as if he might have been alone with her, his hand upon hers.

People brushed the tears from their eyes, and yet there was nothing sad about the words, 'Good-night and good-morrow.' Quite the contrary.

Stephen Gray listened with divided attention. He hoped everything had been done in the way she would have approved and that he had not forgotten any little detail which he ought to have kept in mind. Certainly all her wishes had been complied with; or at least, they had been until John Wilson began to sing.

It was a sweet old hymn, of sleep and peace and a happy wakening; but exactly as had been predicted, John Wilson sang it alone. Stephen Gray

glanced at the faces in the pews nearest to him. Evidently no one had expected any deviation from John Wilson's usual custom. It was probable that, with the exception of the pastor, no one had known of the request. That she should have made this request seemed rather curious. It might be that she had thought two voices would sound better. She must have really desired it or she would not have written it down.

There passed through his mind how one of her strong characteristics had been the power of always accomplishing her desires, doing it perhaps in some unexpected manner, which in the end surprised no one. George and Mary were sitting together across the aisle. Mary was trying to keep from crying, George, dry-eyed, sat straight and observant.

Why should one grieve? Had she not told him herself many and many a time that she was going to be better off? Did not the hymn say so?

Asleep in Jesus, blessed Sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep —

At the beginning of the hymn Stephen Gray noticed that the boy turned his head suddenly and looked searchingly about. Then he resumed his attentive attitude. In the pew just in front was a little figure in black with a strong trustworthy face, which was neither old nor young. She had been pointed out to Stephen as one of the 'Dearest Woman's most devoted friends.' Later he remembered having noticed that she too had turned and looked around.

IV

'I heard her voice singing all through the hymn.'

This was what George told Stephen Gray the next morning.

The boy made the statement as if he

were only relating one of the many occurrences of the day before and as such to be received without comment.

Stephen Gray's thoughts went back to the written directions and he asked the boy if he had read them.

No, only the page where his own name was put down as one of the 'persons to be notified.' She had shown him that.

In the evening Stephen had occasion to call upon the little woman who had

sat in the pew in front. She was full of sweet sorrow and memories and they talked till late. When he rose to go, she said, almost as if it were an after-thought with nothing unusual about it, 'I heard her voice singing in the church yesterday. She sang with John Wilson all the way through the hymn. You remember her voice. It had such a beautiful quality. For a moment I forgot what had happened and looked round. It sounded close behind me.'

THE OTHER SIDE

LIKE every other attentive reader of our periodical literature, I am increasingly aware of our persistent exposure of sin and wrong-doing in high places and in low; like many another attentive reader, I am growing a bit rebellious against this constant demand and supply in the matter of information regarding recent evil. Have we not grown over-alert in the search for this special kind of news? We take vice with our breakfast porridge; perjury with our after-dinner coffee; our essayists vie with one another in seeing who can write up the most startling story of crime; and it is a bankrupt family nowadays that cannot produce one member to expose civic or political corruption. Undoubtedly much genuine ethical impulse lies back of all this; undoubtedly, too, much of the picturesque and spectacular treatment springs from a desire to startle, and ministers, in many a reader who would scorn paper-covered fiction, to a love of the sensational. Surely it must seem to the people of other countries that we take pride in the immensity of

our sins, as we take pride in Niagara, in the length of the Mississippi, in the extent of our western plains.

Many may be, and must be, the good effects of throwing the searchlight upon dark places, but the constant glare of the searchlight bids fair to rob us of our normal vision of life. My poor mind has become a storehouse of misdeeds not my own. I am sick with iniquity; I walk abroad under the shadow of infamy, and I sup with horrors. I shrink from meeting my friends, — not that they are not the best people in the world, but I dread lest they pour into my ears some newly acquired knowledge of wrong-doing. For me, as for others, the sun of noon-day is clouded by graft, bribery, treachery, and corruption; and I fear to close my eyes in the dark because of the pictured crimes that crowd before them. Suppose poor Christian had had to drag after him not only his own bag of transgressions, but those of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Mr. Facing-both-ways, and all the denizens of Vanity Fair, what chance would he ever have

had of getting out of the Slough of Despond?

It is not that I wish to shirk; I am not afraid of facing anything that I ought to know, and I have not the slightest doubt that we are all, in great measure, responsible for our neighbors' sins. But I am not sure that we are taking the wisest way to mend them. It seems to me incontestable that, with the large issues of individual and of national well-being in mind, we are overdoing the exposure, and slighting the incentives to right action; emphasizing the negative at the expense of the positive; and that, with our weakening convictions regarding the things that are right, it is dangerous to go on loudly proclaiming the things that are wrong. We are much in the position of a village improvement society which has pulled down a bridge because it is rotting, and is impotent to build another and a better. We have invested our national all in wrecking machinery, and have nothing left for constructive tools. It is said that in our explosive setting forth of civic and national wrongdoing, we are all too prone to stop with the explosion, as if mere knowledge of these things would set them right. Mere knowledge never yet set anything right; only the ceaselessly active, creative will can fashion a world of law out of chaos.

Of the criticism often made that exposure of wrong should be followed, more closely than is done here, by constructive action, if anything is to be really effected, it is not my task to speak. The aspect of the matter which interests me especially concerns the youth of the land; it is the educational aspect. Not through loud wailing over evil can a nation be built, but through resolute dwelling with high ideals. In certain ugly tendencies of recent years among the young, as, for instance, the unabashed sensuality of much of the

modern dancing, may we not detect, perhaps, a cynical assumption that life is at basis corrupt, — a natural result of continued harping on evil things, and of failure to keep before them images of moral beauty? Our magazine writers would be far better employed, if, instead of making our ears constantly resound with reports of civic iniquities, they were, part of the time at least, studying Plato's *Republic*, and filling mind and soul with the hope of the perfect state. Wrong things we dare hope are of small and fleeting consequence as compared with the right; it is not the sin of Judas Iscariot, but the righteousness of his Master, that has brought the human race a gleam of hope and possible redemption. When I was told, not long ago, of a student in one of our great universities who had elected 'Criminology 16,' I could not help reflecting that he might far better have taken Idealistic Philosophy 1.

Whether or not our study of evil should be lessened, our study of the good needs to be vastly strengthened. We are losing the vision! 'Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions,' said the prophet, in promising wonders in the heavens and in the earth, after his account of fasting, weeping, mourning, and beating the breast. There is a time for beating the breast and for tearing the hair, and of this we have had our day, but perpetual sitting upon the ash-heap and howling will not raise the walls of state. Sitting there may, in time, even become a luxury; can it be that we are doing so much of it partly because it is easier, and because the heaven-sent task of building up and shaping is too hard for us?

Take away from youth the power of seeing visions, of dreaming dreams, and you take away the future. It would behoove us to remember, per-

haps, that the eras of great deeds have not been eras of analysis, but eras when the creative imagination was at work. Yet our modern mental habit is overwhelmingly a habit of analysis, for which science, in teaching us to pick the world to bits, is partly, though not wholly, responsible. It has brought us an immense amount of interesting information; it has brought also a danger whose gravity we can hardly estimate, in the constant lessening of the synthetic power. The power to image, to fashion high ideals, and to create along the line of the imagining, is weakening, instead of growing more strong. In the glorious days of Queen Elizabeth, in the unparalleled days of Periclean Athens, great ideals formed themselves before men's eyes and great achievements followed; emotion, hope, vision, shaped human nature to great issues. I wonder what influence those perfect marble representations of perfect form had upon the very bodies of the youths and the maidens of Athens, what creative force they exercised,—the imaginative grasp of the perfect reaching forward toward perfectness in the human being. I wonder what influence the character of Sir Philip Sidney alone, with 'high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy,' has had upon succeeding generations of English youth. 'A man to be greatly good,' said Shelley, 'must imagine intensely and comprehensively.'

Here my quarrel with our present intellectual trend and our present system of education becomes more acute. We are not only losing the habit of mind that fosters idealism, but we are more and more breaking with the past. The door of that storehouse of noble thought and noble example is being slowly but firmly closed, and there is little in modern teaching that can meet the inroads made by the devastating knowledge of evil of which we have

been speaking; little that can build up where this tears down. Study of Greek life, with its incomparable power of shaping existence toward the beautiful, is all but cast aside; most unfortunately now, when, with the rush of ignorant peoples to our shores, it might have a far-reaching potency never attained before. The ignorance of contemporary youth regarding that other and finer loveliness of 'Gospel books' is amazing. More and more we are stripped of the humanities; the incredulity of science in contemplating philosophy, art, literature, as part of the educational curriculum, is full of menace. There has never been, I think, in the history of the civilized world, a time when people were so anxious to cast off the past. In our eager Marathon race of material and physical progress we want to go as lightly equipped as possible. The aeroplane carries small luggage; our light modern mind is ever ready to throw overboard even its precious heritage, in its eagerness for swift flight. As earlier days have reverenced the old, we reverence the new, and are all too insistently contemporaneous.

We need, as we never needed before, a broader and deeper study of history, of philosophy, of literature; for most of our young, a knowledge of the mental and spiritual past of the race is of far greater importance than a knowledge of the physical past, at the amœba stage, or any other. Science, much as it can do for us, can never meet our deepest need; the world of imaginative beauty and the world of ethical endeavor are apart from its domain. It has no spring to touch the will, yet that which has, the magnificent inheritance of our literature, is more and more neglected for the latest machinery that applied science has devised, or the most recent treatise on insect, bird, or worm. It is well to study insect, bird,

and worm, for they are endlessly interesting, but I maintain that neither the full sum of knowledge concerning them, nor even the ultimate fact about the ultimate star, can be a substitute for knowledge of the idealism of Thomas Carlyle, of the categorical imperative of Kant, — for that study of the humanities which means preserving, for the upbuilding of youth, that which was best and finest in the past, as we go on toward the future.

If the swift retort should come, from those who think the present the only era of attainment and the physical world the only source of wisdom, that the past is full of villainies, of lapses from high standards, one can but say that for ethical purposes our study should be frankly a selective study, emphasizing the fine and high, subordinating the evil. There is no hypocrisy in such selection; there is deliberate choice of the higher upon which to dwell, as a formative power, quickening feeling and imagination. I have heard it said that a woman, by resolute dwelling on things noble and pure, may shape the inner nature of her unborn child, and I have faith to believe it. Even so should the nation yet to be be shaped by resolute dwelling on the good. It was not all cowardice, as many a present writer thinks, that led the mothers of earlier days to say little to their sons and daughters regarding evil things, and much regarding right things. Doubtless greater frankness would have been better, yet I doubt if our protracted dwelling on the evil will produce better results.

Should any one object that this emphasis on the good means suppression of the truth, we can but reply that, for the rational soul, the truth is not necessarily the mechanically worked-out sum of all the facts. That we have forgotten the distinction between fact — that which has indeed come to pass,

but which may be momentary — and truth, which endures, is one of the many signs of what William Sharp calls the 'spiritual degradation' of our time. Much of our modern thinking and teaching, much of our realistic fiction, rests upon a failure to make the distinction; much that is indisputable in individual instances of wrong-doing may be, thank God! false in the long run.

'That is not true, scientifically true,' we hear often in regard to some fine hope or aspiration of the race; but in the real import of the term there is no such thing as scientific truth. It is a pity that a word of such profound and distinctive meaning should come to be more and more exclusively identified with the observation of physical phenomena, and the formulation of physical laws, whereas the very root-meaning of the word *true*, from Anglo-Saxon *treowe*, signifying faithful, gives justification for the idealist's belief that vital truth is partly a matter of the will, not of mere perception and of intellectual deductions drawn therefrom. We have need of deeper truth than that of mere fact; and the truth that shall set us free is a truth of choice, of selection; it embraces that part of human thought and human experience which is worth keeping.

Faithfulness to the best and finest in the past and in the present, rather than horrified gaping at the present's worst, is the attitude that means continued and bettered life, for we become what we will. What are we offering, in the way of concrete examples, or of finely expressed thought about virtue, to the young, to the ignorant nations who are pouring in upon us, that will help them form their vision of the perfect? With our narrowing knowledge of the greater past, our choice of heroes becomes more and more local and national, yet our hierarchy of sacred dead is too

small to afford that variety of heroic action and heroic choice that should always be kept before the minds of youth. We teach them that George Washington never told a lie; we teach them something — and there could be nothing better — of Lincoln; but those two figures are lonely upon Olympus, and the great tragic story of the way in which Lincoln faced the greatest crisis in our history will not alone suffice to help the everyday citizen shape his thought and action toward constructive idealism. The lesser heroes of our young republic have acquitted themselves nobly in this struggle and in that, but the struggles have been too closely akin in nature to give the embryo hero that breadth and depth of nurture that he requires. We need an enlarged vision of history, and the sight of great men of all ages faithful to small tasks as to great; we need the companionship of heroes of other times and of other nations, and not of military heroes alone. Saint Francis with his unceasing tenderness to man and beast, Father Damien at work among the lepers, might far better occupy the pages of our magazines, than the pictured deeds of criminals and the achievements of contemporary multimillionaires.

If we need a wider range of concrete examples of the good, we need still more a wider range of nobly expressed ideals. Our thought grows narrow; we smother for lack of breathing space. Benjamin Franklin's philosophy was far from grasping the best of life, yet we remember him better than we do our Emerson, whose plea for spiritual values as the only real ones is lost in the louder and louder groaning of the wheels of our machinery. The idealism that is taught the young in Sunday schools, is too often inextricably bound up with unnecessary theology; and many and many a pupil, in discard-

ing the latter, discards the other also. The ideal of success upheld in much journalistic admonition is often rather mean and low; the young of this country need no printed incentives to urge them into commercialism and the victories of trade. The best influences that are being brought to bear upon them are those which concern social responsibilities and the needs of the poor. Yet all this thought and endeavor should supplement and not supersede, as it is doing, a deep concern with the things of the spirit; and no admonition regarding hygiene for one's self or others is a substitute for —

A sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought
And rolls through all things.

The great things of the past in all nations, history can teach us; the possible, both literature and philosophy can teach us. We must forego no noble expression of idealistic faith, lest we impoverish our own souls, and beggar those who come after us. The pure intellectual passion of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, the noble stoicism of Marcus Aurelius, the spiritual vision of Plato, of Spenser, the heroic strain of Wordsworth's 'Liberty Sonnets' and his 'Happy Warrior,' Shelley's ardent and generous sympathy, Browning's dynamic spiritual force, should make up part of our life and thought, checking our insistent impulse toward mechanical things, and correcting the evil within and without. More than anything else, we need a revival of interest in great poetry.

'Now therein of all sciences,' said Sir Philip Sidney, 'is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect

into the way as will entice any man to enter it. . . . He cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner, and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue.'

The poet's 'perfect picture' of the good, the great image, causes noble passion, wakes us out of our 'habitual calm,' and stirs us almost beyond our possibilities. The imagination is the miracle-working power in human nature; through it alone can the human soul come to its own. Only that which is fine and high can feed it aright, while baseness can make of it a destructive tool of terrible power. As I think back to childhood, I can remember the devastating effect that one tale of cruelty had upon my mind, haunting me by day in vivid pictures, turning my dreams to horror, and making me, while the obsession lasted, believe that the world of grown folk must be all alike cruel. So, too, the compelling vision of the good came through concrete instances; and the people, both the living and the dead, in whom I passionately believed, shaped all my faith.

The imagination of youth,—there is no power like it, no machine that can equal it in dynamic force, nothing so full of power, so full of danger. We become that which we look upon, contemplate, remember; it is for this that I dread the ultimate effect of the long, imaginative picturing of our neighbor's sins now presented in our periodicals. Images of evil can hardly help dimming and tarnishing the bright ideals

of youth; is there no way—with all our modern wisdom can we find no way—of limiting our exposure of crime to the people who can be of service in helping check it, and keeping it from those who cannot help, but can only be silently hurt? A moment, an hour of some fresh vision, and a child's destiny is perhaps decided for good or for ill. One afternoon's reading of Spenser made the boy Keats a poet; who, knowing the potency of brief experience in the flush of youth, can doubt the lasting wrong wrought again and again by the sudden shock of contact with things evil?

Many images of wrong must of necessity come to the young; let them not be multiplied in our feverish and morbid fashion of to-day. Above all, let them be crowded out by constant suggestion of noble images and noble thought, which will work both consciously and subconsciously, shaping the dream when the dreamer is least aware. To hold up before the ardent and impressionable young that which they may become in strength, in purity, would surely be better than placing before them this perpetual moving-picture show of our civic and national transgressions. I can but believe, as I read article after article of exposure, that this continued presentation to youth of the unholy side of life, with our increasing tendency to make education a mere matter of the intellect and of the eye, is bound to lessen the moral energy of the race. Would it not be better if we were more diligent in searching history, philosophy, literature, for 'whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,' and in bidding the young think on these things?

OUT FROM MY KINDRED

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY¹

I

WHEN, in the late winter of 1893, I left New York for Pittsburg, at the urgent invitation of my friend Amin, I had no definite object in view. My vague longing 'to become an American' did not spring from any actual knowledge I had of American life and institutions, beyond the fragmentary information I had obtained from the missionaries in Syria and some countrymen in New York. I turned my back on the Syrian colony because of my dissatisfaction with its business and social life, and went out led by one of my alluring dreams. It seemed to me that the future could not be less fortunate than the past, and that it might prove greater and much more beneficent. The small assortment of Oriental silks which I carried in a valise, and the letters from Dr. Gregg and Dr. van Dyke, testifying to my honesty, were the only visible supports of my optimistic hopes for the future.

In Pittsburg, where I sojourned for about two months, Amin and I, like our countrymen of the primitive church in Jerusalem, 'had all things common.' We abrogated the law of private property between us altogether. Whether of books, clothing, money, or even letters, there was no 'This is mine' and 'This is thine'; all that we possessed was *ours*. Oriental sentimentalism and brotherly feelings reached their height with us when we vowed that 'so long as we

both shall live, we will have a common purse and share to the utmost each other's joys and sorrows.' In our sharing the one bed and eating our meals at a restaurant on one 'twenty-one-meal ticket' there was nothing particularly interesting to the public. But when we wore one another's clothes, being different in size, we attracted some attention.

Our final plan for the future was that we would enter college together at the earliest possible date. Amin, as I have already said in the preceding chapter, was a graduate of the Syrian Protestant College of Beyrouth, Syria, but he was wise enough to suppose that there were 'more things in heaven and earth' than he had yet learned, and that a course of study in the higher branches of knowledge in one of the leading universities of this country would not, in his case, be superfluous. To secure funds for this worthy purpose we decided to travel in these states, and, wherever possible, lecture before churches and societies on the Holy Land, sell goods, seek financial aid by whatever other honorable means, and, as soon as our financial circumstances warranted, apply for admission at that great university which happened at the time to be nearest to us. My friend, who had a very fair knowledge of the English language, was to be the senior member of the firm. He was to address the large assemblies on Sundays and other occasions, and I, who had never spoken English in public, was to screw my courage to the sticking point and

¹ Mr. Rihbany's autobiography began in the November *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

address small groups, in parlors and at prayer-meetings. Our choice of a vocation was to be made while in college, with the assistance of our professors.

But our snug plan was ere long destined to fail, and our fraternal vow to be broken. We started out on our 'lecturing' tour in the summer, when the activities of the churches are at their lowest ebb. We encountered the absorbing excitement of the World's Fair, which was in progress at Chicago, and plunged into the memorable financial panic of 1893. The public mind was not in tune for lectures on the Holy Land, or any other land, and there was very little money available in the hands of the public to invest in Oriental silks. And what I felt was the severest trial to me was that my beloved friend, Amin, proved decidedly 'infirm of purpose.' The least difficulty discouraged him. He was a complete failure as a public speaker, and whenever he could dispose of a piece of silk, he sold it at cost and spent the money in defraying his expenses. Late that summer, utterly crushed by the many difficulties which beset our way, he left me, for aye, and joined some members of his family who were at the World's Fair.

I was left alone, battling against a sea of trouble. However, I made a resolution which never was broken, namely, that, while I longed passionately for that unaffected, juvenile warmth of Syrian friendship, I would enter into no new partnership of any sort with any one of my countrymen. I thought I could hear the same voice which said to my namesake, Abraham, 'Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into the land I will show thee.' I renewed my resolution to do my utmost to secure a college education, or in some other way relate myself to the higher life of America.

Shortly after the departure of my

friend Amin, my career as a 'silk-seller,' which had by no means been an ideal success, came to an end. I certainly lacked to a very large extent the sagacity of the merchant. I did not believe in letting the customer 'look out for herself'; I deemed it my duty to guard her interests with a scrupulous care. I would point out to the prospective purchaser all the flaws in a piece of silk, in advance, believing that the excellencies were too obvious to be detailed. Whenever I was asked whether the goods were all handmade, I would answer that while I was morally certain that they were, 'I could not swear to it,' because I had never seen the process with my own eyes. Such conduct was not due to the fact that my honesty never was accustomed to failing, but to my theory that the business I was in was mean enough without lying about it. Consequently, the high prices of the goods, coupled with my uncalled-for conscientiousness, were by no means conducive to winning the confidence of would-be purchasers and to doing a 'rushing business.' I returned the goods to the merchant who had been my source of supply in silks during my business career, and decided to pursue my life's ideal as a 'lecturer.'

My struggles with the English language (which have not yet ceased) were at times very hard. It is not at all difficult for me to realize the agonizing inward struggles of a person who has lost the power of speech. When I was first compelled to set aside my mother-tongue and use English exclusively as my medium of expression, the sphere of my life seemed to shrink to a very small disk. My pretentious purpose of suddenly becoming a lecturer on Oriental customs, in a language in which practically I had never conversed, might have seemed to any one who knew me like an act of faith in the miraculous gift of tongues. My youthful desire

was not only to inform but to *move* my hearers. Consequently, my groping before an audience for suitable diction within the narrow limits of my uncertain vocabulary was often pitiable.

The exceptions in English grammar seemed to me to be more than the rules. The difference between the conventional and the actual sounds of such words as 'victuals' and 'colonel' seemed to me to be perfectly scandalous. The letter *c* is certainly a superfluity in the English language; it is never anything else but either *k* or *s*. In my native language, the Arabic, the accent is always put as near the end of a word as possible; in the English, as near the beginning as possible. Therefore, in using my adopted tongue, I was tossed between the two extremes and very often 'split the difference' by taking a middle course. The sounds of the letters *v*, *p*, and the hard *g*, are not represented in the Arabic. They are symbolized in transliteration by the equivalents of *f*, *b*, and *k*. On numerous occasions, therefore, and especially when I waxed eloquent, my tongue would mix these sounds hopelessly, to the amused surprise of my hearers. I would say 'coal' when I meant 'goal,' 'pig man' for 'big man,' 'buy' for 'pie,' 'ferry' for 'very,' and *vice versa*. For some time I had, of course, to think in Arabic and try to translate my thoughts *literally* into English, which practice caused me many troubles, especially in the use of the connectives. On one occasion, when an American gentleman told me that he was a Presbyterian, and I, rejoicing to claim fellowship with him, sought to say what should have been, 'We are brethren in Christ,' I said, 'We are brothers, by Jesus.' My Presbyterian friend put his finger on his lip in pious fashion, and, with elevated brows and a most sympathetic smile, said, 'That is swearing!'

But in my early struggles with English, I derived much negative consolation from the mistakes Americans made in pronouncing my name. None of them could pronounce it correctly—Rih-ba'-ny—without my assistance. I have been called Rib'-beny, Richbany, Ribary, Laborny, Rabonie, and many other names. An enterprising Sunday School superintendent in the Presbyterian Church at Mansfield, Ohio, introduced me to his school by saying, 'Now we have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Rehoboam!' The prefixing of 'Mr.' to the name of the scion of King Solomon seemed to me to annihilate time and space, and showed me plainly how the past might be brought forward and made to serve the present.

II

But my struggles with the technicalities of language were not the only pains of my second birth into the new environment. The social readjustments were even more difficult to effect. Coming into the house in Syria, a guest removes his shoes from his feet at the door, but keeps his fez or turban on. It was no easy matter, therefore, for me, on going into an American home, to realize instantly which extremity to uncover.

The poetic Oriental mind extends hospitality in a very warm and dramatic manner. The would-be guest, although able and willing to accept an invitation to dinner, expects to be urged repeatedly by the would-be host, to have all his feigned objections overruled, to be even pulled bodily into the house before he gives his consent. By following such tactics in this country, I lost many a precious privilege. The brevity of the American invitation distressed me greatly. Whenever I was told, 'We should be much pleased to have you come in and have dinner with

us, if you can,' I would answer, 'No, thank you; I cannot possibly come,' when I had it in mind all the time that I would gladly accept if they would only urge me. But they would let me go! They would take me at my word (as they should not do, I thought, in such matters) to my great disappointment. It was not very long, however, before I became on this point thoroughly Americanized.

The prominence of woman in domestic and social affairs seemed to me, when I first came in close touch with American society, a strange and unnatural phenomenon. While in Syria, contrary to the view which generally prevails in this country, the woman is not *considered* a slave by the man, yet in all important domestic and social matters she is looked upon as only his *silent* partner. The American woman is by no means silent; she finds it neither convenient nor necessary to assume such an attitude.

The first opportunity I had of making close observation of the social position of the American woman was at the home of a Methodist minister where I proved sensible and fortunate enough to accept 'without controversy' an invitation to dinner. His wife presided at the table with so much grace and dignity that my astonishment at the supreme authority she exercised on the occasion was deeply tinged with respect. How harmonious the husband and wife seemed! What mutual regard! What delicacy of behavior toward each other! But I could not avoid asking, subjectively, 'Is all this really genuine? Does this man treat his wife in this manner always, or only when they have company? Why, my host seems to be in the hands of his wife like the clay in the hands of the potter! Why should a woman be given so much latitude?' and so forth. When, later in the evening, upon retiring, the lady said to

her husband, 'Good-night, dear,' and *kissed him in my presence*, the act seemed to me distressingly unseemly. It is no longer distressing to me.¹

It should not be counted against an Oriental that he is unable in a very short period of time to invest such phases of conduct with high idealism. If his instincts are normal, intimate associations with the better class of Americans cannot fail to change his sentiments and clarify his vision. Not many years will be required to reveal to him the elevating beauty of a woman's being the queen of her home, with her husband as a knight-errant by her side; to teach him that America, as the heir to the noblest traditions of northwestern Europe, has discovered that which neither the Oriental peoples, ancient Egypt, Greece nor Rome succeeded in discovering, namely, that true civilization can arise only from a mutual regard of the equal rights, and, within the family circle, the mutual love of man, woman, and child.

All such discipline, however, was not to be compared with the economic difficulties which beset my way, put my optimism to the severest test, and seriously threatened my stoutest resolutions. In my travels westward, the expressions, 'These are very hard times,' 'The summer is a dull season for the churches,' 'Not many people care for lectures this time of year,' tortured my hearing everywhere. It was so difficult for me to secure money enough to keep soul and body together. In Oil City, Pennsylvania, I longed for the first time for the 'flesh-pots of Egypt' and wished that I had never left Syria. In my search for a cheap lodging-place, I was directed by a police officer to an old house which seemed to me the symbol of desolation. An

¹ Mr. Rihbany has been for many years happily married to an American lady. — THE EDITORS.

elderly lady, who appeared very economical in smiling, 'showed me into my room' and disappeared. As my weary arm dropped the valise inside the door, every sustaining power in me seemed to give way. Sobs and tears poured forth simultaneously with, 'Why did I ever leave Syria?' 'Why did I not stay in New York?' 'Is this what America has for me?' and other questions with which I besieged the deaf ears of a lonely world. The fact that my hostess served no meals afforded me an excellent excuse to ask her to direct me to a 'real' boarding-house. She did so, and I transferred my headquarters to a more cheery dwelling, where the landlady smiled graciously and generously, and the presence of fellow guests helped to lighten my burdens.

The veiling of the future from mortal eyes, is, I believe, a divine provision whose purpose seems to be to tap the springs of heroism in human nature and to equip the soul with the wings of hope. Nevertheless, this blessed mystery has its drawbacks. Prolonged uncertainty of the future in those days of loneliness and poverty threatened to sink the goal of life below the horizon and make of me a wanderer in a strange land. The alternation of life between the two extremes, feast and famine, is never conducive to connected planning and constancy of endeavor.

At Columbus, Ohio, I spent a whole week in strenuous but utterly fruitless endeavor to secure opportunities to earn some money. Having had to pay in advance for my week's keep at a very frugal boarding-house, I had only ten cents left, which I put in the 'collection plate,' at a Salvation Army meeting. To be penniless was not entirely new to me, but as the week drew to a close, the question where I was going to secure money enough with which to leave Columbus became terribly oppressive. There was one

more venture for me to make. I had the name of a Methodist minister, a Mr. Jackson, whom I had not yet seen during my sojourn in the capital of Ohio. My courageous plan was to call on this clergyman and request him either to give me the chance to lecture in his church for a small financial compensation or to lend me money enough to enable me to leave Columbus. The distance from my boarding-house to his residence measured, if I may trust my memory, twenty-four blocks, which I walked in what seemed to me the hottest day in the calendar of the years.

My general appearance when I arrived at the parsonage was not exactly what I should call a clear title to confidence and the securing of credit. Nevertheless, I made my application with a creditable show of firmness, placing in the hands of the clergyman, who was just recovering from a long illness, my letters of recommendation. He disposed of my request to lecture in his church by saying, 'There is no possible chance for the present.' When I applied for a loan of five dollars, his pale face lighted up with a short-lived smile as he asked, 'Do you expect you will get it?' 'Y-e-s,' I answered, 'and to return it, also.' 'When would you return it?' he asked again. Falling back upon the Biblical language of my kinsmen, I said, 'If God prolong my life and prosper me, I will pay you.' Assuming the attitude of perplexed charity, Mr. Jackson said, 'I do not know whether you are the man to whom these letters pertain, nor, if you *are* the man, how you secured them in the first place; but I am going to try you. Here is five dollars.' 'Certainly God has not left this world,' I said inwardly, as I received the money from the good man's hand. It was only a week thence when God did prosper me just enough so that I was able to return to Mr. Jackson his money and I re-

ceived a letter from him (which I still treasure) thanking me for my 'promptness' and wishing me all kinds of success.

But the choicest of the events of my Wilderness-of-Sinai discipline since I had left New York, occurred at Elyria, Ohio. I reached that town late in the evening with a very small sum of money in my purse — something less than two dollars. The severe economic struggles of the immediate past had taught me to be abnormally cautious in spending money. Failing to secure accommodation at either of the two cheap boarding-houses in the town, I ventured into a hotel with very noticeable timidity. As soon, however, as the clerk told me that my lodging there would cost me seventy-five cents, I departed. I had the name of a prominent minister in the town on whom I thought I would call first, and, if he promised me the opportunity to lecture in his church, I might feel free to indulge in the luxury of lodging at a hotel.

My experience with that divine was not pleasant enough to permit of the mention of his name and denomination. When I stated my case to him, he assumed a decidedly combative attitude. I was so weary that I should have been most grateful for a few minutes' rest in one of the many upholstered chairs which graced the living-room, but the elderly gentleman stood in the door and kept me standing in the hall, while he quizzed me as follows: —

'Did you say that your purpose in lecturing in the churches is to secure funds to go to college?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I doubt it. I have seen many fellows such as you. What college do you expect to enter?'

'I do not yet know, but it will be some good college.'

'You don't even know what college you expect to enter? I can say one

thing for all of you "traveling students." You are very cunning.'

'But I can show good letters of recommendation from —.'

'It would do no good. Keep your letters to yourself. I have seen many such documents.'

'Now, Dr. W., all I ask for is that you give me the chance to prove to you that I am an honest man, for I feel badly hurt by your words.'

'Do not trouble yourself about that. At any rate, I am sorry I can do nothing for you. Good-night, sir!'

The unexpected assault upon my integrity and veracity intensified the darkness of the night into which I plunged again, wounded to the heart. It was distressing enough to be homeless, weary, and in want; but to be accused of being a swindler seemed to overshadow all other trials. But hope triumphed over despair and pointed me to the best which was yet to be. I returned to the railway station with the intention of spending the night there. But the ticket-agent thought differently. His 'orders' required him to lock the doors of the station at a certain hour in the night, leaving no transient lodgers inside. I moved from the station to the park and stretched my weary mortal coil on one of the benches. The air was balmy, and I had as good a pillow (the iron arm of the bench) as my countryman of old, Jacob, had at Peniel. There I would spend the night under the beneficent heavens, meditating while awake upon the time when I should close the doors of some great university behind me, departing not thence until I had become a full-fledged scholar.

At about midnight, the sequel of the balmy air which enabled me to sleep in the park comfortably without extra covering arrived. The heavens wept over me large generous tears which drove me to a pretentious hotel near

by, where the 'night clerk' met me in a stern business-like manner and most cruelly charged me fifty cents for half a night's lodging in the cheapest room he had.

III

But life's smiles are, on the whole, much more numerous than its frowns, and, notwithstanding all its afflictions, this world is keyed to goodness. My first appearance before an American audience occurred at New Brighton, Pennsylvania, where, if I remember correctly, a minister of the United Presbyterian Church permitted me to speak on the Holy Land at his prayer-meeting. As the meeting (which was not of the ordinary drowsy type) progressed, my whole soul said, 'Lord, it is good to be here.' The minister, who was past middle age and wore a most benignant countenance, conducted the service with such simple dignity and sweetness of spirit that the whole scene was transformed into a benediction. His lesson was from Acts XII, the story of Peter's miraculous release from prison. I shall never forget the sweet, informing, and persuasive modulations of that preacher's voice as he sought to show that although the band of Christians who were gathered together at the house of Mary, the mother of John, were praying for the release of the imprisoned apostle, yet when they were told by the damsel, Rhoda, that Peter stood at the door, they were afraid to open and receive the answer to their prayer. 'They prayed God to bring Peter to them,' said the preacher. 'God did bring the apostle to the door, but those praying Christians were afraid to open and say, "Come in!"'

I have never been able to ascertain the initial cause of my decision to enter the ministry, nor to point to the exact time when I was 'called' to it. What I

am certain of, however, is that the influences of such occasions as the one mentioned above did more than any others I know to lead me to the pulpit. It was the virile and irresistible leaven of the characters of those Christians of the various denominations, who did not so much profess correct creeds as reflect the life of the Master in their own lives, which led me in a mysterious way to add to my decision to enter college the decision to make my life-work the holy ministry of religion.

When I stood up to address the meeting, the cordial, sympathetic attitude of the audience soon calmed the violent beating of my heart and stopped the knocking of my knees together, but it had no appreciable effect on my grammar and diction. The nouns and the verbs often stood at cross-purposes in my remarks, and the adjectives and adverbs interchanged positions, regardless of consequences. My impromptu literal translation of Arabic into English greatly puzzled the minds of my hearers, and, at times, it was difficult even for me to know fully what I was saying or wanted to say. Notwithstanding all that, however, I managed in closing to shift from Syria to America and eulogize George Washington. The minister asked for a contribution for me to help me go to college. As my engagement to speak had not been made known to my hearers before they came to the meeting, many of them were unprepared to give; the contribution was therefore small, but the meeting was rich in good things, and I went away in a happy and optimistic frame of mind.

If any one had told me on that evening in New Brighton that less than three years later I was to become the regular minister of an American congregation and a 'stump speaker' in favor of the 'gold standard,' I should have considered him a very flighty day-

dreamer. But America, the mother of modern wonders, began to reveal itself to me and in me. I soon became possessed by the consciousness that the whole country was a vast university which offered a thousand incentives to progress; that I had the privilege of being born again in a land which more than any other on our planet establishes the truth of the New Testament promise, 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

The Oriental, as a rule, lives his life in a general way, allowing a large portion of its area to remain rather chaotic. The American lives his life in detail, with order as its basic principle. I was very curious to know, after leaving New York and Pittsburg, how the smaller towns of America would impress me. Were they as insignificant and as wanting in enterprise and culture compared with those large cities, as the Syrian towns compared with Beyrout and Damascus? I was rapturously amazed to find every small city and town to be New York on a smaller scale. Each town had its 'Main Street' and 'Washington Street' and many other streets. Each town had its Town Hall, post-office, banks, newspapers, schools, and churches. And, oh, the home libraries, the musical instruments, the pictures on the walls, the 'striking' clocks, and, above all, that idealism which makes the American woman, after doing her housework, 'dress up for the afternoon,' dash a little powder on her nose and turn to her books or her piano. Certainly, such a nation is not 'sunk deep in crass materialism.'

I was told while in Syria that in America money could be picked up everywhere. That was not true. But I found that infinitely better things than money — knowledge, freedom, self-reliance, order, cleanliness, sovereign

human rights, self-government, and all that these great accomplishments imply — can be picked up everywhere in America by whosoever earnestly seeks them. And those among Americans who are exerting the largest influence toward the solution of the 'immigration problem' are, in my opinion, not those who are writing books on 'good citizenship,' but those who stand before the foreigner as the embodiment of these great ideals.

The occasions on which I was made to feel that I was a foreigner — an alien — were so rare that they are not worth mentioning. My purpose in life, and the large warm heart of America which opens wide to every person who aspires to be a good and useful citizen, made me forget that there was an 'immigration problem' within the borders of this great Commonwealth. When I think of the thousand noble impulses which were poured into my soul in my early years in this country by good men and women in all the walks of life; when I think of the many homes into which I was received in my uncomely appearance and with my crude manners, where women who were visions of elegance served me as an honored guest, of the many counsels of men of affairs which fed my strength and taught me the lasting value of personal achievements, and that America is the land of, not only great privileges, but great responsibilities, I feel like saying (and I do say whenever I have the opportunity) to every foreigner, 'When you really know what America is, when you are willing to share in its sorrows, as well as its joys, then you will cease to be a whining malcontent, will take your harp down from the willows, and will not call such a country "a strange land."

Of all the means of improvement other than personal associations with good men and women, the churches

and the public schools gripped most strongly at the strings of my heart. Upon coming into a town, the sight of the church spires rising above the houses and the trees as witnesses to man's desire for God, always gave me inward delight. True, religion in America lacks to a certain extent the depth of Oriental mysticism; yet it is much more closely related than in the Orient to the vital issues of 'the life which now is.' Often would I go and stand on the opposite side of the street from a public-school building at the hour of dismissal (and this passion still remains with me) just for the purpose of feasting my eyes on seeing the pupils pour out in squads, so clean and so orderly, and seemingly animated by all that is noblest in the life of this great nation. My soul would revel in the thought that no distinctions were made in those temples of learning between Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, the churched and the unchurched; all enjoyed the equality of privilege, shared equally in the intellectual and moral feast, and drank freely the spirit of the noblest patriotism.

My progress in the English language was as surprising to me as it was delightful. When I first met Edward Everett Hale in Boston, in 1903, the first thing he said to me when I slipped my hand into his ponderous palm was, 'How in the world have you managed to speak English so well?'

'I do not know,' was my answer.

I really did not. It is wonderful what even a few months can do to equip with linguistic facilities a person who listens with his ears and his understanding alike. The vocabulary of every succeeding day shames that of the day before. My being entirely cut off from using the Arabic language was my greatest aid in acquiring English. My vocabulary, which has become varied and flexible enough for my pur-

poses, was not acquired from a forced study of the classics. It poured into me from the lips of living men in all the walks of life. I listened with eager sympathy to the words of preachers, merchants, artisans, farmers, hack-drivers, housewives, and others who spoke as they *felt* in dealing with the various issues of life.

I owe a great debt to the live language of the English Bible. On occasions, I would open my Arabic Bible at church and follow the scripture lesson as read by the minister, and thus learn what the English words meant. On other occasions, I would open my English Bible and learn how the words were pronounced. Thus the English has come to me saturated and mellowed with feeling. The phrases of the English Bible are elemental human sentiments made tangible.

IV

It was in Chillicothe, Ohio, that I had my first glimpse into American history. The 'hard times' did not prevent me from buying *A Brief History of the United States*, the contents of which I virtually devoured. My instructors were my fellow guests at a comfortable and respectable boarding-house. I would retire into my room, ponder the annals of this modern 'chosen people' until I reached a passage whose words proved too big for my mind to grasp (which was often the case), when I would go out and demand light on the subject from the first guest I happened to meet. A physician's wife and the genial gray-haired proprietor of the boarding-house manifested deep interest in me and were ever ready to aid my strenuous endeavor to become 'an enlightened American citizen.'

The proprietor who, I believe, had fought in the Civil War, would relate

to me events of that great conflict in such a droll manner that my study of history under his supervision was a supreme delight.

'Yes,' he would say, 'we did hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree, or we would have done it but for our respectability. We whipped those fellows down there pretty soundly. We spanked them so hard that I am certain they never will do it again.'

But the genial proprietor enlightened me on other subjects than that of the Civil War. He gave me my first real lesson in English on table-manners. One day he asked me, 'How do you like our grub?' 'What is your grub, sir?' I asked. With a mischievous smile which scarcely agitated his weeping-willow moustache and thick beard, he said, 'It is the things we eat, you know. And — and — it is part of good manners to show — in — in — some way that we like the grub, just to please our host.' That was to me a most welcome bit of information. I had been greatly at a loss to know how to express my appreciation of a good dinner in the English language. Certainly now I had no longer an excuse to omit such a cultured formality. It was only a short time thereafter that I happened to dine with a Lutheran minister whose gracious wife served for the occasion a bounteous and elegantly appointed dinner. I could hardly wait for the proper moment to express my great appreciation of the repast. When the moment came, I turned to my hostess with cheerful dignity and said, 'Mrs. F., I have greatly enjoyed your grub.' But when her husband laughed so that he fell from his chair, I suspected that my instruction in table-manners at Chillicothe was somewhat defective.

It was in the little town of Elmore, Ohio, in the early autumn of 1893, that I felt for the first time that I could hold the attention of an American

audience. There I was permitted to address a union meeting of the churches in the Presbyterian church on a Sunday evening. The little building was crowded to the doors. My subject was 'Turkey and America Contrasted.' I do not know what did it, but my auditors were so deeply moved that they interrupted me twice with loud and prolonged applause, regardless of the fact that the service was essentially religious, the time Sunday, and the place a Presbyterian church. At the close of the meeting, the minister of the church with a cordial handshake reinforced my ambition with the generous prophecy, 'My brother, whatever else you might, or might not, become, you are going to make a very effective public speaker. Keep right on.'

Well, I am still keeping on.

It was in that little town also that I first heard *America* sung. The line, 'land where my fathers died,' stuck in my throat. I envied every person in that audience who could sing it truthfully. For years afterward, whenever I tried to sing those words, I seemed to myself to be an intruder. At last, a new light broke upon my understanding. At last, I was led to realize that the fathers of my new and higher self did live and die in America. I was born in Syria as a child, but I was born in America as a man. All those who fought for the freedom I enjoy, for the civic ideals I cherish, for the simple but lofty virtues of the typical American home which I love, were *my fathers!* Therefore, I could sing the words, 'Land where my fathers died,' with as much truth and justice as the words, 'Land of the pilgrim's pride.'

From Elmore I proceeded to Wauseon, Ohio, a town which numbered then about three thousand inhabitants, and where a new chapter was opened in my life's history. Upon my arrival in this town, I called on the Congrega-

tional minister, and, finding him willing to open his church for me to lecture,' requested him to direct me to some 'Christian boarding-house.' The friendly divine conducted me to a private house where lived two widowed sisters who had room and time enough to care for a few of the 'good class' of boarders. I was not long in that modest home before I discovered that the two ladies were lovers of good books and profoundly religious. Through the kinship of our spirits, and upon hearing my story and learning of my life's purpose, they became deeply interested in me. They said they seemed to perceive that I had 'a bright and useful future' before me and they wished to share in its realization.

The two good sisters, Mrs. Susan Baldwin and Mrs. Rosa Kolb, were not rich in this world's goods. But they had a home, and, so long as I had none, I was most cordially invited to share that home with them as a younger brother. There I might return from my travels and find sympathetic friends ready to aid me, by their counsel and other friendly services, to conquer my difficulties and get nearer to my life's goal. In my wanderings up to that time, I had not lacked words of encouragement and inspiration which seemed to pour out from the heart of a nation whose spirit is friendliness and whose genius is progress. Notwithstanding all that, however, my being tossed about by every wind of difficulty while I had nowhere to lay my head, had begun to tell on me. Down beneath my conscious resolution a counter-current had set in. A keen yearning for friends and a fixed abode (which is strongest in the Oriental nature) would at intervals flood my soul with sadness. No doubt that friendly, though humble, home in Bethany furthered mightily the triumph of the Gospel.

The gracious, friendly offer of the two sisters came to me as a most timely reinforcement. When I think how my strength and courage were renewed and my cup of inspiration was refilled by their manifold and never-failing services to me, I realize most clearly that we do not need to be rich in order to be helpful, nor known to fame in order to be inspiring. I cannot contemplate what success I have achieved or might achieve in life without feeling that but for the influence of those two good women the story of my life might have been entirely different from what it is.

v

In the state of Indiana I first came into close touch with the well-known religious 'revivals,' and formed a clear idea of what Protestantism calls 'conversion.' I was deeply impressed by the zeal with which the Christians labored to bring 'sinners' to Christ, and the fact that during a revival the religious idea loomed highest in the community. But I must say it was not long before I developed a decided dislike to the methods of professional 'Evangelists,' whose message contained infinitely more fear of hell-fire than love for the Christ-life, and to whom the clearest evidence of the religious interest in a community was the size of the collection.

One of my first experiences (and it was rather grim) at a revival took place in the town of Kokomo, Indiana. The meetings were being held in a Methodist church, but I am not certain whether it was the regular Methodists or some other branch. Toward the close of the meeting, which I attended, tearful sentiments converted the service into a veritable Babel. Presently a woman, who, as I was told later 'got the power,' sprang up from her seat and, shouting, 'Glory to Jesus!' dashed

about, embracing whosoever came in her way. I remained reasonably collected until I saw her heading for me with open arms. Just think of a Syrian youth with all his psychological antecedents with regard to woman, in such a situation! I instantly decided that I would not be embraced, even though the motive of my pursuer was purely spiritual. I slipped precipitately behind a large pillar; the lady, seemingly not particular whom she embraced, bestowed her affections on more courageous worshipers, while I effected my escape. I never returned to those meetings.

In contrast with the above experience, I will relate another I had in Columbia City of the same state. Through the kindness of its minister, I was permitted to mount the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on a Sunday morning and give a talk on Syria. I spied in the audience a gentleman of a penetrating but kindly eye who seemed to listen with rapt attention. The next morning the minister of the church told me that a gentleman, who had heard me the day before, wished to see me at his office; that he was a lawyer and a 'fine gentleman' by the name of Marshall. The minister went with me to the law office, introduced me to the gentleman, whom I recognized as the good listener I had seen at the church, and departed, leaving us alone. Mr. Marshall asked me a few questions about my birthplace and my plans for the future, and I answered that my plans were to become a good American citizen, and, if possible, a preacher. He smiled in a very genial manner, and, reaching into his pocket, handed me a five-dollar bill as his contribution which he was not prepared to give at the Sunday service, saying, 'I am sure you will make good use of it.' The years passed, and, while I often thought of that good Mr. Marshall, I lost con-

nexion with him until 1912, when Mr. Thomas R. Marshall was nominated for Vice-President of the United States and later elected. The appearance of his picture in the newspapers, and the fact that he practiced law in Columbia City in 1893, brought me again in touch with my benefactor.

But I have still more — much more — to say about Indiana. Late in the winter of 1894, I happened to be in the small town of Butler in the Hoosier State, where I delivered two addresses. One of my hearers, the principal of the schools, became deeply interested in me 'at first sight' and made me an offer right then and there which made me wildly interested in him. Mr. K.'s entrancing story was this. An anonymous philanthropist had placed at his disposal one million dollars as an endowment for a small college. The high purpose of the donor was not only to equip such a college with every modern educational facility, and thus make it rival the great universities, but that no promising young man who sought to enter this institution, especially if his goal were the ministry, should be turned out for lack of funds.

What seemed obvious to Mr. K., and even I could see it, was that my case came most snugly within the purpose of the donor. I was 'promising,' I lacked funds, my goal was the ministry. Therefore, all my fretting and worrying about securing a college education should now cease. Furthermore, being a stranger in a strange land, I was to enjoy the personal attention and friendship of Mr. K., who, according to the terms of the endowment, was to be the president of the college. I was to be provided with everything I needed as a student, in return for which favors I was to deliver a certain number of lectures (dates to be made by the president) every year in various parts of the state and thus

advertise the college. The prospective president further informed me that he was about to secure control of a small college at North Manchester, Indiana, of which he expected to take actual possession in the following September and transform it so as to fit the plans of the hidden millionaire.

While Mr. K. was unfolding his proposition, streaks of lightning ran up and down my spine. I felt as if I were in a dream of sanctifying beauty, and was afraid to move even a muscle for fear of waking up and losing the vision. At last, college! All my pain and sorrow, hunger and fatigue, were about

to be transfigured into glorious victories; my prayers were to be answered and my highest hopes fulfilled. Could it be true? College? And on such terms! A million dollars back of me and the president of the college my personal friend. It was difficult for me not to believe that in some way I was a millionaire myself. Somehow I managed to break the entralling spell of the occasion enough to thank Mr. K. with genuine Oriental effusiveness for his surpassing kindness, and to promise most solemnly to be at North Manchester College on the fourth day of the following September.

(To be concluded.)

IN THE MIND OF THE WORKER

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

In a great industrial age it is only natural that the desires and tendencies and moods of men should be interpreted in terms of the business leaders. We tend always to admire and emulate the activities which furnish the drama, the push and sting of life, and it is emphatically in big business that we find these to-day. For business combines in a subtle way the satisfaction of the desire for power, for order, for achievement, and for display. It satisfies the impulse to action, the aesthetic desire for efficiency and organization, the talent for invention and enterprise, and crowns all with the golden touch of profit, which makes for social honor and opportunity, the visible sign of an invisible grace.

If the original psychic life of men in primeval times focused on the hunt, which fused eager physical appetite, exciting and dangerous activity, complete and gloating satisfactions, all in one tension, we can hardly doubt that our modern business man is heir to this pattern of the most vivid and zestful of all experiences, which has persisted down through the evolution of culture and furnished the spring to all artistic, missionary, and scientific effort, and economic enterprise. In the complex life of a modern society, surrounded by all the sophistications of convenience, it is the business man who is most completely living the life and experiencing the emotions which first made life worth living, which first made

it the thrilling and desirable thing that it is.

It is a mistake, however, to take our business man as the type of all our modern life, and attempt to translate the minds of all workers into the terms of desire, activity, and elation which we see so plainly to be his. We tend constantly to assume, I think, that the small business man who is struggling to make ends meet, the clerk going through a monotonous routine of other people's correspondence, the factory worker spending ten hours every day over a still more monotonous machine, the small professional man or woman moving like a cog in a gigantic system, — that all these people pursue their vocation with the same zest and enterprise as does the big business man. Our successful men, our moulders of public opinion, seem to imply, in any discussion of economic reform, that all life is being lived in terms of their own psychic background, and that discontent is not only illogical but a symptom of personal deficiency rather than a reaction against a system which, by separating, by the widest possible gap, desire, activity, and the elation of success, takes the color and zest out of work and out of life. They themselves are sure, of course, that they would not find the interest in monotonous factory work that they do in their business or professional activity, but they feel that the worker must be experiencing satisfaction or else he would not be doing the work. There is no compulsion upon him, they say. The fact that any person is engaged in a particular line of work is evidence to them that he has a bent toward, or interest in, that work. The doors are always open for advancement; the ambitious man can always find opportunity ahead. The fact that men do not advance is the best possible evidence that they are contented where they are. Successful

men find it impossible to conceive of a boy as entering a business or factory without a firm resolve to be at the head of it in ten or fifteen years.

My thesis here is that if we look into the mind of the worker we shall find that this amiable optimism is little more than an attempt to salve our social conscience as a relief for the industrial evils which have come through the domination of a ruling class of owners and directors, imposing a strict regimen of mechanical labor and a minute division of labor, and so devitalizing and distorting the normal satisfactions of activity for great masses of men. The psychology of the wage-earners and the psychology of their employers must be read in terms of quite different import.

Ambition, interest, enterprise, elation, must be erased at once from the mental background of the wage-earner, and this not because of any moral deficiency or difference of human nature, but simply because of a status which has been imposed upon him and before which he is almost helpless. Ambition follows opportunity as relentlessly as Nemesis followed the guilty in the Greek tragedy. Where real opportunity is denied, ambition automatically dwindles; where it exists, ambition flourishes. The reason for the wage-earner's feeble ambition must be sought in conditions which make real advancement, except for a few favored individuals, impossible. Ostensibly, the doors stand open in America, but really, subtle factors of prejudice and convention combine with the conditions of labor to squeeze the zest out of activity and limit the horizon of imagination and foresight.

Certainly if we take a genetic account of the making of a wage-earner, we find little enough to fortify the large and optimistic view of our leaders that opportunity is free to every man, and that each finds automatically the

place fitted to his abilities. In our industrial centres we find provided for boys and girls only the most casual and haphazard preparation for the serious tasks of life. The vast majority of young people are without money, position, or influence. Most of them grow weary of their mediæval schooling before they have finished the grades, and leave to 'go to work.' Their school has given them no idea of the social constitution and composition of the world they are to enter, and has made no attempt to train them so that they may have adaptable resources for taking advantage of such opportunities as are before them. For many of them the simple matter of lack of good clothes and of a certain presentableness of manner prevents them from competing for clerical positions. In this way, this least touch of social convention may fix permanently their status in life. Barred from these occupations, which might lead on to the zest of administrative and business life, they drift into the first factory opening that comes along. Parents may plan, but they are usually as destitute of influence and adaptive power as the children themselves. The more presentable youths are almost as circumscribed as the others; for social convention teaches them to consider the prosperous trades and machine-labor as socially inferior, and they are thus forced into the already over-crowded clerical field.

But in neither class of wage-earners has there been any but the vaguest imagination of a future. There has not been any real opportunity of choice, and thus there is cultivated no real ambition. I am not denying, of course, that an aristocracy of wage-earners finds higher positions, as salesmen, foremen, more highly paid skilled workers; but I do say that the vast majority step into a rigid system in which their status is almost as rigidly fixed

as if it had been settled by imperial decree.

For the tendency of the work itself is to fix the status. The young factory-worker has all his *brusquerie* intensified, so that he is permanently prevented from rising to the clerical class; the young clerk tends to fall into a deadly routine which fetters his imagination and makes him look on his working hours as an empty waste in his life. To neither is given the zest of pursuit and victory, which we have seen is the reward of business and professional life. There is the desire for money, of course, but only for immediate spending. The only conceived end is the week's wages; the product itself is perpetually unfinished. There is the never-ending stream of small processes passing through the hands, but no creation, no finished product to which one can look back and say, 'I did it!'

But I do not need to dwell upon the evils of specialization and division of labor into tiny fragments and monotonous routine, against which the maddened prophets of the nineteenth century, such as Carlyle and Ruskin, hurled their scorn, except to point out that, in spite of all that has been said, the system flourishes still with unabated vigor. And it is accompanied by an insidious process of 'speeding-up' which saps the vitality of the worker; a process calculated by the adjustment of hours, wages, rate of work, vitality of the individual worker, to the scale that will extract the maximum of mechanical efficiency, measured always in terms of cheapness of product and not of the conservation of human life. It seems to be a deliberate attempt to strain almost, but not quite, to the breaking-point the stamina of the workers and their ability to furnish constantly fresh recruits to take the place of their dwindling powers. It is an attempt to extract monopoly profits out of that most

sacred of all things, human life and feeling.

Is it difficult to imagine the effect of these processes, so well known to all of us, on the mind of the wage-earner? Certainly it is not to produce a zestful and colorful life, with the sharp quick fusion of impulse, desire, activity, satisfaction, elation, which the primitive savage lives, and his psychic heir, the modern business and professional man. There is produced rather a smouldering apathy toward work, the mental attitude of a serf rather than a free-man. Soon trained to take orders, without a glimpse of the end and reason of the process, the young wage-earner falls into a passive susceptibility, and an acceptance of the rôle and status which the industrial system and its masters have prepared for him.

There is little temptation for him to work faster and more industriously, for although he is constantly told that this will automatically increase his wages, he soon finds that what actually happens, when any material increase in production in his industry plant takes place, is that the increase instead of going to him for wages is used to furnish the grounds for a new capitalization and is thus drawn off in dividends instead of wages. He finds that he is as subject to the law of diminishing returns as any piece of farming land.

There is little temptation for him to save, for his puny savings — the average earnings for skilled wage-earners in this country per year are less than \$600 — will hardly serve materially to increase his income, and he is likely to find that his ability to live on less than he earns has a subtle influence in slowly lessening those earnings. He comes to the conclusion that it is not his function in society to save and invest; that is the business of the capitalist, who has made himself the steward of society's capital and devotes his energies to directing

his own accumulations and those of others who entrust theirs to him, into channels of production. This is a rôle to which the capitalist has appointed himself, says the worker; let him play it without any help. The need of thrift and foresight which are constantly pointed out to him by society's moral teachers he vaguely feels as simply an appeal to him to increase the funds which the capitalists have at their disposal to exploit further him and his class.

The worker's wages represent to him not the longed-for and striven-for goal of an interesting activity, but a sort of bounty provided at the end of dull work, to be clutched at and spent as soon as possible. It is that divorce between 'product' and 'climax' which makes the psychology of the wage-earner so different from that of the business man. The gulf is between activity in which the worker has no personal interest and the thoroughly depersonalized 'climax' of wages. The result is that where the hunter and the business or professional man get their elation in the completion of a line of activity directed straight toward an anticipated end, the worker gets only the most tenuous connection between the activity and the end. He must look for his climax outside his work: the clerk dulled and depressed by the long day, and the factory-worker — his brain a-whirl with the roar of the machines — must seek elation and the climax which the work should have given them, in the crude and exciting pleasures of the street and the dance and the show. It is a rather grim irony to ask them to spend their leisure studying or 'improving themselves.'

This is almost enough to account for lack of ambition on the part of the wage-earner, but employers are quite unable to understand it. When there are responsible positions of superin-

tendence or in the sales department to be filled, why must the employer always look outside for men, instead of advancing some of his more intelligent employees? Why will they not fit themselves for advancement, and pursue their work with that single-minded devotion which will show him their value and qualifications? But there is thus betrayed a complete ignorance of what the mechanically regulated system of industry has done to the mind of the worker. The worker has been made a mere cog in a big machine, and yet he is constantly reproached for being without initiative. The careful specialization of labor has cut the majority of wage-earners off from any chance of having their ambitions realized. Industry has been deliberately graded in a great hierarchy, and then the lowest level, upon which the whole superstructure rests, is reproached by well-meaning people for not raising itself by its boot-straps.

Employers do not realize the psychic reflection on the minds of the workers of this gradation of labor, the social stigma and prejudice which it creates and which serve to strengthen the other walls. For these feelings of social stigma, which are always the reflection of true class-differences rather than their cause, will in many cases operate effectually to prevent an otherwise ambitious man from leaving the ranks of his fellow workers and accepting a higher position in the factory. He would thus de-class himself, and become isolated from his group without being accepted into the group with which he was now working. But the majority of workers scarcely conceive the possibility of rising, for such a situation is rarely presented dramatically before them. The difference of function between worker and manager is made, as it seems, so deliberately evident, there are so many subtle ways by

which society impresses the differences upon the workers' minds, that we can hardly blame them if their imagination refuses to bridge so wide a gulf.

Among the younger generation of wage-earners this apathy takes a more positive direction, and one that suggests far-reaching consequences. Manufacturers are continually complaining of their inability to secure reliable and trustworthy employees. Young people no longer seem to fit so docilely into the system, or to become trained to a routine with such neatness and dispatch as in earlier days. They are hired, but after months of rigorous pressure, the manufacturers complain, they do not begin to show even that rudimentary interest in the work which will make for permanency of position. They prove themselves inefficient, undependable, unintelligent, utterly 'worthless'; they do not even seem to recognize their own interests, for in spite of the fact that they are constantly told that they have only to show themselves industrious and ambitious to obtain advancement and to assure themselves of permanent positions, they are quite insensitive to appeals of this nature. The most tempting rewards fail to move them. They will not work overtime or on holidays, even though they and their families really need the extra money. They seem to prefer their good times to any chance of economic independence. They are the despair of the manufacturer's life. So, after a more or less protracted struggle, they are discharged to swell that vast itinerant army of young, unmarried, semi-skilled wage-earners which is such a significant feature of American economic life, and the process begins over again. To be sure, young workers have always been more or less headstrong and unmanageable, but manufacturers seem to think that in the past it was easier to find ultimately some appeal

which would catch their interest and hold them fast to their work. But that appeal is becoming more and more difficult to find, they say. Neither honor nor self-interest seems any longer to weigh against the heady desires of the moment.

Now, a part of this weakening of responsibility on the part of the wage-earner may be due to the decay of religious sanctions. I have a feeling that the wage-earner of the past generation was held to his duty by a strong conscientiousness which was cultivated by religious teaching. Feelings of contentment and gratitude were carefully cultivated in him by church and school, and devotion to his economic duties seemed to have the sanction of the Almighty himself. Even now, elderly wage-earners revolt with a kind of horror against all Socialistic suggestions as a species of disloyalty to the employers who have given them the opportunity to make a living, and as treason to that gospel of individualism in which their souls were trained. But with the weakening of religious interest has come an increasing carelessness. The worker has lost respect for authority as such; he feels the pressure of the industrial system upon him and yields grudgingly, but he no longer feels that gratitude toward his employer and that modest pride in his own humble status which he used to feel. Coupled with this pride there was also an ambition to rise, and in the more loosely organized and rapidly growing industry of the last generation there was real opportunity to rise. But as industry becomes more specialized and stratified, that opportunity dwindles; and the dwindling is reflected automatically in the growing lack of ambition, enterprise, and purpose among the younger generation of wage-earners.

A bumptious and headstrong young labor-force whose aggressiveness is not

transmuted into ambition is indeed an appalling portent for the manufacturer and employer of labor. For it suggests that a sort of silent 'sabotage' is to creep slowly through the industries. An organic inefficiency, a lack of susceptibility to training, would act like a slow palsy in keeping down production. That this is recognized, at least by the small manufacturers, is shown by their constant wail that they cannot get reliable people to do their work. This situation therefore throws some significant light on some recent industrial developments. 'Scientific management,' 'vocational training,' pensions and profit-sharing, may be looked at, not in the light of disinterested attempts to improve the lot of the working-classes, but as a well-defined endeavor to grapple with the problem of declining efficiency. It is a general rule in life that we never do things until we have to, and we may be sure that these new methods would never have been thought of if they had not been needed in the solution of a problem which was threatening the prosperity of the masters of industry.

'Scientific management,' of course, aims, by appealing to the worker's aesthetic sense of efficient economy, and at the same time organizing the work in more mechanical fashion, to produce more in the same length of time. 'Vocational training' aims to catch the child while he is still young and plastic, and prevent his headstrong individuality by making him into a machine before he is aware. And the bonuses and pensions aim to produce a forced interest in the work, and at the same time insure the wage-earners' permanence at the job.

But from the point of view of healing the gap between 'product' and 'climax,' of changing the mind of the worker and giving it some of the colorful zest of life which, we have seen,

characterizes business and professional activity, how tragic a failure are these methods! They serve only to accentuate the tendencies which have produced the present mind of the worker; they do not in any way restore the lost vitality to that mind. They make the worker more of a machine, not more of a human being, and tend thus to further the specialization and stratification of work, and to fix the wage-earner in a more permanent status. From the worker's point of view, it is hardly less than a first step in the direction of a true industrial feudalism. He is little enough free at present, he knows, but he has at least this freedom of movement and a certain choice of occupation. But these methods would rivet him to an occupation before he had time to choose, and then, when he was once in, would repenalize a change. The restless and discontented, those in other words who were more alive than their fellows, would be severely handicapped. For if they left their position, they would lose their bonus or their pension; for the sake of that they would have to submit also to the conditions imposed.

Now, there is little doubt that the mind of the young worker to-day feels this gigantic silent struggle that is in progress, a struggle far more momentous than the open dramatic features of the class struggle. It is a struggle, he feels, in the last analysis, for the vestiges of industrial freedom. I do not mean that their efforts are conscious on the part of the employers of labor. The latter are simply trying to grapple with an immediate concrete problem of declining efficiency. But to the worker it seems as if the effect were to rivet him in his status of a sort of industrial semi-serfdom, from which he could never of his own accord escape. The employers, if they possess that diabolical wisdom which fortun-

ately has never been the attribute of any ruling class, will recognize the power of these methods, and will fortify them by an attempt forever to short-circuit Socialism by setting to work to assure for every worker a position just prosperous enough to allay discontent, yet not enough to give him economic power. By pensions, welfare-work, and a nice calculation of hours, wages, and living conditions, this perfect balance might be struck, and a true industrial feudalism appear instead of the industrial democracy toward which the minds of all enlightened wage-earners look with enthusiasm and hope.

In the light of this possible feudal catastrophe, how different appears the irresponsibility and lack of ambition of the young worker! For the only defense we have against the tightening of the feudal bonds is the mental attitude of the workers themselves. Upon their unwillingness to be bound, under the guise of 'increased efficiency,' — an efficiency, it must always be remembered, measured in terms of cheapness of product, and not in terms of the conservation of human life, — will depend the future of our society. The success of the movement for making permanent the divorce between desire, activity, achievement, and elation, — in other words of devitalizing manual labor, — will depend on the workers themselves. If the zest for life has so far failed them as a class that they consent to be drilled and turned into the patterns already made for them, they will deserve their fate. But if they refuse resolutely, or if they partially refuse, as they seem to be doing now, there is the great hope that out of this immoral situation a new social morality may be born, and that they may become fired with enthusiasm for a new and regenerated society which they alone can bring, and in which they shall be true personalities and full-grown citizens, instead of the

partially handicapped persons that society makes them now.

It is worth while for us to wonder if, while the young worker is all unconsciously resisting the pressure, thinking only of the unpleasant work he is shirking, he may not be really fighting for a truer social freedom and a new régime where class and industrial stratifications will be abolished. His shirking may be the best hope that we have to-day, and the most comfortable assurance that the zest of men and women for life, and that more abundantly, will incorrigibly reassert itself against overwhelming odds, and force recognition of the fact that life cannot be made permanently mechanical.

Should this 'silent sabotage' continue to spread, and industry become seriously hampered by growing inefficiency, that alone would soon force a radical adjustment. If that disinclination to spend one's life doing depressing and unpleasant work and monotonous drudgery ever formidably spread, we should be obliged to set seriously to work either to devise means to eliminate that kind of work, or to arrange it, as Professor James has suggested in his *Moral Equivalent of War*, to spread it thin over the population so that no one class would be compelled to give all its time to it. The glorious Greeks of antiquity simply refused to do disgusting and menial labor, and the work went undone. But we have become so de-vitalized that it seems there is no labor so deadly and stultifying but some one can be found to do it. The Greeks doubtless would have howled with mirth at the spectacle of a man spending all his daylight hours bobbing up and down in a little dark cage from the basement to the top-story of a

building. And if it were not such a tragedy we might well stop occasionally and jeer at the elevator-boy ourselves. If it were not that this dreary labor is performed for the benefit of our comfortable classes by a member of what we call, with such unconscious self-satirization, the working-class, our sense of humor would not desert us so completely when we contemplate his activity.

Distasteful, then, as it must be to our sense of propriety, we are forced to conclude that it is to this apathy of the mind of the wage-earner, to his distaste for killing routine, to his insensitivity to appeals of gain when the opportunity is given to live more vividly and zestfully, that we must look in part for the emancipation of our society.

Instead of seeing in this 'worthlessness' of the worker a cause for despair, we should rather hail it as a sign that the incorrigible zest for activity and satisfaction, the 'hunting instinct,' which the most favored professions of our modern society enjoy, is being revived in the mind of the long-stolid worker. Our social guardians and directors have done their best to make a trained animal of the worker, but human nature will not be downed, and will not rest content until we have a social life where all work is done with joy and interest, where the goal and the road are permeated by the same glow, where climax crowns a product into which the best of a human being has been spontaneously and eagerly put. The apathy and restlessness of the mind of the worker are the tragic evidences of our utter failure, with all the resources of civilization at our hand, to create such a life.

PATIENCE

BY AMY LOWELL

Be patient with you?
When the stooping sky
Leans down upon the hills
And tenderly, as one who soothing stills
An anguish, gathers earth to lie
Embraced and girdled. Do the sun-filled men
Feel patience then?

Be patient with you?
When the snow-girt earth
Cracks to let through a spurt
Of sudden green, and from the muddy dirt
A snowdrop leaps, how mark its worth
To eyes frost-hardened, and do weary men
Feel patience then?

Be patient with you?
When pain's iron bars
Their rivets tighten, stern
To bend and break their victims; as they turn,
Hopeless, there stand the purple jars
Of night to spill oblivion. Do these men
Feel patience then?

Be patient with you?
You! My sun and moon!
My basketful of flowers!
My money-bag of shining dreams! My hours,
Windless and still, of afternoon!
You are my world and I your citizen.
What meaning can have patience then?

THE WASTED YEARS

BY FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM

WOMAN has become a problem, and she is as gravely bent upon solving herself as if she lived behind the looking-glass. She is determined that man shall understand her better, even if he come to love her less.

It may be questioned whether the effort is as profoundly wise as it is earnest. If one's real object is living, there are advantages in not spending too much time in criticizing life; and many of the points under hot discussion seem to be largely academic, kept away from the point of practical test in order to prolong the fun of the discussion.

Is there anything in much of this current talk about the sexes? What would happen if it were not a question of women but just of folks? There was something like it back in King Charles's day. All the wiseacres, who called themselves men of science, held endless wordy disputes about the question of a live fish having any weight in water. So long as the actual fish was kept out of sight, the argument gave the greatest satisfaction to all concerned. But one day came a stupid fellow who thoughtlessly weighed a live fish in a vessel of water and then weighed the same vessel of water without the fish. After this the fun was gone; there was nothing left to dispute over. Is it a heresy to hint that there would be fewer questions of feminism if a little experimental common sense were applied at certain points?

There is, however, one question which is asked by discriminating ob-

servers, which deserves an answer and can hardly add to the existing tumult if discussed. Why is it, they inquire, looking about them and seeing much which they believe ought not to be, why is it that among the women not obliged to work, and following no profession, so many of those in their third decade are so profoundly unhappy? Why these wasted years between school and marriage?

There is no room for the denial of the unhappiness; that is self-confessed and plainly evident. The question of feminism is involved because marriage is admitted by the querists as a factor, but it is desired to deal with the topic as plainly and directly as possible, without considering woman as a problem, or sex as the solution of every difficulty pertaining to women. Indeed, without wishing to be a spoil-sport, we must, before we finish, send one of the stock woman-theories, that about early marriages in former days, as high as Gilderoy's kite.

We have a problem not complicated by poverty, for only those 'not obliged to work' are dealt with. Equally set aside are those who prefer to work, whether needy or not. And by implication we exclude the unfit, the unruly, the ignorant, the incapable; for though these may be equally unhappy they are easily accounted for. There are left the daughters of good homes, those with light responsibilities and no worries about the future, girls with leisure, talent, education, friends, free to enjoy life, yet by their own admission most

unhappy. And unless marriage intervenes, this state of unhappiness is supposed to continue until all likelihood of marriage is past.

It is the way in which marriage is introduced into this conclusion which makes this a question of feminism. If the unhappiness is due to belated marriage or to a diminished chance of marriage, then this is most properly a sex-question; but if it is merely terminated by marriage and not casually dependent thereupon, then this is not a sex-problem except in so far as conditions, accidental rather than necessitated, make it more prevalent among women. For as no one supposes for a moment that working women and professional women and married women are the only ones who have no troubles, so it may be very pertinently inquired whether young men, if compelled to change places with these young women, would not show very similar, and perhaps aggravated, symptoms of mental distress. In that case we are not dealing with a sex-question, and that, it may be said, is my own conviction.

But since feminism is the sport of the day, and in the popular belief marriage explains all a woman's ills,—because either she is married or she is n't, she can't be or she won't be, she is too feminine or not enough so,—let us, now that the view-halloo is raised, follow the field and hunt down the part which marriage plays in the problem under discussion.

I shall make no attempt to disprove the belief that women to-day are marrying too late in life; very likely the figures show it, and if so then the fact is pertinent and must be admitted. But the age at which the women of to-day are marrying has nothing to do with the popular prejudice that formerly nearly all women married and at a very early age. This is but a vulgar error, wholly baseless even though

somebody's grandmother, whom we all know about, did marry at fourteen, rear sixteen children, have a saintly character, and at ninety-three could read fine print without glasses. Of all the popular superstitions afloat there is none more mischievous than that which affirms that the matrimonial chances of a girl, not hampered by poverty, are greatly deferred or diminished at the present day. It breeds distrust and despair of a fundamental craving; it destroys hope just where nature most needs hope to bridge the period of waiting for a pure and happy fulfillment of her designs. And no old wives' tale ever hung on such a cobweb as this superstition of the very early marriages of our grandmothers.

The notion is one which has been adopted without investigation. Like the fish of King Charles's day, it has been everywhere accepted and argued upon with no attempt to ascertain the facts. Not only is there nothing in print which is readily accessible, but there is nothing to which experts in statistical work have been able to turn, and every professional genealogist to whom I have taken my conclusions for revision has expressed himself surprised because his independent investigations have borne me out. One writes, 'Every genealogist of experience, I mean those who have been "at it" for years, published books of family history as well as compiled unpublished genealogies, has given me uniformly the same answer I should have given, 18 to 19 as the average age. The curious thing to my mind is that so many of us who have been dabbling in this special study for years should have gone astray so unanimously. I cannot account for it on any logical hypothesis, as we, of all persons presumably experienced in weighing all such testimonies, ought to have seen or felt the untenability of our conclusions. It is really a prac-

tical fact to genealogists, for in scores of cases where dates are unavailable we have to resort to estimating age at marriage in order to reconstruct the relative order of the children of a family. I have always used nineteen years for that purpose.'

But the figures indicate that in New England, for the first two centuries of our occupation, the average age of maiden marriages was very close to twenty-three years and six months. In some great tribes it rises above twenty-four years. In other words, even the genealogical experts have placed the average age of women's marriages in colonial days five full years too low.

The bearing of such a fact upon the problem in hand is tremendous. It means that in the earliest days in New England, for every girl who married at eighteen, another married at twenty-eight or more; for every one who married at sixteen, another had to be fully thirty before she could marry. It means that up to the age of thirty no girl to-day has any less reason to look forward to marriage as probable than her great-grandmothers of one and two centuries back. It means that if she insists upon being miserable during her third decade, as many declare she does, she must hereafter trump up some better excuse than that her chances of marriage are less than those of the women of former generations.

The question is of sufficient importance to deserve some slight elaboration. In the first place, the facts are fairly taken, and they are representative. Not only are the names of those to whom I am chiefly indebted¹ of themselves a guarantee of the fairness

¹ The writer acknowledges with hearty thanks deep obligations to Dr. Charles E. Banks, author of the *History of Martha's Vineyard* (3 volumes [to be], 2 published); to Mr. Samuel P. May, author of the Sears Genealogy; to Mr. John M. Pearson, historian of the Pearson family; and to Miss Charlotte H. Abbott, professional genealo-

and soundness of the work, but each contributor chose his own material, special pains was taken to cover a wide range of condition, occupation, and territory, and in every line but one all the available perfect data were used. The time-limits were 1620 and 1820, but by far the greater number of the records fall between 1650 and 1800. Only maiden marriages were taken, and in the case of the Martha's Vineyard families only the marriages of maidens to bachelors, — marriages of maidens to widowers, which would have raised the average materially, being excluded. Even so, five hundred and seventy-five Vineyard marriages yield an average of twenty-two years and fifteen days, much the lowest obtained. Two hundred and forty-four Abbotts and Blanchards combined give an average of twenty-four years and fifty days, and single generations sometimes go much higher, one early in the nineteenth century, of a family not included in the averages, reaching full twenty-eight years for the women and over twenty-nine for the men.

But the average age of marriage for a large group and the age at which the most marriages were consummated, may stand far apart. A few very late marriages will raise the average to a point unfair to reckon from. Yet tested in this way the popular belief finds no support. Of the whole 2425 records examined and averaged, only two per cent are of marriages under seventeen, and this is almost exactly the percentage of those who married at forty or later. From less than four per cent in the eighteenth year the number increases annually, until in the twenty-second

gist and expert upon the families of Essex County, Mass.

Among the families studied are those of Abbott, Blanchard, Bradbury, Cushing, Freeman (both lines), Libby, Nash, Peck, Pearson (three lines), and all the families upon Martha's Vineyard. — THE AUTHOR.

year twelve and seven-tenths per cent of the total marry. This is the most popular year. But it takes ten years for the numbers to fall again to the same number who married at sixteen, and a good twenty before they swing below the figure of those who married between fifteen and sixteen. Of the whole twenty-four hundred but seven married under fifteen. When tabulated, the figures for all the families run remarkably uniform. Location, occupation, quality, affect the results but little. If anything, the armigerous and professional families marry earlier than the laboring and, strange as it may seem, the seafaring families.

The very early marriages of our grandmothers, at least in the colonial days, are a myth. And we might have guessed it by heeding one almost obtrusive fact. In those days a man was bound to work without wages until his majority. Unless he was a seafarer, who had very early assumed responsibility for his own support, he had nothing to marry upon until he was twenty-four or twenty-five years old, provided he had no inheritance and received no deed of gift from his father. He must either work and buy land, or start out into the wilderness and create a farm, which took even longer. There are numerous exceptions, but as a rule the colonial man did not marry till he was between twenty-four and twenty-six years of age. As he naturally chose a wife somewhat, but not too much, younger than himself, we have at hand a convenient check to our figures.

But if the average woman in the first two centuries in New England did not marry until she was over twenty-three years old, what particular advantage had she, save in her chance of raising a larger family, over the woman of to-day who does not marry until she is thirty? (The age of thirty is quite arbi-

trarily chosen; we have definitely discarded any comparison in the figures.) Why do we speak rather enviously of the woman of long ago, as if to her the future were more assured, the day's work less harassing? Most of our women college graduates now must be actually nearer their wedding-day when they graduate than those women of long ago were when their scanty schooling stopped. Their mental horizon must have been pitifully limited. It is not that they lacked modern inventions, but modern ideas. With few amusements, few diversions, no books, without variety in their daily lives, with even their marriage long deferred after their first youth, why do we assume for them an exemption from the unhappiness which women complain of to-day?

It was their task to heckle tow and to card wool, to work at the loom and the spinning-wheel, to make soap and dip candles, to labor in the fields while the men were fishing, to toil their good twelve or fourteen hours a day, —from candlelight to curfew their day's service, —and never for themselves unless they spun and wove their bridal gear, but for their 'keep' alone and the good of the family. That marriage was not the certain consummation of their maiden hopes is shown by the number who straggled into it when they were over thirty. And these figures give us no hint of the many to whom it was denied either by mental or physical disqualification, by duty to aged or infirm parents, by the burden of bringing up orphaned brothers and sisters, by the loss of lovers at sea or in the wars; for they paid full toll in those days to sea and forest, to the pirate and the Indian.

In some families the number of women who never married is surprising. In a family-tribe of hardy, unintellectual, prolific pioneers, where all their

interests demanded the coöperation of marriage, I have found, in 398 families of five generations from the emigrant, numbering 2520 individuals, fifteen per cent of the women who lived to be eighteen years old dying unmarried, and it would probably be hard to find another tribe of the same period, as large as this, with so small a proportion of unmarried women.

If by any mischance the woman of former days was obliged to support herself, it is surprising to find how little, even within recent years, she could earn and how hard she must work for that little. I can remember when a dressmaker came at seven in the morning and worked twelve hours for a dollar a day. A few years earlier, tailoresses, on their annual visitation, began work at six in the morning and received less wages.

A teacher's lot was no better. Before me are the annual town reports of my native town for seventy years. The earliest ones give no details of the schools. Usually from twelve to fourteen female teachers were employed in the summer schools, a few in the winter. In 1851, female teachers of summer schools got their board and an average of \$1.97 a week for thirty-three hours of work. In 1858, they got \$2.67 a week and board, and never more until the third year of the war. The school year was from 104 to 132 days, and a teacher capable enough to teach both summer and winter could sometimes earn as much as \$66.00 a year; most could not much exceed fifty dollars in cash and their board, for from 21 to 24 weeks' work. Yet for five years in succession one family of three adult Irish paupers was receiving from the town, in cash-equivalent, from three to four times as much as the best female teachers could earn. It was literally true that one could get more from the town in the almshouse than in the schoolhouse.

But wages then were better than they had been. An aged kinswoman has told me that in the eighteen-twenties she taught for her board and seventy-five cents a week. In addition to the usual branches she could teach Latin, French, logic, astronomy, and probably also navigation and surveying. For teaching winter schools from which men had been evicted, she got as much as \$1.25 a week and board.

We may as well demolish the time-worn superstition that the good old times again are all we need to make us happy. There never were any good old times. 'Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these,' chides the Preacher, showing that the complaint is as old as human nature. Hear Homer: 'Few sons are like their fathers; most are worse, only a few are better.'¹ If in Homer's opinion — and he puts the words into the mouth of Athena, speaking in the guise of Mentor, double-distilled wisdom — most men are worse than their fathers, then upon what degenerate days must we have fallen! Given a length of time like that between ourselves and Homer and the complaint falls to pieces of its own absurdity.

If, therefore, our young women are unhappy, let them not defend themselves by saying that it is because life is harder for them, and marriage is more belated and more uncertain than it was for their grandmothers. It may be true that few of the grandmothers were distinctly unhappy in the way in which our young women suffer, and certainly few of them can be charged with wasted years, but it is clear that the cause of the difference should be sought outside the points we have touched upon.

Nor need it be urged that the difference lies in the peculiar unrest of to-

¹ *Odyssey*, ii, 276, 277.

day. All times have been restless; it is through change and upheaval that time marks duration, and when we get at the heart of any bygone period we always find it curiously modern and understandable. There is an ignorance of the past which constantly assumes that everything in our own times is new and peculiar. This woman-question seems to be currently regarded as something spontaneously generated but yesterday. Few look back to that period before the war when the yeast of life was in a ferment greater than to-day. All fads and fancies, all theories and experiments, of eating and drinking, of religion and free love, of dress-reform, and even of women's rights, were then exploited. We had Millerism, Mormonism, Fourierism, Bloomerism, Grahamism, spiritualism, abolitionism, prohibition, communities to try out certain theories, and lone prophets crying in the wilderness that their farthing candle was the only true light.

The raw-boned, bespectacled spinster of the caricatures, armed with a baggy gamp and talking of 'woman's proper sphere' — ('woman's proper spear not an amberill,' the opinion of Artemus Ward) — was the precursor of the militant suffragette. If she wore bloomers, so much the merrier for the humorists. An eye-witness has told me of seeing Lucy Stone, on an occasion when she had scandalized her audience, carried off the stage by two men, as stiff as a poker, obnoxiously non-resistant, shouting as she was borne away, 'This liber-ryt of spee-ech is glo-o-o-o-ri-ous.' There were fewer of them, those ladies of old, but they could have taught the modern woman some new tricks.

Nor is that specific charge of the decrease in the number of marriages as recent as we may think. Here is the modern note: 'I believe there are more bachelors now in England, by many

thousands, than there were a few years ago, and probably the number of them (and of the single women, of course) will every year increase. The luxury of the age will account for a good deal of this, and the turn our sex take in undomesticating themselves for a good deal more. But let not those worthy young women who may think themselves destined to a single life repine over-much at their lot, since, possibly, if they have had no lovers, or, having had one, two, or three, have not found a husband, they have had rather a miss than a loss as men go.' Thoroughly disillusioned, is it not? — But modern? — Vintage of 1754! It is the vivacious Harriet Byron writing the second letter of the second book of *Sir Charles Grandison*.

It is, then, no recent thing for young ladies to regard life as offering them a very uncertain chance of marital happiness. How it worked out practically, we can get some idea by studying the figures already given in connection with the story of Charlotte Lucas in *Pride and Prejudice*. At twenty-seven the sensible Charlotte announces her engagement to the most asinine curate who lives in books. 'The boys were relieved from their apprehension of Charlotte's dying an old maid,' we read. (Charlotte doubtless realized how unpleasant the boys might yet make themselves.) 'Charlotte herself was tolerably composed. . . . Mr. Collins, to be sure, was neither sensible nor agreeable; his society was irksome, and his attachment to her must be imaginary. But still he would be her husband. Without thinking highly of either men or matrimony, marriage had always been her object; it was the only honorable provision for well-educated young women of small fortune, and however uncertain of giving happiness, must be their pleasantest preservative from want.'

Miss Austen has etched her portrait with an acid almost chemically pure. Like a true artist she leaves Charlotte in her story when 'her home and her housekeeping, her parish and her poultry, and all their dependent concerns, had not yet lost their charms.' Admirable Miss Austen, who trusts us to see the rest! Among those women of thirty and over who married in the two centuries we have studied, how many must have been Charlottes! If fewer women are marrying now than formerly, — whether they are fewer or not fewer does not concern our inquiry, — is it because they lack chances, or because, with their enlarged opportunities for self-support, they can so much better maintain their ideals that they no longer regard the first Mr. Collins who offers, as 'a pleasant preservative from want'?

Thus far we have only been trying to eliminate marriage as the necessary major cause of the apparently needless unrest and wretchedness prevalent among our best-educated and best-protected young women. My own belief is that this is not a sex-question. It becomes that merely because under present prevailing conditions the women affected outnumber the men. Only numerically is it a woman-question, and that is accidentally. If the lack of work does not fully explain conditions, — and the form in which the question is put indicates that lack of occupation must be one of the larger factors, — then we may perhaps account for the sexual ratio of unhappiness in those of like age and condition as due to the prevalence of certain ideas, not peculiar to either sex, proceeding in alternate waves, as an epidemic of fixed character might one year attack principally males and the next year preponderately females, the latter not having been exposed to it the first year and the males being immune the next year.

Heretofore it has been the men who have suffered most from mental distress. We remember the period of Wertherism, a masculine epidemic. While Werther was

— borne before her on a shutter,
his Charlotte, with wholesome materialism,

Went on cutting bread and butter.

Just at present it is the men who are 'cutting bread and butter.' They have gone through their period of storm and stress, they have indulged in Byronic romanticism, they have tried theism and atheism and have driven themselves to the depths of despair over the conflict of science and religion, while their women at home were placidly receiving as gospel the opinions delivered to them by authority. Now that in turn the women ask, 'Whose authority?' and begin to think for themselves, it is complained that they are turning the world upside-down. Well, what of it? is n't the world turned upside-down every twenty-four hours? And nothing ever spills off.

The intellectual result of this breaking away from authority ought to be about the same among women that it was among men, for in time it will be discovered that intellectually they are much alike. If the result is the same, we cannot think the change wholly bad.

But let us not deny that losses accompany it, which are in themselves grave enough to produce disturbance and deep unhappiness. Perhaps the greatest loss at present is that sense of duty which so dominated our parents and grandparents, which is such a serviceable helm in guiding action. Yet duty is the legal child of authority, and wherever outward authority lapses or is denied, we may expect this ideal to fade, until a new authority is established within. The authority of parents

diminished, there is less of prompt obedience, although perhaps not less of love; the authority of the church broken down, there is less of worship, although perhaps not less of service, the other side of religion; the authority of the state relaxed, there may be more of ferment, although less of rebellion. Instead of obedience enjoined there is service freely rendered; the quality becomes finer even though for a time the quantity be less.

Among women at present, the breaking down of religious authority seems to be a well-marked symptom of the pathology of this unrest and unhappiness. In the intellectualizing of woman's life the faculty of belief has temporarily become somewhat atrophied. I have observed it among my own acquaintance, who have lamented to me their inability to believe as their husbands do, — in the future life, for instance. They are trying to find out by reason what can only be known by experiment, by living it. If we do not deplore this change or mention it with alarm, it is because it has been coming on for a long time, and because it chiefly affects a picked class of women who can and must think for themselves, and who may be trusted to keep on until they arrive at sound conclusions.

But the loss of that stern old ideal of duty which did the thing commanded because it was commanded, and thought the thought ordained because it was divinely ordered, even though unreasonable, is a loss of happiness. Yet it is a loss which must be endured. Freedom is no doubt good for us, but not too much of it at once; we need to be trained to it, and one of the tributaries to the misery which we are discussing is the responsibility conferred by the greater liberty of both thought and action in our own day. The 'freedom of the self-limited,' as the late

Charles Henry Ames called it, is the only freedom which can insure happiness.

Together with this new burden of responsibility for her own thinking, there has come to the modern girl, through the changes in domestic life, too great or too sudden release from enforced occupation. David Harum remarked that even a dog needs to be 'kept from broodin' on bein' a dog,' and probably the chief difference between the girl who works and the girl who does not work is just — work. The safest, surest, cheapest remedy for mental ills is work; not merely occupation to fill idle hours, but work so skillfully chosen, so individually adjusted, so alluringly presented, that it reaches the imagination and enlists the will in the effort to effect something desirable and good. But this is no matter for empirical treatment. Let us leave it to the trained vocationalists and to those who have wise hearts.

The girl in her twenties also needs the companionship of men. There is nothing in a girl's education more profitable to her than contact with able and honorable men much older than herself. While it is commonly recognized that sons grow apart from their fathers as manhood is forming, it is less understood that at a somewhat later period daughters undergo a similar, though less noticeable, change with reference to their mothers. The father who takes pains to be his daughter's best friend during her twenties is saving her present unhappiness and educating her for marriage. Girls so fatheted and befriended are recognizable at once by the expert; they have a certain poise, initiative, penetration, detachment, a certain superiority to petty feminine wiles, which need not lessen their ability to please men, but which do increase their disability to be fooled by them.

But it is not our mission to seek remedies for the malady we are diagnosing. And concerning the question of the alleged waste of time there may be differences of opinion. The young women of the leisure class considered fall into two general types: one, the selfish, grasping, undisciplined girls, who demand everything and give nothing, who can never be happy and whose years are indeed wasted because they will not learn; the other, those who desire to learn, but who can discover no way to escape from their limitations and the problems they wrestle with. The distress of the latter is the greater, but their years are not wasted; time is the material which they use up in learning how to live; it may be used extravagantly, but it is not thrown away.

The fact is that for all thoughtful youths, unless of peculiarly fortunate temperament and condition, there must be a large amount of unrest, pain, uncertainty, foreboding, merely because they are young and have no guarantee of the future. They are untried troops, waiting in panic for the battle to sweep their way, certain of nothing, not even of how they will conduct themselves, yet fearful most of all that they may have no opportunity of fighting. The ease of their condition is the worst obstacle in the way of many who have the ability or the privilege of selecting their own course. From these more favored young women their good homes remove the spur to labor and their parents discourage the taste for it. Yet the social conscience of the age warns them that work is necessary to life and drives them against—a wall of feathers. Their energy is dissipated; nothing results from their striving; the world is going ahead without their help, and before they have begun it they are out of the race. What is hard necessity beside such discouragement?

For one, I like to believe that the young people of the coming generation are not less able or less earnest, not less willing or less devoted, than those of our own young days. Those men in buckram whom we boast of having fought, were they indeed so much more formidable than the giants in the path of the youth of to-day? Were we never 'cowards on instinct,' pluming ourselves on our 'discretion'? I feel that we, the talking generation, might suffer in comparison with the youth of to-day, did not our memories so often play us false. Certainly not all of us have achieved even honesty and courtesy and common human kindness. Did we all once have learning and wit and zeal? Where are our zeal and wit and learning now? Are our sons and daughters so much our inferiors? No, by my halidome! And we know it!

It is worth our while to believe in Youth. If Youth fail then we fail with it; for between ourselves and the extinction of the human race stands only the thin line of the youth now coming up. Were any one generation to refuse utterly to do its duty to that next after it, the human race would be doomed to extinction within fifty years. And what has any generation to show but what it has done for the generation next after it, the generation which is the work of its hands, the heir of its ideals, the executor of its testament? From us those young people take the torch to bear it onward in the race, and we cannot afford to criticize too harshly either their speed or their endurance.

Therefore it is not in unkindness that I avow that, even if it were possible, I would not remove all difficulties from the path of youth. It is our business in life to achieve happiness, if we live long enough to finish the game; and the rules of the game are very strict. Happiness is not the work of a day, nor of a year; it consists in a slow mastery

of untoward conditions. What our girls to-day are suffering is partly the result of temporary and local disturbances, but it is largely natural and inevitable; it has always been, even in the days when women did the least possible thinking. With our grandmothers it took a purely religious cast, and was called 'concern for the soul.' It was settled when a certain mystical, but none the less practical, relation with the divine was established, quite different from the revolt at dogma and the effort to think things out upon a reasonable basis. It was purely individual then, it is largely social now; but the conflict is the same; it is the effort to develop a personality, to master the environment in which the individual is placed, to become truly at home in the world. It is the struggle for existence in the spiritual world, and it must go on.

Perhaps Shakespeare never hit the shield more fairly on the centre than when he represented Henry the Fifth on the night before Agincourt, disguised, surveying his ill-conditioned army. 'The king,' he affirms, when questioned if the king were not disheartened, — and who should know so well as he how the king felt, — 'the king would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.' The individual who can stand thus and confront the world out of the midst of his own danger, sorrow, perplexity, despair, has conquered the world. His necessity he has made his opportunity, — 'Here stand I; I can do no otherwise,' — and in not wishing for anything different he has doubled the resources at his hand. Not to wish one's self anywhere but where one is, is about the best that human nature is capable of, when the will to fight goes with it. I cannot perceive than an unblemished past is requisite to this attitude of mind; with all his faults and failings and sins, a man

may stand to it and win out; he may do it without submission to any theological dogma, without being technically 'good' — some who have done it we find quite without the pale; but no man can do it without a vital faith in a living God, by whatever name he calls Him, however ignorantly he worships. If a man will refuse escape from hard conditions and will fight in his own place, he shall know the true from the false and shall have his reward.

These are hard sayings. The achievement of personality is tedious and difficult; it is birth with long travail; when it is complicated with intellectual problems and questionings there is added danger and delay, — rebellion against conventions and restrictions, distaste for our lot, doubt of the end, and an inclination to smash things. The revolutionary attitude of women at present may be partly nerves, hysteria, a mania for imitation, — it is all these in certain instances, — and it is not always necessarily an advance either in ideas or in performance; but in general it is the index of an effort to reach a higher plane of consciousness by dealing with environment as something subject to will and skill, and by beginning with immediate surroundings to make them over. The hopefulness of it as a movement lies largely in the inclination to try out theories upon local problems, to turn energy into effective work. But mere revolt is not power: it must be followed by voluntary obedience to higher law before it develops anything of power.

If, therefore, the young women of to-day who suffer, they know not why, will revive their hope, and light again the lamp of duty, waiting with patience for necessary changes and adjustments within and working quietly for the conscious effecting of changes in the world without, — no matter how small, so they be conscious improvements, —

they may pass these *Wanderjahre* with comparatively little disturbance that is outwardly and disapprovingly noted by the casual observer. To promise more would be charlatanism. The best we mortals can do with these problems of pain and suffering, necessary and unavoidable as they are for growth, is to keep them to ourselves. And there is always duty to something, some one.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
The more we feel the stern, high-featured
beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

TAMMAS

BY EMMA MAURITZ LARSON

A LATE light burned in the office of the *Minnesotan*. Old Tammas McCullough, returning in the dripping rain from a long drawn-out debate with Willie Wallace on Queen Victoria's attitude toward the Crimean War, tried the door of the printing shop. It was locked, but a red-haired young man came to open it.

'You're an angel in disguise, Tammas,' he said. 'I came down before the rain started. You can take me up the hill directly under that umbrella. It's as big as all Scotland. It beats all how it rains this April. It's the wettest weather I've seen since I left New England.'

He motioned the old man to a scratched yellow arm-chair, and went back to his case of type, offering disjointed bits of conversation now and then.

'The Lady Franklin came in for the first time this season after supper to-night —'

'She's airy,' said Tammas.

'Yes, the river has n't been open be-

fore the twentieth most years. They brought some government papers in the mail, a call for bids. I'm running it to-morrow. It's a particular job; that's why I'm working to-night.'

There was a silence of some length. Tammas studied the map of the Territory of Minnesota that hung on the wall opposite him.

'It's a call for bids for buffalo pelts. The government is going to buy a hundred thousand for fur coats for the soldiers. There's been a heap of complaining of the cold by the men out on the frontier here this last winter.'

Tammas's eyes dropped to the floor, where the water spread in two muddy pools around his heavy shoes. He evinced no interest in the subject, although he was a fur man in the employ of young John Cameron.

'There'll be a lively scramble for the contract,' the newspaper man continued after another season of work, 'but St. Paul ought to stand some show. We're nearer the source of supply than the other towns.'

'Wull the bit o' printin' be oot in the other towns the morn?' Tammas asked casually, as the printer slipped on his coat, and blew out the kerosene lamp.

The young man struck a match to light them to the door. 'Half a dozen of the other papers get it, the Minneapolis *Democrat*, the St. Anthony *Express*, and some of those from the larger towns south of here; but they're all weeklies, and won't be out for two or three days.'

'There's sma' doot but that man frae St. Anthony will tak the contrac,' said the Scotchman gloomily.

They shuffled along through the dark over the slippery boards of the high-set sidewalks, descending now and again by a perilous flight of two or three steps to cross a miry street.

'I'm thinkin' Queen Victoria is richt aboot the Roosians,' Tammas chatted, his mind going afield from furs and the far west. At the top of the hill he left the printer at his boarding-house, and went on to the three-room cottage where he lived alone.

The house was tidy, but when he had hung his dripping coat to steam beside the fire, he went about setting it more severely to rights. Then he carried a candle into the bedroom, and drew out a large carpet-bag from the closet. He packed it deliberately, humming a thread of old Scotch melody, — a strange sound for this lonely midnight hour. When he had finished he tried the coat before the fire. It was still wet, so he wrapped a heavy blanket about him, and pinching out his candle flame with rough thumb and forefinger, he stepped out into the wet night again.

The town huddled in complete darkness, except for one light that shone high and star-like through the rain; the extravagant lamp of some late-writing guest in the fifth story of the Fuller House, that palace of travelers. Tammas McCullough took a slow but cer-

tain way east for a quarter of a mile and stopped on the porch of a two-story brick house. He knocked heavily, and after a little repeated the summons, until the door was opened from within. John Cameron stood there in his carpet slippers, with an orange and white sun-in-the-east-pattern quilt wrapped about him.

'Why, come in, come in, Tammas. What's wrong?'

Tammas stepped in, but refusing to walk into the parlor with his wet garments he took the one chair in the narrow hall. Directly above his head hung a rack made of a splendid pair of deer antlers. A high sealskin cap hung on one of the branches.

'It's been a cauld winter,' he remarked to his employer.

'Yes, it has,' answered Cameron, huddling over his candle on the steps.

'I'm thinkin' the so'diers in the forts were no' so comfortable as they micht be.'

'Perhaps,' said the young man, with a keen personal appreciation just then of the discomfort of chilliness. But he and Tammas had worked together these four years and had deep respect for each other's ways.

'The American government is no' a really hard maister to warrk for,' the old man ventured. Then there was silence.

'Were you thinking of getting a job from the government?' asked Cameron at last.

The old Scot looked startled.

'Ye'll no' be dischargin' me, Maister Cameron?' he said.

'Oh, no, no,' said Cameron, relieved. 'I would n't like to part with you, Tammas.'

Again no sound but the steady swash of the heavy rain against the house.

'Has Willie Wallace been saying the United States is no good?' ventured the young man.

'Na, na, Wullie'll be a guid American yet. I was doon for a wee chat the nicht, and stoppit to tak' the young printer man frae the *Minnesotan* under ma umbrella. He was warrkin' late.'

Cameron's face was full of interest, but he waited patiently.

'It was no' sae foolish as I thocht that you ha' cluttered up the shop wi' buffalo pelts' —

The pauses were scarcely shorter now, but they were tense and live.

'They're getting scarcer every year,' filled in the young man.

'The printer man was settin' up a wee piece frae the government at Washington, that askit for bids for —' Tammas's voice stopped stubbornly.

'For bids for carrying the mail to Superior,' hazarded Cameron, knowing full well that no such item would bring the old Scot to him at this time of night.

'Na, na,' said Tammas testily. 'It was for bids for *ane hundred thousand* coats for the so'diers, made o' buffalo pelts.'

The young man rose eagerly.

'I have about forty thousand pelts,' he exclaimed, 'and the driver of the Crow Wing stage said only to-day that a caravan of Chippewas has come over from Red River Valley to Fort Ripley with their winter furs. They only do that when they have made a big haul.'

'A cauld winter makes the fur thick, an' the beasts easy o' gettin',' remarked Tammas.

'The newspaper won't be out until noon. The stage for Crow Wing and the Fort leaves at five in the morning,' Cameron continued rapidly. 'I have to be in St. Paul this spring. Can you go, Tammas?'

The old Scot stood up. His face was almost melancholy. Only his eyes beneath their shaggy brows burned happily.

'Aye, aye, Maister Cameron. It's

no' for me to hol' back an' pick ma jobs.'

'Hire all the runners you need to strike up into the Canadian country. Get a-hold of all the pelts you can, and I'll try to manage the rest from the Dacotahs. You'll probably have to stay until midsummer. By the way, what was the time limit?'

'It was no' wise for me to be too curious-minded,' said Tammas in gentle rebuke.

Cameron laughed.

'Well, they'd have to give several months at least for a bid of that size. We'll keep each other posted. Good-bye, Tammas. Take care of yourself.'

'Guid-bye, Maister Cameron.'

'Get some sleep, Tammas, but don't forget to pack your carpet-bag.'

'That winna tak mony meenuts,' answered the old man, preparing to go.

'This is going to make my fortune, Tammas,' called the young man gayly, standing quilt-wrapped in the doorway, and holding his flickering candle high to light Tammas McCullough down the slippery steps.

'I'm no' sae sure,' said Tammas, sadly. 'I'm thinkin' more like it wull mak some guid gold for that fur man frae St. Anthony, or that clever ane frae Minneapolis.'

Interest ran high when the *Minnesotan* of April 19, 1856, came out at noon with the government's call for bids for one hundred thousand buffalo pelts. A score of fur-traders throughout the territory entered the competition, and their various chances of landing the contract was an hourly recurring subject of conversation in houses and shops, and on the streets of the little capital. Every steamboat that docked in the next month or two was awaited eagerly for any private information it might have picked up at trading points along the Minnesota or the Mississippi

as to who was buying buffalo pelts in their vicinity. The territory was scoured for the furs; and team, stage, and boat brought them in to the storage houses in the larger towns, waiting the making of the bids, and their opening at Washington.

Tammas McCullough sent faithful and hopeful figures to Cameron by every stage from his headquarters near Fort Ripley, one hundred and thirty miles northwest of St. Paul. His records were remarkable. He was reaching every scattered camp or Indian village on the reservations in the northern part of the territory, and even as far west as the Dacotahs, but his footnotes were characteristic.

'Ye ha' better no' look for more pelts frae here,' he would write. 'Superior an' Red Wing ha' cleaned the coontry oot.' Or, 'We ha' had but sma' luck the week.'

He stayed up in the woods for a month after the opening of the bids, picking up small lots still of pelts, and writing of his extreme surprise that the United States had awarded the contract to one John Cameron, fur-trader of St. Paul. 'Be shairp to lookit ower the papers to see there be no flaw in them,' he cautioned.

'It's all settled,' Cameron wrote back, 'except for carrying out the condition specified in the call for bids, that the government shall inspect the pelts before they are made up. That is but a matter of formality. We have an extra ten thousand over the contract number, and the pelts are all of unusually high grade.'

Tammas came back in the late summer. He went straight from the stage to his little house, unpacked his carpet-bag, and walked down in the dusk to Willie Wallace's.

'Weel, weel, here's the great mon from the wild Indian coontry,' said his host.

'Guid-evenin',' said Tammas, as though he had been seeing Willie daily.

'Hoo mony pelts did ye get, Tammas?' asked his old friend curiously.

'Ye're no' a friend o' mine, Wullie, if ye'll askit such pairsonal questins. I am minded no' to stop —'

'Ah, sit doon, sit doon,' begged Willie. 'We ha' no' talkit ower the Russo-Turkish peace papers. I ha' saved the bits o' printin' for ye these mony months.'

Cameron and Tammas went through the shop together the next morning. The building, built of blue limestone and two stories in height, was hemmed closely in on one side by a harness shop and on the other by a frame building housing a restaurant. Its lower floor was divided into two rooms, an ample salesroom in the front, with the rear room reserved for work on the raw skins brought in. A couple of windows and a door looked out from the back wall down on the Mississippi, with a wide valley view beyond. The steep bluff that clambered down to the river bank left only a strip of three or four feet of rocky ground between it and the back of the building. All of the solid row of buildings for a quarter of a mile on either side of the fur-shop ran back thus close to the top of the bluff.

'Back doors are n't of much use here,' said John Cameron, standing in the breezy doorway. 'We'll never deliver an ounce of freight here, unless it comes by balloon.'

'Fur-shops need a' the air they can get,' answered Tammas drily, as they turned to go up to the storeroom on the second floor. The open staircase led up from the salesroom, starting well up toward the front of the store, and hugging the side wall at the right. The one large room above, lighted by three windows in the front, and an equal number in the rear wall, was piled high with

buffalo pelts. The room was strong with a scorched, dusty odor from the huge piles of furs, coupled with the medicinal tang of the drugs used to discourage moths.

'I'm having them done up in bundles of twenty to make them easier to count when the inspector comes. They're to send an army officer up from Washington soon. We'll fix a place for him up near the front of the store, where the light is good, and on the same side as the staircase. I plan to have a carpenter cover over most of the width of the stairway with smooth boards, to form a slide. Then we can shoot the bundles of pelts down close to the inspector, and they won't require much handling. A couple of men up here, and two or three to shake out the pelts down there for the officer, and a man to throw the rejected skins into the back room, will be about enough to manage the job, I figure. We've got a handsome lot of pelts, thanks to you, Tammas: a hundred and ten thousand all told, and it ought to be a smooth job all through.'

'Where wud I be warrkin', Maister Cameron?'

'Oh, I'll leave you foot-loose, Tammas. You've done your share. You can stay around and see the fun, or have a holiday, as you like.'

It was well along in October before the young army officer arrived from Washington.

Cameron chafed somewhat at the delay.

'How do they expect to get these coats made for this winter, even with all the fur-sewers in the territory —'

'But it takes so everlasting long to get out here to the end of the world,' replied the soldier. 'I've been seven days on the way, and even then I came up from Dunleith in your fastest boat, the *Northern Belle*.'

'Your government should have accepted the bid of that fur man from Superior,' said Cameron soberly.

'Why?' asked the soldier.

'Because then,' said the Minnesotan, 'you'd have had the pleasure of traveling north from here by stage. It only takes seven days more.'

The officer joined heartily in the laugh at his own expense.

'You come out ahead,' he agreed, 'and you've got a darn attractive country up here too, if it was n't for the winters. Now let's get to work early to-morrow morning. I want to get through as quickly as possible. Are the skins handy?'

'Yes, they are all in the building.'

Cameron's plan worked out well. The bundles of pelts handled by several men in the big storeroom above, slid smoothly down the covered staircase, were shaken out swiftly one by one before the young officer, who stamped them with the government's seal of acceptance or by a gesture rejected them. Yet despite the busy regularity and outward cheer of the workers, all was not well. Out of the first thousand pelts examined, Cameron, who was keeping a record to check up with, had to write down in plain figures only '287 accepted.' The second thousand fared twenty-one better, but as the day wore on they averaged steadily not more than three hundred accepted out of each thousand. They were pelts of superior quality, but the young officer cast aside a skin for any slightest mark or defect.

These opulent westerners probably had half a million pelts more or less, and his one thought was, 'get the best for the government.' A little later in the day when he was growing very tired and his task looked endless, his idea modified a little: 'Get the best for the government consistent with getting back to Washington for the election —

and well — before the ice shuts me up in this wilderness.' But even then he cast pelts aside steadily, sending more than half to the back room.

'When does navigation close up here?' he tried to ask casually, at the end of the first day, as he prepared to go back to the Fuller House for the night.

'Oh, not for a good two weeks yet,' one of the helpers answered, 'not before the tenth of November. The Lucy has made the trip even later than that, but she's a tough little boat.'

Cameron himself was busy figuring. They had handled eighty thousand pelts, and only thirty thousand of these had been accepted.

The officer stood in the doorway.

'It seems good to get a breath of air,' he said. 'I can hardly see straight.'

Cameron nodded with cheerful understanding. 'It is a tiresome job, but I hope you'll sleep well.'

'I don't expect to,' grumbled the soldier. 'I shall probably rock in a boat over a sea of buffalo waves all night — but let's get at it earlier to-morrow. By the way, when does the next boat go down?'

'The Northern Belle's gone; the Lucy leaves at noon to-morrow, and the Ocean Wave the next morning. There is no boat then until Monday.'

The officer sighed. 'I'll make the Ocean Wave,' he said, and walked slowly off through the crisp October evening to his hotel.

Tammas had been hovering about all day, conspicuously cheerful, even jocose — a state of mind so strange to him that Cameron, worried and harassed by the rejection of two thirds of his pelts, yet found time to wonder and grow anxious about the old Scot, who had fallen, during the afternoon, to helping with the carrying of the discarded skins out to the back room, which was now heaped high with them.

'Tammas,' said young Cameron when all the rest had gone, 'the officer said he thought you a jolly old codger.'

Tammas's face grew wontedly sober.

'It wudna he'p the cause of the young so'dier frae Washington were to think us doon in the haint,' he said.

'You're right,' said his employer, 'but what are we going to do?'

'That's no to be thocht of the day. We maun sleepit, an' come fresh to the battle the morn.'

So they set an early hour for meeting at the shop in the morning, and Cameron went home to thrash over the problem through half the hours of the night. Burlingham, another St. Paul trader, had perhaps thirty thousand pelts, and Clark had some, but it would be humiliating in the extreme to ask for aid from these business rivals. Besides, there was no way of bringing a single pelt into the building except past the very eyes of the inspector. There was no way out. He could not keep his faith with the government. Financial ruin was inevitable too. Every dollar he owned or had been able to borrow had gone into the venture of collecting the great heap of good pelts lying rejected in the workroom of his shop. His mind traveled round and round in a circle, coming back to the same starting-point, until toward morning he fell restlessly asleep and overslept by an hour his appointment with Tammas at the store. He hurried out into the hazy autumn morning, his hastily snatched breakfast in his hand. It was scarcely light yet, but it lacked less than an hour of the time when the officer had wished to begin work.

'Plague my sleepiness and stupidity. There is n't time to do anything,' he railed at himself as he neared the building.

The old Scot met him at the door.

'I'm done for, Tammas,' he said. 'I see no way out, and I even overslept.'

'It's a cauld mornin',' said the other. 'I ha' just steppit in mysel'.'

'Well I'm glad you got some sleep,' returned Cameron.

'What wud be the guid o' stayin' up a' nicht just to gang to Peter Hammond's an' back?'

'Peter's?'

'Aye, the ane doon the Pig's Eye road that cleans the wells.'

Tammas had locked the door, and now began gingerly climbing the stairs on the narrow foot-space not covered by the boards. Cameron followed, bewildered. They reached the second floor. About thirty thousand pelts still remained in neat bundles toward the front of the room, but the place seemed desolately empty. Tammas walked back toward the three large windows that overlooked the river. Near them stood two heavy wooden capstans.

'I ha' Peter doon in the warrk-room to he'p us roon these nesty machines o' his,' he remarked. 'We'll oot wi' the windies.' And he proceeded to remove the hinged windows.

A sudden light, not of the morning, broke on Cameron, and he laughed long and merrily.

'They're guid pelts,' said the old man, 'an' onyway a' pelts look alike to young so'diers frae Washington.'

'Is the ledge of ground down there wide enough to work from?'

'Aye, aye, an' a foot-space or twa to spare.'

'How many pelts can you raise at once?'

'Aboot thuryt.'

'Will four extra men do?'

'Four is just richt.'

'All right, I'll get them here before the officer comes.'

Cameron swung down the stairs, smiling broadly in spite of himself.

'There may be the dickens to pay before we get through with this job, but there's a chance —' And he went

off into another peal of laughter, whereat the startled Peter peeped from the back room.

'Will it work, Peter?' asked Cameron.

'Sure it will,' answered the well-cleaner.

His employer had but a moment to speak with Tammas, on his return with the extra workmen, before the soldier appeared.

'I s'all stay doon here,' the old man said solemnly, 'to keepit the so'dier man frae steppin' oot inta the back room, an' catchin' cauld.'

Then the hum of the work began.

The officer worked swiftly, but with less keenness. His eyes were still tired from the unusual strain of yesterday's close work. He discarded fewer pelts to-day, but out of the first few thousands accepted scarcely more than half.

'I dreamed last night that we got frozen up in our steamboat staterooms, and the captain came to ask me how to make cranberry sauce, and to offer me a few buffalo robes he said the President had sent by mail. He threw one over me, then another and another, and another, and another, until I smothered, and they took me back to Washington and buried me with honors,' said the officer, as he stopped for a moment's rest, about the middle of the morning.

The helpers joined in the laugh, then turned to receive another of the endless chain of bundles that slid down the stairway. A sudden sound smote the brief silence that followed,—the creaking of heavy ropes. Tammas strayed casually forward from the rear room.

'What's that?' asked the officer.

'Ha'e ye no' ta'en note how the October air carries sound verra clear?' asked the Scot. 'T is wonderfu', hoow we're hearin' the noise o' the warrk i' the harness shop just as plain as if 't was here.'

'I have heard of that quality in your autumn air,' answered the young man from Washington, resuming his steady grind of inspection and stamping.

By noon they had gone over fifty-four thousand, and accepted about thirty-one thousand, leaving almost forty thousand still to be selected to make up the contract number. The officer had his lunch sent in from the little restaurant next door to save time, and he swallowed it hastily.

'I'll just take a ten-minute turn in the air,' he suggested, 'and get back to work. I want to finish to-night — or I won't get back to Washington to vote for Fremont. Can you spare a little time, Mr. Cameron?'

Cameron came forward at once, and they started briskly up the street.

'This is n't my sort of an assignment,' explained the officer, 'but Captain Roe, who was detailed for the work and who knows furs from A to Z, fell ill shortly before he was to start. I was brought up in Georgia, and I've always been on duty in the South.'

'This is all new to you, then?' said the fur man.

'Yes, the country, the furs, and all.'

'Well, you're doing a good job for the government, anyway,' replied Cameron cordially. 'I've never seen any inspection more thorough.'

'Oh, thanks,' returned the young officer. 'By the way, you have a magnificent view of the Mississippi from the bluffs here. Could n't we get around back of some of these buildings — perhaps through a back door on the ledge. I'd like to see the valley.'

A swift vision assailed the fur man of great bundles of buffalo pelts swaying dizzily in the bright noon-sunned air half-way between the narrow rocky ledge and three open upper windows of a blue limestone building.

'A little farther on the view is better,' he said frankly, but he scanned

the length of the street for any sight that might be moulded into a diversion.

Just ahead of them out of a small candy shop popped a boy and girl tugging at a skipping rope.

'You're scairt; I'll take the outside,' piped the little girl shrilly to her companion; and between the two the rope stretched taut across the high sidewalk.

'Why, what's this?' asked Cameron, brought to a standstill.

The children's faces flamed.

'Buchanan or Fremont or Fillmore?' they challenged.

'Fremont forever!' said the young officer ardently.

'Well, then, you can walk around,' said the little maid stoutly.

The young men laughed.

'We were just about to turn back, anyway,' said the officer. And they fell into a warm discussion of the coming election, with popular feeling running so high throughout the country that even the babies were taking sides passionately.

At the door of the shop they returned to the subject of furs.

'That's a clever stairway arrangement of yours for sliding down the furs,' approved the officer. 'You must have your storage arranged pretty well above too, to hold so many pelts. I think I'll take a run up there before I settle down to work again.'

He stood with one foot on the uncovered border of stair, his hand on the rail. Cameron followed him, without clear intention.

Tammas had come in the door a moment before with the mail. He seemed to see neither his employer nor the inspector. He drew a thin newspaper from his pocket and beckoned to one of the helpers.

'Did I no' tell ye, Jeems, that that mon Fremont wud ha' but sma' chance. The Washington papers ha' ta'en a

straw vote.' He ran his rough forefinger impressively down the printed columns of figures.

The officer plunged down from the sixth step.

'Have you a late newspaper from Washington?' he asked eagerly.

In a few minutes they were all at the grind again, and through the hours of the afternoon the work went on almost automatically. The officer rejected with a dogged conscientiousness that he had himself ceased to realize.

'No danger of his accepting all of them, even to make up the last thousand, and we're far from that yet,' thought Cameron, preparing the shop for their working after nightfall. At their present rate they could scarcely finish before midnight.

He sent out for additional lamps. Tammas went across the street to the grocer's for one.

'Let me put some water in the oil,' suggested the grocer, half-seriously. 'He could n't see to be so particular then. What's he thinkin' of to discard so many of our good Minnesota pelts?'

'Na, na,' said the old Scot. 'Maister Cameron is no' the man to tak' up wi' sma' tricks.'

'Well, so long as you have enough pelts to have him discard them like water, we won't kick,' said the grocery-man heartily. 'We're proud that you and Mr. Cameron lives in St. Paul, Tammas.'

It was one in the morning when they finished. The workmen above, who had been sliding bundles down since six-thirty the morning before, half stumbled, half slid down the cumbered stairs, an air of satisfaction mixed with all their weariness and stiffness. They winked stealthily at Tammas, and went out into the night.

The soldier made polite adieux, praising generously even the climate of the territory, now that he was about to

leave it. His boat, the Ocean Wave, left in a few hours. Tammas McCullough walked down to the Fuller House with him.

'You and your employer must have had a lively summer, collecting all those pelts. I feel as though I've looked over a million, more or less. Let's see,' he stopped and struck a match to look at his card of figures. 'I've inspected 217,141 pelts in two days —'

'It was no' sae verra hard gettin' them,' said Tammas. 'I've seen livelier days and nichts here in the shop.'

'Well, of course, I don't know anything about the fur business,' admitted the soldier, 'but I'm glad to have met some one who does. It's a mighty interesting life you live up here.'

'It is that,' answered the Scot simply.

'Look me up, Mr. McCullough, if you ever come east. I'm usually stationed in Virginia.'

They parted at the door of the hotel, shaking hands warmly. Then the officer went in for a few hours' sleep.

'That's a nice old Scot,' he said to the night-clerk; 'open as a book.'

'Yes, sir,' said the clerk.

'Call me just in time for the boat. I'll have breakfast aboard,' said the soldier.

Tammas took his slow way up the hill toward home in the frosty darkness. Every bone in his body ached. He stopped at a street crossing to rest a moment. The town slept, but the fur-shop was still well lighted, so he retraced his steps.

Cameron sat alone at his desk. His face was white with fatigue, but he smiled.

'Ye maun gang up to the hoose an' rest, Maister Cameron,' said Tammas McCullough.

'I was waiting for *my partner*,' said John Cameron.

THE VALUATION OF RAILWAYS

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

I

In March, 1913, Congress passed a law providing that the Interstate Commerce Commission should begin within sixty days to make a valuation of all the railways of the United States. The Commission has entered on this work. The public takes these developments as matters of course; yet the project for which Congress has provided, and which the Commission has undertaken, is without a real precedent in any country. Its main purpose is to establish a basis for the regulation of rates; an important auxiliary object is to establish a basis for the regulation of the issuance of stocks and bonds; and the valuation will consist chiefly of a complete inventory of the physical properties. In no other country has a valuation ever been made to establish a foundation for the regulation of either rates or securities. Practically all of the valuations elsewhere have been steps toward government purchase. In these appraisals consideration has been given to the actual cost and the physical condition of the properties; but preponderant weight usually has been accorded to the net earnings for a period of five years or more immediately preceding. Valuations of railways, similar in their purposes and in the methods employed in making them to that which the Interstate Commerce Commission has begun, have been made by several of the states in this country. But they have been small tasks compared with that which Con-

gress has assigned to the Commission.

Indeed, the valuation of all the railways of the United States is probably the largest detailed appraisal of property ever undertaken. The United States is doubtless the richest nation that ever existed, and its railways represent approximately one ninth of its total wealth. Only its farms and factories constitute classes of industries representing larger investments. The outstanding capitalization of our railways is over \$15,500,000,000, which exceeds the combined capitalizations of the railways of the United Kingdom, Germany, France, and Italy; and their mileage is approximately 250,000 miles, which is more than one third of the total railway mileage of the globe, and exceeds by almost one third the total railway mileage owned by governments in all the world.

The mere extent of the roads to be inventoried, spreading as they do over a very large area, would make the task assigned to the Interstate Commerce Commission protracted, arduous, and difficult. Its difficulty and complexity are augmented by the fact that the principles which should be applied, the factors which should be considered, and the weight which should be given to each principle and factor in valuations of railways and public utilities, are largely unsettled. There are numerous elements, some of small, some of great importance, which some persons contend should be included, and which others contend should be excluded. There are wide differences of opinion

concerning the proper methods of appraising even parts of the properties which all agree should be included in the physical inventory. The way in which these disputed points are settled will affect the total valuation by hundreds of millions of dollars. They must be passed on first by the Commission. That the Commission's rulings will satisfy all concerned is not probable. It is likely that numerous important questions will be appealed to the Federal courts.

II

In framing the valuation law, Congress recognized the fact that there are many open questions regarding valuation. Instead of merely requiring the Commission to appraise the properties, it instructed it to compile also a large amount of information which will show on what evidence it bases its findings, and will be accessible to courts and litigants if the correctness of the findings should become an issue in judicial proceedings. The following is a partial list of the items of information which the Commission must compile:—

The details of the financing and physical development of each property, and its cost to date.

Its cost of reproduction, new.

Its cost of reproduction, new, less depreciation.

The amount and value of the donations of cash, land, and so forth, made to each company by government or private individuals or associations.

The original cost of all lands, rights-of-way, and terminals owned or used for the purposes of a common carrier, ascertained as of the time of dedication to public use, and the present value of the same, and, separately, the original and present cost of condemnation and damages or of purchase in excess of such original cost or present value.

All other elements of value in the property.

The parts of the value of each property assignable to each state.

The Commission is first to make a tentative valuation of each carrier. This is to be sent to the company and other persons directly interested, to the Attorney-General of the United States, and to the governor of each state in which parts of the property are situated, and is also to be published in three daily newspapers in three of the principal cities along the lines of the carrier. In case no protest is made within thirty days the valuation will become final. If protests are entered, the Commission must give rehearings. If there are appeals to the courts, they must ascertain whether or not the findings are correct, and, if they are found incorrect, must refer them back to the Commission for readjustment by it.

General charge of the valuation has been given by the Commission to Commissioner Charles A. Prouty, formerly its chairman, and one of its ablest and most experienced members.¹ A board of engineers to supervise the engineering work involved has been appointed, and an army of engineering and other employees is being recruited by the Engineering Board and the United States Civil Service Commission, to do field-work. It is expected that, later, an advisory board composed of economists and accountants will be organized.

The carriers are required to coöperate with the Commission in making the valuation; and the railways have appointed a committee of eighteen presidents, of which Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is chairman. This committee has appointed a committee of engineers to represent the

¹ Mr. Prouty will retire from the Interstate Commerce Commission to take charge of this work.

roads in conferences regarding the engineering features. Such is the magnitude of the undertaking that it will hardly be finished in less than five years, and may take ten. It is expected that its cost to the government will be from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000, and to the railways even more.

The principles that should be applied and the factors that should be included, together with the weight that should be accorded to each, and the methods that should be followed, in making valuations of railways and public utilities, are so largely unsettled because the entire theory of valuation as a basis for the regulation of rates is of recent origin — how recent few appreciate. It was never advanced in any country until within the last twenty years; it seems never to have been advanced at all except in the United States; and it is as yet only in the early stages of its development.

Many governments, especially in Continental Europe, regarding the construction and operation of railways as a public function, have built and worked them from the start. In numerous other cases, while granting charters to private companies, they have guaranteed them a return on part or all of their investment and exercised strict control over their management. Under a policy of public ownership, or of state guarantee of profits, the government is free to regulate rates as it thinks desirable. The rates of state railways usually have been made too low to cover interest on the investment, the deficits being paid from taxes. The rates of private railways have also in many instances been so regulated as to prevent them from earning their interest and dividends, the governments in such cases usually paying them subsidies raised by taxation.

The situation in England and the

United States has been different from what it has been in most other countries; and in each of these countries it has been different from what it has been in the other. In both England and the United States government ownership, and government guarantees of interest and dividends, have been almost unknown. The rule of the English common law was that the person who engaged in a public service had 'a right to charge for each separate service that which was a reasonable compensation therefor.' If a carrier and a shipper fell into litigation over a charge made by the former, the court determined whether the charge was reasonable by ascertaining what was customarily paid for like services under similar conditions; the cost incurred by the carrier in rendering the particular service; the skill with which it was performed; its value to the shipper, and so on. The value of the carrier's property and the profit made on its entire business had nothing to do with the matter. In the early history of railways in England and America this was the rule applied in determining the reasonableness of their rates. A new element was injected when Parliament in England, and the legislatures in some American states, began to insert in the charters of projected railways, schedules of the maximum rates which they might charge. The maxima thus fixed, being parts of the contracts voluntarily made by the authority giving the charters and the companies accepting them, were necessarily valid. Another, and more important, element was introduced when the law-making bodies began to pass acts fixing maximum rates for railways which already had their charters and were in actual operation.

There could be no doubt of the validity of such legislation when enacted by the English Parliament, for

the power of Parliament is not limited by any written constitution. The questions presented when it was enacted by the legislatures of American states, beginning in the 'Granger' period of the 70's, were very different. Their power to act was restricted both by the constitutions of their respective states and by the Constitution of the United States. The legislatures began at the same time to create railway commissions, and these also began to fix maximum rates.

The railways brought proceedings in the Federal courts to get many of these state laws and orders of state commissions regarding rates set aside. In its earlier decisions the United States Supreme Court held that the function of fixing rates belonged to the lawmaking department of the government, and that its exercise could not be reviewed by the courts. Subsequently it reversed itself, holding that the courts might review legislation fixing rates and set it aside if unconstitutional. Finally, in the Nebraska Rate Case in 1898, the Court laid down for the first time the great principle that 'the basis of all calculations as to the reasonableness of rates . . . must be the fair value of the property being used for the public convenience . . . What the company is entitled to is a fair return upon the value of that which it employs for the public convenience.' It was this ruling, made only fifteen years ago, which laid the foundation for all the projects for and discussions of the valuation of public utilities.

III

Numerous theories regarding the way valuations for the regulation of rates should be made have since been propounded. These may be roughly divided into two classes: those holding that valuations should be based

chiefly on the amount that the properties have actually cost, provided they have been managed honestly and with ordinary prudence; and those holding that valuations should be based on the present value of the properties.

Actual cost is, of course, the total amount that has been expended on construction and permanent improvements, whether derived from the sale of securities, or from earnings. But some of the advocates of the cost theory believe that there should be included in a valuation only that part of the total investment which has been derived from the sale of securities — in other words, that investments from earnings should be excluded. Others believe that where investors have not enjoyed, on the average, a fair return throughout the life of the enterprise, and investments have been made from earnings, these, at least to an amount not exceeding the difference between the return the investors have received and what they should have received, should be included. Others go further and hold that investors should receive, on the average, a 'fair return' on their out-of-pocket investment throughout the life of the enterprise; and that if they have not done so they should be reimbursed, either by having the deficiency added to the valuation of their property, or by being allowed to receive enough more than a fair return in future to offset the deficiency suffered in the past.

The 'actual cost' theory appeals with especial force to those who believe that society, and not individual property-owners, or stockholders in corporations, should benefit by the 'unearned increment' in land. Of course, if valuations were based on actual cost the unearned increment would be excluded, and rates would be so regulated as to yield no return on it. The 'original cost' theory also appeals to those

who believe that investors in public utilities are entitled only to a fair return on their out-of-pocket investment, and that any earnings in excess of this which have been invested should be regarded as held in trust for the public, and should not be included in a valuation to determine what rates the public should pay.

The advocates of present value as the basis of valuation reject the views both of those who believe that the owners of railways and public utilities should not be allowed to benefit by the 'unearned increment,' and of those who believe that the owners should not be allowed to receive a return on part or all of the invested earnings. They argue that while such concerns are public as regards the service they render, and therefore may be compelled by regulation to deal fairly with the public, they are as private in their ownership as any other property. The true justification of public regulation, it is contended, is that the quasi-monopolistic nature of public utilities tends to enable them to charge rates that are discriminatory, or higher in proportion than those that could be charged by concerns operating under competitive conditions, and that regulation is necessary to prevent this. But because regulation is necessary to keep public-service corporations from charging the public more in proportion than competitive persons or concerns, is no reason why regulation should deny to them rights and advantages enjoyed by others persons and concerns. To do so would be not merely to prevent them from dealing unfairly with the public, but to deal unfairly with them. Therefore, it is concluded, it would be neither equitable nor expedient for society to appropriate the unearned increment of railways and public utilities, while permitting the owners of city real property, mines, farms, and so on, to

retain and benefit by the unearned increment.

As to the treatment of invested earnings: How much the net earnings of any concern will be depends not only on its rates or prices, but also on the efficiency with which it is managed. Now, suppose that two railways, representing the same out-of-pocket investment, have been operated in the same territory and have charged approximately the same rates. One has been very efficiently managed, and has enjoyed large surplus earnings which have been invested in its property. The other, while operated with ordinary prudence and skill, has not always earned a 'fair return' on its out-of-pocket investment, and has had no surplus earnings to invest. If the two roads were evaluated at their actual cost the valuation of the better-managed, in which there had been invested surplus earnings, would be the greater. If they were evaluated at the amounts of capital the owners had invested out of their own pockets, the valuations would be the same. If they were evaluated on the theory that investors are entitled to a fair return, no more and no less, and that any deficiency in the return should be added to the out-of-pocket investment, then the valuation placed on the road which had been the less skillfully managed, which had earned no surplus to invest, which had even failed to earn a fair return, and which had actually cost the less, would be the larger. Valuation based wholly on what railways have cost would, it is contended, penalize economical and efficient construction and operation; and this would be especially true if investments made from earnings were partially or wholly excluded from consideration.

It would appear that even if the cost theory of valuation were satisfactory as a matter of economics, it could not

be adopted as a matter of law. The Federal courts, from the inception of the theory of valuation for the regulation of rates, have held that it should be based, not on the cost of the properties, but on their present value. Some consideration of why the courts originally ruled that 'fair value' was the basis for calculating the reasonableness of rates will indicate why it is the present value, and not the cost, of the properties, which is held to be their fair value.

IV

The Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibits the Federal government from taking private property without just compensation. The Fourteenth Amendment prohibits any state from taking property without due process of law, or from denying to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws; and it is held that these provisions, as well as those of the Fifth Amendment, require the payment of just compensation when property is taken for public use. It is these constitutional provisions which protect all persons from having their property taken unjustly by the state or national government under the power of eminent domain. And it was behind these that the railways took refuge in the Nebraska Rate Case. The rates fixed by the State of Nebraska, they argued, were unremunerative. To compel them to accept unremunerative rates would be to destroy the value of their properties. Thus to destroy the value of the properties would be to confiscate them as effectively as to condemn them and take them without just payment, and was, therefore, unconstitutional. It was this line of reasoning which the Supreme Court accepted. In other words, it held that the regulation of the rates of a railway so as to destroy its

fair value to its owner, leaving to him only the empty title, was equivalent actually to taking possession of and title to the property under the power of eminent domain without paying its fair value.

The reasoning and language of the Federal courts indicate that to them 'fair value' means substantially the same thing in a rate as in a condemnation case. 'Now,' said Justice Brewer, in the opinion of the Circuit Court in the Nebraska Rate Case, 'if the public was seeking to take title to the railroad by condemnation, the present value of the property, and not the cost, is that which it would have to pay. In like manner, it may be argued that when the legislature assumes the right to reduce rates, the rates so reduced cannot be adjudged unreasonable if under them there is earned by the railroad company a fair interest on the actual value of the property.' But the 'fair value' which must be paid when property is condemned is not its cost, but its present value. It follows that the fair value which is the proper basis for calculating the reasonableness of rates is the present value.

The courts have said that the actual cost and many other elements should be considered, but merely as aids to ascertaining the present value. If the present value of a property is less than its cost, the owner must lose by its depreciation; if more, he gains by its appreciation. 'We concur with the court below,' said the Supreme Court of the United States in the Consolidated Gas Case in 1909, 'in holding that the value of the property is to be determined as of the time when the inquiry is made regarding the rates. If the property which legally enters into the consideration of the question of rates has increased in value since it was acquired, the company is entitled to the benefit of such increase.' And in the Minne-

sota Rate Case, decided in 1913, it said: 'The property is held in private ownership, and it is that property, and not the original cost of it, of which the owner may not be deprived without due process of law.'

However, there is one important difference between making a valuation of property preliminary to dispossessing its owner and giving him its equivalent in cash, and making a valuation for fixing reasonable rates. The market value of a property depends on its earning capacity; and when property is taken under the power of eminent domain it is approached from a commercial standpoint. Therefore, the chief consideration is earning capacity, and ordinarily the chief measure of earning capacity is the amount of profit actually earned. In valuation for the regulation of rates, on the other hand, the fundamental assumption is that the chief measure of the reasonableness of the rates is the ratio of the net earnings to the value of the property; and the immediate purpose of the valuation is to ascertain this ratio. Obviously, in such valuation little or no weight can be given to the net earnings.

This presents a great obstacle to the valuation of some public utilities. For example, in the case of express companies, — which under the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act are common carriers, — the exclusion of the net earnings from consideration raises a serious difficulty, because the investment in and value of the physical facilities used are so small compared with the investment in and value of the organization built up and maintained to handle the traffic. In the case of a railway, on the other hand, the physical property is a very large part of the whole property, and represents a very large part of its entire value. The capacity of the physical property determines how much traffic can be handled,

and, largely, therefore, how much gross income can be earned. The investment that has been made in the physical property, the skill with which it has been developed, the condition that it is in, largely determine whether the expenses of operation will be relatively high or low, and, therefore, whether the net earnings will be relatively low or high.

In the ascertainment of the present value of its property a railway or public utility is entitled to have considered, not only its physical capacity and present condition, but also, of course, the value of the real estate owned by it and constituting part of its physical property. On the whole, the best measure of the various elements of value just mentioned is the probable cost of reproducing the physical property. Therefore, the cost of physical reproduction has been accepted by engineers, economists, and courts as ordinarily the principal factor in valuation for the regulation of rates.

But when the cost of reproduction has been thus accepted, the way in which a valuation should be made has not been settled. It is generally agreed that in estimating the cost of reproduction of roadway, structures, and equipment, the prevailing unit prices of materials and supplies, and the prevailing wages of labor, should be used; the thing to be ascertained is what grading would cost per yard now, not what the grading done in the past actually did cost; it is what would have to be paid for freight cars now, not what actually was paid for those that are in service. There is, however, hardly an element of the physical property which at any given time is not worth either less or more than it would cost to replace it, new. Rails, ties, cars, locomotives, and so on, begin to wear out or to drift toward obsolescence as soon as

they go into service. Therefore, it is generally conceded, and the Supreme Court of the United States has held, that some deduction must be made from the cost of replacement, new, of all such parts of the physical property in arriving at its present value. On the other hand, there are some parts which increase in value. For example, for periods of five to ten years after the construction of a railway its roadbed becomes more solidified and better adapted to its function, if the property is at all well maintained. It has been contended that no allowance should be made for this solidification and adaptation, because it is largely due to the work of the operating department, and the expense incurred is charged to operating expenses. But this contention is made on the theory that valuation should be based on actual cost; whereas, as has been seen, it must be based on present value. It apparently follows that an allowance should be made for solidification and adaptation, although this is unsettled. It also follows that value created from earnings must be included.

As to the so-called 'unearned increment,' the Supreme Court of the United States has indicated that it must be given weight. When a railway acquires land for right-of-way or terminals, whether it gets it by voluntary sale or condemnation, it ordinarily must pay from one and one half to several times as much as would have to be paid if the land were acquired for almost any other purposes. This is because the severance of the land acquired, and the construction of the road, cause damage to adjacent property, and because land so situated that a railway must buy it to carry out plans for construction or improvements, attains a monopoly value. Following the reproduction theory to its apparently logical conclusion, many economists, engineers, rail-

way commissions and courts have held that railway land should be included in physical valuation at what it would probably cost the railway to acquire it now. In the Minnesota Rate Case, decided in June, 1913, the Supreme Court of the United States seems, however, to have established the principle that railway land should neither be inventoried at what it cost originally, nor at what it would cost the railway to acquire it now, but at its present market value for ordinary purposes.

While it is established that the cost of physical reproduction, less depreciation, is the most important element in the valuation of public utilities, it has been contended, and the Federal courts have held, that there are other important elements which should be given weight. This view seems logical and sound in principle. The immediate purpose of valuation is to ascertain the entire present value of the property. The net earnings cannot be considered because they result from the application of certain rates, and the ultimate purpose is to ascertain whether these or some other rates would be the more reasonable. But, after all, the true value of most property does depend on its earning capacity, and, therefore, while net earnings cannot be accepted as a basis for valuation, there should be considered all factors, except the rates charged, which go to make up earning capacity.

Now, while the amount of business that can be handled, and the economy with which it can be handled, depend on the characteristics of the physical plant, the amount of both gross and net earnings actually secured depends not only on these things and on the rates charged, but also on the amount and nature of the traffic actually secured and handled; and the amount and nature of the traffic, and the economy with which it is dealt with, depend on

the skill with which the concern is organized, and the ability and energy with which it is managed. It follows that the organization of the company, and the volume and character of its established business, are important elements in its present value.

The courts seem to have determined that ordinarily no allowance can be made for franchises in the valuation of a public utility. The various elements of value just mentioned are, however, sharply distinguishable from franchise value. They constitute 'going value'; and as 'going value' is just as much a part of the true, present value of a public utility as the value of its physical plant, it would seem that some allowance should be made for it. Certain of the public utility commissions, notably the Railroad Commission of Wisconsin, do this; others refuse to do it, and decisions of the courts, including those of the United States Supreme Court, are conflicting. It has been almost uniformly held, however, that going value must be considered in condemnation cases; and it seems probable that this rule will finally prevail in rate cases.

v

Having in mind the bases upon which the valuation, which the Interstate Commerce Commission has begun, probably must be made, to what results does it seem likely to lead?

For many years it has been alleged that the railways of the United States are greatly over-capitalized, and charge excessive rates in order to earn and pay a return on their watered securities. This allegation is vigorously contested. Defenders of the railways concede that some of them have been over-capitalized. But they point out that a few companies have retired parts of their original capital, that many have made large investments from earnings,

that there has been a large increment in the value of the land owned by railways; and it is therefore argued that the value of the railways as a whole now equals or exceeds their total capitalization. As the return paid on the total capitalization is, and always has been, small, the conclusion has been drawn that, on the whole, railway earnings and rates are and have been, not too high, but too low. It is chiefly with a view to settling this disputed point, and to adopting a policy of regulation harmonizing with the facts found, that Congress has required a general valuation to be made. How much, then, will the valuations of individual properties, and the valuation as a whole, probably amount to as compared with the capitalizations of the individual properties, and the capitalization as a whole? And what use probably can and will be made of the valuations of individual properties and of the valuation as a whole? These are questions which no one can answer with any degree of positiveness. There are, however, some facts and conditions on which a forecast can be predicated.

The railways formerly opposed a general valuation. But their opposition declined; and the legislation finally passed by Congress encountered practically no opposition from them. This change in their attitude was due to the results of various valuations in recent years, some of them made by the companies themselves to introduce as evidence in rate cases, others made by various public-utility commissions and other public authorities. Among the states which have made valuations of railways within the last decade are Washington, South Dakota, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. In these states the valuations of some roads were greater, and of some less, than their capitalizations. In New Jersey, likewise, the valuations of some rail-

ways were greater, and of some less, than their capitalizations. The investigation being made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, like those already made by various states, is certain to show that some railways are earning and paying large returns on the value of their properties, while others operating in the same territories and charging the same rates are earning and paying very small returns.

On the theory underlying valuation, the public may reduce the rates of any railway which is earning more than a fair return. But, on the same theory, the owners are entitled to advances in the rates of any railway which is earning less than a fair return, if it is being managed honestly and with reasonable prudence. It is axiomatic, however, that the rates of railways operating in the same territory must be the same. Otherwise, all the competitive traffic will go to the one whose rates are the lowest. Therefore, if the rates of the railways earning more than a fair return were reduced, the rates of those earning only a fair return or less would also be forced down, making their returns much less than would be fair. As a matter of fact, if rates were so regulated as to restrict the strongest roads in each territory to net earnings of 6 or 8 per cent the weaker roads would all be bankrupted. This would be neither just to railway owners nor expedient for the public. On the other hand, if the rates were so fixed as to enable the weaker lines to earn fair returns, they would be made so high as to enable the strong lines to earn very large returns. These conditions present a perplexing situation.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has said that the conditions as a whole should be considered, and the rates regulated with reference alike to the needs of the weaker lines of a group and the prosperity of the stronger. If it

adheres to this view doubtless it will prevail. The Commission possesses legislative discretion, and, therefore, while it probably has power to reduce rates until they verge on confiscation, it is not legally bound to make them any lower than it deems consistent with justice and public expediency.

Assuming that the situation will be dealt with as an entirety, and not with reference to the position of individual railways, what is likely to be the general effect of the valuation on rates?

The aggregate net capitalization of the railways in Washington, South Dakota, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin — net capitalization being arrived at by eliminating the duplication in the gross capitalization caused by intercorporate ownership of securities — amounted to \$1,210,999,000, and the estimates of the cost of reproduction, new, of the physical properties aggregated \$1,211,806,500, while the estimates of present value — arrived at by making deductions for depreciation — amounted to \$1,035,089,184. The total gross capitalization of the seven principal railways in New Jersey was found to be \$357,346,000, and their total valuation, \$361,157,000. The largest masses of value in railway properties are concentrated in the terminals in large cities, such as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and St. Louis; and most of the state valuations referred to have been made in states where there are no very large terminals. In most of these valuations no allowances have been made for going value. Yet the state valuations usually have approximated the net capitalization assignable to the railway mileage evaluated.

Let us approach the matter from another angle. The railways earning more than \$100,000 a year each reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission that up to June 30, 1912,

the investment made by them in road and equipment was \$15,895,657,969. The *gross* capitalization reported by the same roads was \$19,533,750,802. The Commission has not published any figures regarding the duplication in the capitalization in 1912 caused by the intercorporate ownership of securities; but in 1911 this duplication exceeded \$4,000,000,000. It is, therefore, safe to assume that the net capitalization of these roads in 1912 did not exceed \$15,500,000,000. This is substantially less than the amount which they reported had been invested in their properties.

On the whole, the available evidence points to the conclusion that the aggregate valuation of the railways will equal or exceed their aggregate net capitalization. If this should be the case, what would it indicate as to whether the earnings and rates as a whole are reasonable or unreasonable? The net operating income of all railways earning more than \$100,000 in 1912 was \$756,000,000. This was less than 4 per cent on their gross capitalization and less than 5 per cent on their net capitalization; and not all of their operating income was paid out in return to capital. No interest was paid on 7.5 per cent of the total amount of funded debt outstanding (other than equipment trust obligations), and the average rate of dividend paid on stock was but 4.73 per cent. On this showing it could not be held that either the net earnings, the return to security-holders, or the rates generally, were excessive. An opposite conclusion would be indicated.

It is commonly assumed that once a valuation has been made it can be kept up to date and available for rate cases merely by adding to it from time to time the additional investments made in the properties. It is questionable if this is correct. After a valuation has

been made there may be not only additional investment, but also changes in the unit costs of labor, and of materials and supplies, in the value of land, and in the 'going value' of the property, all of which will affect its 'fair present value.' Therefore, the increase in value might be much more or much less than the additional investment. It would seem, consequently, that if valuation is to be used for the regulation of rates, there must be complete revaluations from time to time.

Some persons regard with alarm the proposition that not only additional investment, but changes in value due to other causes, must be considered. They fear the increment in land will cause railway valuations to mount higher and higher, thereby causing rates to be steadily advanced. Probably these apprehensions are not well founded. Increases in the value of land are not fortuitous; and if the value of that owned by railways continues to advance, this will be due to the growth of population and industry. If population and industry grow, their growth will cause an increase in the volume of railway traffic. The railway business being one of increasing returns, each increase in the volume of traffic, other things remaining equal, reduces the operating expenses and fixed charges for handling each unit of traffic. In the case in question, all other things would not remain equal. The increment in the value of land would increase the amount of return that would have to be paid to railway owners. But the effect of this on the unit cost of handling the traffic would be very much less than the effect of the increase in the volume of the traffic. At present, 73.5 per cent of the outgo of the railways is for operating expenses and taxes, and less than 18.5 per cent is for return on investment. Now, while the increase in the volume of traffic

would tend to reduce the operating expenses, taxes, and fixed charges per unit of traffic, the increment in the value of land would tend to increase only the relatively small part of the outgo per unit represented by fixed charges. Consequently, if the wages and the prices of materials and equipment entering into operating expenses did not increase while the volume of traffic was increasing, the value of the property and the return paid on it might increase, while passenger and freight rates were actually reduced. The operating expenses of the railways of the United States are so very much larger than their net earnings or the return paid by them on capital, that anything which affects expenses produces a very much greater effect on rates than anything which affects to a similar degree net earnings and return on investment.

VI

While the main purpose of making the valuation is to establish a basis for the regulation of railway rates, an important auxiliary purpose is to lay a foundation for the regulation of securities. There have been various forms of regulation of securities ever since the railway was invented. Sometimes the law has forbidden the issuance of stock or bonds except for cash, property, or valuable services. Sometimes it has provided that the amount of bonds should not be more than one half or one third as great as the amount of stock. Sometimes it has provided that bonds, or even stock, should not be sold for less than their par value. Sometimes it has prohibited securities from being sold for less than their market value. Sometimes it has specified that securities should be issued only for the acquisition of property, the construction of new or the improvement of old

lines, or the refunding of outstanding obligations. In several states the railways and public utilities are required to get the permission of public-utility commissions before issuing any securities. The plain intent of practically all legislation on the subject has been to prevent securities from being issued without consideration, or to prevent the capitalization accumulated from exceeding the actual investment made. There is apparently no question as to the validity of state legislation intended to make the securities issued correspond to actual investment; and probably Congress might legislate regarding the utterance of securities, and delegate to the Interstate Commerce Commission authority to regulate it.

In no case, however, does there appear to have been legislation to make the securities issued correspond to the valuation of the property. If Congress and the Commission should attempt to do this their action would be unique, and great legal and practical difficulties would be encountered. The values of all roads will be increased by natural increment and by investments of both new capital and earnings. Are those whose valuations are found to be about equal to their capitalizations to be allowed thereafter to capitalize the value added by all these causes? Are those whose valuations exceed their capitalizations to be allowed to issue stock dividends large enough to make the capitalizations and valuations equal? Finally, if the securities of the roads whose capitalizations exceed their valuations were all issued legally, can they be compelled to recall them? It may be suggested that the last-named class should at least be forbidden to issue more securities until their valuations and capitalizations correspond. But if this were done the value of their properties could be increased subsequently only by the investment

of earnings and by natural increment. If the net earnings of a road thus situated were restricted to a fair return on its valuation and it chose to pay them all out to its security-holders, it could hardly be prevented from doing so. In that case no expenditures whatever for improvements would be made. Natural increment might ultimately bring such a road's valuation up to its capitalization; but meanwhile the public would suffer from its backward development and its deficient service.

These and other considerations indicate that valuation can hardly serve as a satisfactory basis for the regulation of securities. The Railroad Securities Commission appointed by President Taft, after a very thorough investigation, concluded that no legislation regarding the issuance of securities was desirable except provisions for giving publicity to the facts as to their sale and as to the disposition of the funds derived from them. Legislation which went further than (1) to prohibit securities from being issued except for a valuable consideration, and (2) to compel all the money derived from them to be invested in the properties, would be of very doubtful expediency.

VII

The foregoing discussion might give the impression that the valuation of railways probably will have no results of importance. Such an impression would be erroneous. The valuation is sure to have some results of importance. It may have results of very great importance. If its total amount should not vary widely from the total investment in road and equipment or from the net capitalization, it might satisfy the public that, on the whole, the railways are not over-capitalized, as has been represented, and might cause

the public to adopt and the railways to accept a firm, but consistent and liberal, policy of regulation. These would be results of very great importance.

The expectations expressed in this article as to what the total valuation will amount to may, however, prove illusory. It is conceivable that it may be much less than the total outstanding capitalization of the railways, and may, therefore, lead to sweeping reductions of rates. This would throw many railways into insolvency, and seriously impair the financial strength of others. The result would be that needed improvements in existing lines, and needed construction of new lines would, if the policy of private ownership were continued, be hindered, because capital for them could not be obtained. The public might then decide that it would be best to take the railways over at their valuation and operate them as a government function.

It is conceivable, on the other hand, that the valuation may very much exceed the total outstanding capitalization. This would show that the present net earnings and rates of the railways are lower than they are legally entitled to receive. The roads might then make substantial advances in their rates. This would be a result the very opposite of that anticipated and hoped for by most of those who have advocated valuation, and by a large part of the public, and they might be disappointed and indignant. If the valuation should greatly exceed the net capitalization this would be due largely to the unearned increment in the railways' land. Those who were disappointed with the results might say that if under private ownership the value of the properties was going to continue to increase in excess of the investment made in them, and this increased value was going to be made a

basis for advances in rates, it would be best for the public to acquire the railways and secure for itself all the benefit of the increases in their value. Such developments would be very far from showing that the results of the valuation were unjust, or that government ownership was desirable. But such an argument as that just outlined might, nevertheless, fall on many hospitable ears. And the owners and managers of the railways might not, in such circumstances, vigorously oppose govern-

ment purchase, for in case of purchase the owners doubtless would be paid the high valuation that had been put on their properties.

The valuation being made is, therefore, fraught with great possibilities. Whatever its aggregate amount may be, compared with the aggregate capitalization of the railways, it is likely to have important results. And these are quite as likely to be results that are unexpected as those that have been generally anticipated.

THREE WORDS ABOUT THE WHITE MAN

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

THE ROCK

ONE day in the dry season, that is, three dry seasons back, the white man said that he must go to Nkotoven by the Mebem path. When Nzango heard this news he said he, too,—he must go.

And the white man said, 'When has Nzango carried a load?'

For Nzango was not a youth, that he should carry a load, but a real person. White was upon his head.

'Even so, if you go by the Mebem path I must go in your company. For I was born in the country that lies between Mebem and Nkotoven — I was born at Mbekom. When I was a child my tribe still lived in that neighborhood. Many nights my heart has desired to return to Mbekom, that I may again see the place where I was born.

And the rock where God passed and the mark of his foot on the rock.'

'Who passed?' said the white man.

'God,' said Nzango, 'Zambe. If you have never heard that the mark of God's foot is on the great rock at Mbekom you are indeed a stranger.'

'I have not yet heard that news,' said the white man. 'Since I was born I have never seen the mark of God's foot. You must certainly walk in my company and show me this strange thing.'

Because of this word Nzango carried a load when we went to Nkotoven. He carried the white man's bed. And every day he walked behind our master on the bad path that goes from Mebem to Nkotoven. Close behind him he walked and every day he told him about the things of the past — the things that he had known when he was a lad in Mbekom. We people who walked in the caravan had never heard

Nzwango speak so much; he was a person to sit still in the palaver house or to hunt by himself. Already white was upon his head. But now he spoke all day to the white man about the river of Mbekom where there were many fish, so that the women had always a little fish to bake in a leaf, and about the cliff where the dwarf fell off when he was nutting, and about the rock where God slept one night on his way out of the forest to the sea. In that place is the mark of his foot and the feet of the goat that walked in his company. No real person of our tribe but has heard news of this thing. Nzwango because he was born there felt pride in his heart that he was showing the path to the white man.

All day for four days he spoke of these things. On the fifth day in the morning we came out of the real forest into the plantain gardens of Mbekom. We walked through gardens, those that were old and those that were new, until the sun was in the middle. Nzwango showed the white man the hills of that country.

‘They are as I left them,’ said Nzwango.

And the white man believed.

When the sun was in the middle we passed the great cliff where the dwarf fell. We very much remember this thing because it is strange that a dwarf should fall.

The white man believed.

When we came near the town of Mbekom we met little boys and Nzwango asked them news.

‘Are there still fish to be caught beyond the place of reeds in the river?’

‘Eké! but plenty!’ said the little boys.

‘Do you cross the river by the log of the duma tree that my father felled?’

‘How should we know your father?’ said the little boys. ‘There is no log

where we cross the river. We cross on our feet.’

‘It was in felling that tree that my father died. Are the palm trees that my father planted great trees in the street of the village?’

‘Eké! We don’t know all these questions that you ask,’ said the little boys, because they were tired of the black man’s questions and they wanted to admire the white man.

That day the white man said that he felt heat in his body — the old sickness that we all know. And Nzwango said, —

‘There is a great palaver house in the village with many doors. You must rest there.’

But when we came to the village there was no such palaver house, there were no palm trees in the middle of the street, and Nzwango could not find the path to the spring. A woman of the town brought us water, not such water, Nzwango said, as the women of the past used to bring from the old spring.

There was no one in the town who knew Nzwango, they were all people of another tribe. They told us that this was a new town, that the old clearing was left at the right hand; it was deserted.

Our master slept in the middle of the day. Nzwango sat thinking the thoughts of a man in a deserted clearing.

That afternoon we passed the great rock. It is a great rock — as great as a great garden. No little thing finds root and grows there, only the rain stands in little pools where there is place. We wondered to see it so great, though we had heard many words of its greatness. And the mark of God’s foot is certainly there — greater than a man’s foot — and the little pointed mark of the goat’s foot is there also.

The white man said, ‘Since I was born I never saw the mark of God’s

foot,' and he looked at it. 'Very good,' he said. He sat upon the rock, for long he looked to where the sun went down its path to its setting. From that great rock you may look far every way.

Of our company every man raised his voice in praise of the rock and of that strange thing — the mark of God's foot. Only Nzwango did not speak. He stood away by himself, all alone. The way he did not speak after so much speaking was the way the rain ceases on the roof. You wonder at that silence. Only when we were on the path again he spoke. He spoke to our white man about the rock and his speaking was the speaking of a man who meets grief.

'My master,' he said, 'I am a man who hates a lie. The people of my town believe me when I return from hunting alone. And when I told you that Mbekom was a great rock I told you the truth — it was a great rock — not as you see it now, but exceedingly great. It was indeed white, as I told you — exceedingly white, so that the whiteness of it was not to be borne in the sunlight, and in the moonlight a great company has danced there to the sound of many drums. These things are true though it will trouble you to believe them. But it is when I speak of the mark of God's foot that I feel shame. For the mark of God's foot is not deep as it was; it is a little shallow trace like another.'

Then the sound of Nzwango's voice ceased like the ceasing of rain.

The white man spoke good words out of a good heart. I forgot his words. Nzwango did not speak again, except to everyone we met. He asked each was he of the tribe that knew his father. None knew his father. It was the time of the setting of the sun when we came to Nkotoven. Nzwango built the cloth house for the white man. Our master

did not eat, though the women of the town brought him much good food in wooden bowls spread with new leaves. The heat was great in his body. He slept, and I lay with Nzwango by the door of his house of cloth. We lay upon plantain leaves, and a little fire burned between us. Night was at the middle when the moon came up. In the moonlight people passed who were carrying loads from the sea.

Nzwango did not sleep; he asked all the carriers were they of that neighborhood and did they know his father. And it happened that there was an old woman with a load of salt who was born in his father's town. She was going to pass but Nzwango caught her by the ankle.

'I ask you,' he said, 'was not Mbekom greater in the past?'

'It was indeed greater. Many people used to dance there in the moonlight all the night to the sound of many drums.'

'And was it not whiter?'

'It was whiter — the whiteness of it was not to be borne in the time of great sunlight.'

'And the mark of God's foot — was it not deeper?'

'The mark of God's foot was deeper — the young cannot believe how deep that mark was.'

Nzwango rose and shouted with a great shout. He called our master at the door of the cloth house. 'Come quickly!' he told him, and the white man came quickly, his gun was in his hand, his body was wet with the sweat of his sickness.

'What happens?' he asked Nzwango; and Nzwango spoke to him of the old woman who knew all the truth of the great rock.

'Sit by the fire and she will tell you the truth — the truth is one with my truth — it is good that you should hear it.'

Our master laid his gun upon the ground softly, softly. He sat on the plaintain leaves beside the fire. He bathed his hands in the warmth. When he spoke it was a soft speaking, he did not look at us.

'Go sleep in the palaver house,' he said.

'But the old woman of my tribe will be gone in the morning,' said Nzwango, 'and it is good that you should hear her before she goes.'

Even so the white man did not speak again. Strange thing — tears ran out of his eyes — I saw them in the moonlight. Presently he began to tremble with the cold of our old sickness. We felt grief in our hearts to see him so sick. Because he did not speak again we went away, the old woman, too. We trimmed the fire before we left. It was a bright night.

Nzwango said to me, 'Strange thing he had no words to ask of the old woman.'

'It is his sickness,' I said. 'When I am sick with the heat and the cold I hate to see old women.'

II

THE KETTLE

The time Ela lost the kettle we felt grief in our hearts. But we said any real person would have done the same. The white man gave the kettle to Ela the night before we began our walk to the big path.

He called us and he said, 'Show me your feet! They are good,' he said. 'The walk we are going is a long walk. We will cross the Nlong River and come to the big path. Many nights we will sleep by the way.'

And he said, 'I know you. You must always be talking a kettle palaver — who will carry the kettle. I can never start out in the dawn but I must hear

your voices loud about the kettle — your own kettle out of which you yourselves eat. Myself I will say Ela must carry the kettle. Not one man one day and another man the next, but Ela every day. And when we come to rest at night there will be the kettle as it should be.'

So it was that Ela carried the kettle.

Eké! the trouble we saw those days when we walked to the big path! And the great thing it is — the big path! Since you were born you never saw such things. Tribes and tribes as many as the leaves of the forest, and each tribe after its kind like the trees of the forest. People carrying burdens and people walking free and people wearing things on their heads and things on their feet like a white man. White people on great beasts and white people on things that were not beasts though they breathed like a beast and like a beast they walked — you cannot know what I mean. We certainly were stunned to see the things we saw. And we were shamed at, the laughing people laughed at our loin-cloths of beaten bark. None but us on the big path wore that old thing of beaten bark. All wore the things bought of the white man. We felt shame. And none spoke our speech.

We said to the white man, 'It is well that you make haste for we will die on this big path. The sun shines upon us all day and we wither. We remember the shade of the forest.'

We did not say, 'Shame eats us,' for shame is a thing of the heart, and the white man's heart is the heart of a white man. But we said to him, 'It is well that you make haste.' And he said, 'In three days we will turn back to the forest.'

We saw black men with things on their heads like white men. And these black men had this custom: when they saw a white man they took these things

off their heads. So we asked our white man, —

‘Why do they always take the things off their heads?’

He said, ‘They do this to honor the white man. It is the custom.’

Aha! we thought in our hearts, it is the custom.

That is why Ela took the kettle off his head. He carried it always on his head in the morning and in the evening, for then the sun was not strong and this was the way he had said he would carry it in the morning and in the evening. He was carrying it so the day we met the white woman.

The white woman came on a beast. We saw her coming and we said, —

‘It is a question — what is this coming — it should be a white person — is it a child?’

And our white man said, ‘It is a woman.’

So we knew it was a woman.

Eké! but little around the body! You would say no bigger than your wrist. Strange hair strangely dressed. All her little body covered with a cloth. Since you were born!

Our white man left the middle of the path and where he stood he took the thing off his head. When the white woman came near he bent his body. They spoke together. How do we know what they said — do we know their speech? We stood stunned. Only Ela remembered the custom. He remembered that he must take the kettle off his head, and he did. He bent his body as our master had done.

The white woman saw this thing that I am telling you and when she saw it she laughed. Our white man saw it and he laughed.

Now I ask you — why did they laugh? If it was the custom. We felt shame in our hearts for our brother. And when he stayed behind to break the kettle, not a man of our company hindered him.

We said any real person would do the same. He broke it with rocks.

That night we baked our plantains in the ashes and said nothing. White people are strange. He never asked — where is the kettle? But he bought us another at the house of sale on the big path. We carried it as we pleased, one man one day and another man the next.

Only Ela never carried it.

III

THE DAY

When our white man sickened, our chief went to him. It was night, and the white man sat out under the eaves. Osala said to him, —

‘Tell us why you sicken. Is it the girl we gave you — has she poisoned your food?’

Then the white man called the girl.

‘Give me to drink,’ he said. Then she gave him to drink out of the gourd she carries to the spring. And Osala knew that it was not the girl. She was a young girl, very black, as slim as your wrist. The white man let her do as her heart desired, so she did not hate him. And Osala believed that it was not the girl.

‘Is it a witch, and who has given you the witch?’ Osala asked the white man. And then was still. The little moon was red before Osala spoke again.

‘Our hearts are hanging up; tell us why you sicken.’

The white man said, ‘I sicken for a day.’

‘The things of the white man are strange,’ said Osala. And he went away.

Then was the time of the great sunlight. Through every breach in the forest the sun was strong. In the clear-

ing before the white man's house the green things died and his thatch rustled always with the heat.

It is for a day of rain that he sickens, we thought. But when the stars that warn us of the great rains stood above the roof and the rains fell upon the thatch like quick hands upon a drum—even then our white man sickened. He would not come out to bargain for rubber. He would not come for the great tusks of ivory as thick as a man's thigh and as high as his shoulder. Then we knew that it was not for a day of rain that our white man sickened. And we said to Osala, 'Go and ask him for what he sickens.'

'Am I a maker of days?' Osala said. But he went.

They sat again under the eaves at the close of day. The girl brought Osala a little fish baked in a leaf, but he did not eat it. He asked our white man, 'You say it is for a day that you sicken, Tell us for what day. Our hearts are hanging up.'

And the white man said, 'Every man has hidden in his heart a day for which he sickens. My day is hidden in my heart. Are you a maker of days that you should heal me? Eat

of the baked fish; it is good, and the little girl grieves that none eat of her baking.'

We never spoke to our white man again of his sickness. And he died. We buried him after the custom of our tribe; we do not know the custom of his country. We danced for many days, and the songs we sang were the songs of mourning.

The thatch above his house is thin—the sun and the rain go in. But all his tusks are as he left them. And we have kept the little girl to do with as you will. Since her master died she has sat in the ashes, she has not anointed her body with oil. Thus we have kept her and have not given her in marriage until the day when the brothers of the white man should come up from the sea to do with her as they will.

You may say that she poisoned his food. Or that some secret evil was cast upon him.

But he said to Osala under the eaves of his house that he sickened for a day. 'All men,' he said, 'have a day hidden in their hearts and mine is hidden in my heart.'

Were we makers of days that we should heal him?

THE OBVIOUS ATHLETE

BY EDWARD HARSHBERGER BUTLER

JUST why a decrepit pedagogue like me should have been called out to judge an event in the field sports, is much of a mystery. But so the matter fell out; and I came from the stadium at the end of the day well primed with thought. In fact, no better morsel of mental pabulum could have come to me had I lain in wait for it a solid year.

One is likely to sit behind his desk and do a deal of thinking in the course of a high-school semester. He has opportunity to peer into the faces of the youth, to hear their voices, and to fancy sometimes in a flight of enthusiasm over the *Knight's Tale* or the *Faerie Queene*, that he has laid hold of the popular mind and is guiding it surely into habits of high thinking. At such times he feels the leaven working, and working toward a glorious end. Well, I once liked to believe in the efficacy of a literary education. Perhaps I do still. But let me tell you what I learned on the field that afternoon in May.

In the stadium ten high schools of the Northwest were at odds for the championship. Section after section of gayly ribboned boys and girls waved their pennants and shouted for their favorites. Now and again the cheer-leaders, tanned and alert with hatless exercise, stood out on tiptoe before the crowd and brandished their megaphones. Scattered promiscuously among the 'rooters,' solid business men smoked and chatted with a holiday air. The town was out for the championship; it was the people's stadium, the people's school. The athletes themselves were

flesh and bone of the people who sat on the concrete benches, and the spectators were heart and soul in the games. Proud of it all, of course; for any business man amongst them could look back a decade to the time when his elder children went to school in a wooden building, and the boys pre-empted vacant lots for athletic exercise. Then a house-to-house canvass for money had ended with a subscription of \$100,000, and this solid structure on which they were sitting was a monument to the energy and public spirit of the town.

'That's Wayland,' remarked a comfortable-looking father as he pointed across the field. 'Coaches the team, you know. They pay him nineteen hundred—a trifle more than the ordinary pros get. The school board had to stretch the salary schedule to get him, but they fixed it all up by a little private subscription on the side. He's worth it, too; fine clean fellow to have working with the boys. And then just think of the advertising the town gets from a record-smashing team like this.'

As I worked my way down through the crowd toward the training-quarters I passed a table set out in full view of the spectators, and here were arranged the trophies of the meet. One large loving-cup was engraved with the compliments of the University Club to the school which could win the contest for three years in succession; two smaller receptacles of like nature represented the local alumni of two eastern colleges and were to be awarded respectively to the winning team and to the individual

athlete scoring the highest number of points for the day. A congregation of near-athletes, boys who had not quite qualified for the Interscholastic, encircled the table and fingered the trophies enviously. Others of the crowd trailed out devotedly in the wake of particular heroes who strode up and down the track, majestic in their panoply of bath-robe and calked shoes.

Records were to shift that day; one could feel it in the air. There was full consent for such business in the weather and in the admiring throng of fathers, mothers, and sweethearts filling the horseshoe above. Heron, the high-jumper, was classed an easy winner and was confessedly out for the national championship. The dashes and hurdles were already ours by right of public concession. I was aware of all this as I took the list of entries and called the roll for the high jump.

The coach was a man of affairs; he knew what the public wanted and was there to give them entertainment, with no dawdling between events. So the 100-yard dash and the low hurdles were out of the way before my men on the field had fairly warmed up. Then the first lap of the 440 came by, and I halted the jump while we watched the finish of the race. There was Billings in the lead, his broad nostrils dilated race-horse-wise, and a collected expression on his face that he had never shown to me in our discussions of Emerson. I began to feel a certain admiration for Billings, he was so evidently efficient; the muscles of his clean-cut calves were sliding in poetic rhythm and his whole body was beautifully concentrated in the race. I found myself shouting incontinently as he sprang by me on the third lap; and, truth to tell, I was enjoying the unwonted sense of abandon hugely. You know, we fellows behind the desk get so accustomed to furnishing the show that we can't walk down

street of a Saturday afternoon without feeling that all eyes are upon us. Well, I shed that feeling then and there. I had stepped down, and was protagonist no longer. I had begun to feel thoroughly lost and happy in the crowd, when suddenly, as the quarter-milers swung into the fourth lap, a snarl went up from the jumpers around me. Looking across the home-stretch I caught sight of a frail boy with thin legs and a kodak climbing from the balustrade to the cinder-path below.

'Get out of that,' I shouted indistinctly. 'Don't you see they're coming?' And as the fellow climbed sheepishly back to his seat I recognized him. It was Chalmers, the boy who reads Emerson and Thoreau with an understanding heart. There was reproach in his eye, but while the magnificent Billings was pounding past to the finish I could feel only a sort of tolerant pity for a boy who understands Emerson.

The grand-stand was ready now for the high jump, for the weaker men had dropped off, and Heron had begun to knead his calves as he sat sunning himself in his bath-robe. Now Heron was no mean fellow. He had proved himself much of a gentleman in his ordinary dealings with me, and had a reputation for brains. But this matter of the high jump seemed to have gone to his head a bit, for he shouted at old Jim, the handy man about the place, to dig up the ground beneath the standards, abusing him roundly meanwhile for his negligence in so important a situation. Old Jim was in demand for hurdles just then, so he came running up with his pick and threw it to the crowd of athletes sitting about in an idle group. But as he turned away hurriedly to complete his other task Heron called him back.

'Don't you touch that pick, you fellows,' he bawled. 'Let the old man do it; that's what he's here for.'

So while Heron nursed his precious legs in the sun, old gray-haired Jim dug up the soil, and then, with bent back and shuffling gait, hastened off to make himself as ubiquitous as possible. And as I watched him go I felt a little put out at Jim, for had n't he tried to impose a bit upon these splendid fellows here who were conserving every ounce of energy for public exhibition? As I watched Heron relax his body and gather himself beautifully to clear the bar at six feet, I became very sure that old Jim deserved a reprimand at least. Then came the great preparation for a record jump, and in the confusion old Jim for the time was forgotten. A flurry in the grand stand followed the cheerleader's announcement that Heron had cleared six feet and would now try for the world's interscholastic record. Old men and matronly ladies, policemen, coaches, students, all crushed and strained toward a favorable outlook from the grand stand. Three press photographers, their tripods fixed in the cinder-path, and their heads cowled, stood tense to catch and fix the great reality of the afternoon. It was done — six feet two and a half. The congestion in the grand stand found relief, and Heron was borne to the training quarters on the shoulders of his fellows.

'A good jump that was,' remarked Jim as he tipped the standards into a wheelbarrow. I nodded and forced an expression of *bonhomie*, for Jim and I were really friends, and we had consulted now and then over some of Jim's domestic difficulties. Now, there may have been ordinarily some discrepancy between my point of view and his, for I had read the philosophers in my youth and still clung tight to certain well-tested notions of reality. It had been my diversion particularly to philosophize on Jim's relation to the universe, and I had often watched him from my window in the morning hours

making a careful round of the stadium, filling here and scraping there, and tamping portions of the cinder-path with a butt of heavy timber. I used to wonder how long the old man would last at the work, for he was getting frail and could scarcely drag himself home of an evening. Then the whole tragedy of his life would push itself forward in my mind, the old, old tragedy of the working man: home mortgaged, wife with child, industrious boy working his way through school, the father spending each day more than his allowance of strength to keep his family under cover.

It was just as new and terrible to me as if there had been no such strait in the world before. This was the real matter that counted, or ought to count, with some intelligence somewhere. It was the real tragedy underlying the daily comedy of the athletic field, — a business of the soul, which must crop out and make its appeal some time. Perhaps the whole splendid school-plant, with its Romanesque towers, its halls hung with paintings of the masters, its classrooms equipped with the best apparatus of our Aryan civilization, the great amphitheatre lighted and parked and set with thirty thousand seats of stone, where the youth of the town took their pleasure — perhaps all this existed only for the sake of Jim who was down there working with a lame back, but in some unintelligible manner working out his own salvation under the dead weight of it all.

I used to speculate in this wise, peeping beneath the surface of things to catch glimpses of reality; but at the present moment, when Jim was tipping the standards into the wheelbarrow, I felt that my metaphysical insight had deserted me. Instead, I was intensely conscious that Jim was slow in moving those standards, and that much remained to be done which he was n't getting at. But I was keenly alive also

to a new kind of comradeship between us.

'Jim,' I said, 'we're lucky to be here to-day. It's magnificent — a world's record, and you and I officiating. You set up those standards for the jump, did n't you, Jim? and I held the upper end of the tape when the A.A.U. committee took the measurement. How'd you like to be in Heron's shoes to-day, Jim? His name is flashing over the wires right now to every corner of the continent, and the New York papers are clamoring for his photograph. I tell you, Jim, it's the real thing. I'd slave another twenty years behind the desk and never whine if I knew that it would help the school breed one more world-beater like that. How about it? It's worth the money, is n't it? We're the under-dogs, you and I; the load's pretty heavy on us sometimes, but as the poet used to say back in New England,

Underneath the laurel wreath
Should be a wreath of thorns.

So smile, Jim, smile. You know what I used to say: it's the great social age, the era of upward-surgeing mediocrity, one man pulling for the other, and all for the uplift of the mass. You've said these things yourself at a Socialist meeting; I've heard you say them. But we were wrong, Jim. We're not humble servants of the community any longer. That idea's obsolete, and we've got to get over it. We're working for Heron; he's the man for the time. Don't you see that every living body in the crowd has given him its heart and soul? There was a meeting, one time, of the Chinese Imperial Academy to honor a poet of the empire; and before the assembled gray-heads the Emperor Kien Lung spoke in this wise: "An hundred years of aesthetic culture culminate in the jubilee of to-day." That sentiment fits right here, so smile, Jim;

we've been making history this afternoon.'

Jim smiled broadly and rubbed his lame back. 'I used to go in for wrestling some on the back lots when I was a lad, and the young bucks used to say that I was cock of the walk. I know how the lad feels. That was a fine jump for a boy; he's got the making of a man in him sure.'

So Jim departed with his wheelbarrow, and the immortal Heron, a silver trophy in each hand, was bowing gracefully to the dispersing throng as I passed out to the street. I was in holiday mood, so I searched my pocket for a penny and bought an 'extra,' opening it to the athletic page where Heron's face appeared almost life-size. Aboard the street car I was still engaged in a cursory perusal of the sporting print when I caught sight of the studious Chalmers edging his way toward me through the crowd.

'My boy,' I said, laying a friendly hand on his shoulder, 'my boy, give it up, it's no go any more. Forget your Thoreau and be a world's champion in the high jump. That's the real thing.'

O Youth, Youth, what are you driving at, or what are we driving you to? Who am I with my paltry baits of poetry and art to lure you in the path which I profess to tread? What hold have I on your love or thought or will, I who peddle my unrealities through five disrupted hours of the week? I had looked to your minds for enthusiasm over the baubles in my peddler's pack, and at one time fondly convinced myself that I had won it. Foolish fellow! I must have forgotten the lust of youth, to plume myself on such an achievement, or ever to mistake your urbane curiosity for anything so spontaneous as a thrill.

What are the Transcendentalists to you who transcend thought in action every hour you live; and by what

known authority can I lay claim to your interest? Do your mothers and fathers and elder brothers wax warm of an evening over the poets, or have you ever heard the names Rembrandt or Holbein upon the market-place? I wonder now at the power tradition has placed upon me, and pray God that I have not been too arrogant in the use of it. I thank you kindly for the proper show of attention with which you have regarded my vagaries.

Matthew Arnold once spoke of the power of the man and the power of the time. When these two forces meet in fortunate consent we gallop onward at a happy pace, pedagogues, parents, children and all. I thought last week that we were going this pace together and might arrive ere long at the sunny borders of some Pantisocracy and all be glad together. But then I was un-

learned in the wisdom of youth; perhaps if I had graciously held my tongue for a season you might have taught me the trend of things. You might have told me that somewhere beyond the walls of my classroom the man and the hour had met; you might even have challenged me to battle in the arena till I could rightly gauge them both. In fact you did that very thing, and I thank you heartily for the instruction. I have entered your territory naked and empty-handed, stripped bare of the armor which tradition gave. Your champion has swept me off my feet and tossed me against the paling of the lists. Nay more, he has won me to his side, so that I pick myself up and rush onward, mad and happy as yourselves. I have pitted my power against yours and I have lost. How can you follow me further?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

DRAWING THE CURTAIN

THE old-fashioned novelists drew the curtain when the situation became intimately personal. 'Let us now,' they said, 'leave the happy lovers to themselves.'

We have changed all that. Instead of drawing the curtain before happy lovers at the end of the story, our novelists now discover unhappy married people at the beginning. Ample opportunity has been given for several years for the novel-reader to determine which plan he likes better. One is told that to portray life as it is one must take down the curtains, shades, screens and other devices for privacy; that realism con-

sists chiefly in revealing all that the older novelists left out; that nothing is too sacred or too revolting for the aims of the Artist.

The crude story of the cowboy who tore away the towel pinned before the window by a gentle Easterner while taking a bath suggests itself. 'I only wanted to know what you are so damn private about,' said the cowboy. One may guess that a desire for privacy is resented in undeveloped society. It seems to imply a kind of rebuke, or an unsocial and selfish disposition. But one of the chief tests of a developed society is the ease with which one may ensure one's privacy, to do well or ill. And the quarrel that one may have with

novelists of the present day is due to their fashion of ignoring privacy, and revealing what only the physician or alienist sees and hears, — in a word, in publishing what is never public.

A grave charge against the exploitation of intimacy is to be found in the very nature of literature that lasts. 'It is fanciful,' says Shakespeare, several times in as many different ways. It cannot in its most elaborate and final analysis be true to a particular set of facts. No one wants literature to be that. It is to be a play of fancy, endowed with verisimilitude if the writer thinks best; as unreal as a dream if another writer so desires. But fancy, or the stronger creation of imagination, it must be to endure.

More than that: the fancy and imagination must create something that may be publicly regarded, talked about, held aloft in each generation; loved, sung, and commemorated. Now some particular facts and phases of human nature are singularly unfit for such publicity. Making one's toilet is a natural and unconscious operation; it is a personal matter — which is accomplished behind closed doors. It is most truthfully described when it is taken for granted. In so taking this and other facts for granted the older novelists were greater artists than they knew. We may take for granted activities in the kitchen, and the intimacies of other apartments. So far, the dentist's chair has not occupied a prominent place in realistic fiction, yet no one can deny that frequent or belated visits to the dentist are actually important facts of life. This bare reference betrays the grotesque character of any realism, unless the subject-matter be wisely chosen.

Wisely chosen? Who can say? Any-one can say, who calmly surveys literature that has been loved and venerated. Whatever will bear publicity, talk, — whatever people take a pride in possess-

ing and knowing, — may be safely left to the writer, realist though he be. Any form of personal gratification, of selfishness, avoids publicity, avoids the light. How then can it be good matter for literature? Personal gratification undoubtedly best serves the ends of those writers who in turn serve those most interested in personal gratification; and as the number of those thus served is large the returns to the writer are substantial. Yet the testimony of literature that lasts is that such gratification has not engaged the greatest minds. One might almost generalize, and say that some kind of renunciation — *Entsagung* — has appealed to them more strongly. Is it not in part due to the plain and open character of the virtue, and to a certain shamefacedness in gratification?

Here we come to the core of the matter. Despite the flings at Puritanism, it may be that we must bring modesty back to our literature, if it is to be great as that of the past is great. The stuff of literature is immodest even as personal behavior is immodest. There is, to use the same grotesque illustration, there is immodesty in public revelations about one's teeth. Whatever the Artist may say to the contrary, a layman may feel that the obtrusion of private matters upon our attention is inartistic. Modesty about such matters is more beautiful, more harmonious, more simple. The less said the better.

One feels indeed that the flings at Puritanism have been the least bit uncritical. Are we really to regard the Artist as a person who writes to be known as a kind of Greek, who limits spiritual significance to legs and movements of the body? Is Art merely Bacchic? People who live in temperate and cold climates have a very natural inclination to prefer the modesty of clothes to surprising revelations of anatomy. Carlyle liked to play with the fancy of a clothed

and unclothed society. But Carlyle's concern was with the revelations of the mind and soul, not with those of the body, or of its ills and functions. He expressly warns us against making too much of all that is not mind and soul. Wherein lies the greatness of writers from Aristophanes to Swift—and Carlyle himself—who have emphasized the unsavory and immodest, if not in their keen sense of the unworthiness of their subject? The salt of their genius has been this sense of the grotesque inadequacy of such material for serious purposes.

If realists and various kinds of problem writers were content to be, or could be, humorists, no one could find fault with their product. Only the humorist—the writer born with a sense of the incongruity and grotesque in human nature—can make much that is worth while in the long run out of immodesty, whatever airs and graces and professions it may give itself. Only that which is public in kind can long endure publicity. The rest is death; or it belongs to the privacy of the home, of the chapel, or of the consulting-room of the pathologist. To publish such material as literature is to violate the commonest truth of human nature. Age-long instincts of modesty, reaching back to the very animals, may not be abashed by the cry of 'toujours l'audace' without giving false and sentimental values to the material employed.

If distinguished exceptions in literary achievement may be suggested in this contention—and where without humor are they to be found?—one may answer that each generation is quite competent to assess literary values as it sees fit. Writers try this and that, and oblivion follows most novelties. Modesty of subject-matter and modesty of style have preserved a surprising number of books. Our audits are by no means closed. What did it

mean when Puritan and Quaker would have none of the paint, powder, plaster and paste of the Caroline period? A hundred years ahead of his time Sir Thomas More clothed his supernmen with the outward signs of inward modesty. Immodesty and display his supernmen regarded with charitable condescension, as common to strangers who knew no better. To any one with a historical background the literary use of what is essentially private in its nature clogs rather than frees the fancy; and if it be unsavory or unpalatable one is glad to leave such a book alone, and turn to the writers whom one can discuss freely, nay joyfully, with family, friends, and students.

IN DEFENSE OF THE HEN

'HENS have no brains,' declared the wife of a modern farmer as she chased a fat old Wyandotte toward the roosting-place she should have sought voluntarily.

Before I could challenge the woman's statement, the hen, by a brilliant strategic movement, completely eluded her pursuer, and with a triumphant cackle disappeared in the tall grass. The method of her escape showed brains, there could be no two opinions about that; but it was her cackle that should have settled any wavering doubt in the mind of her detractor, for that cackle was uttered at exactly the right moment; not an instant too soon, not a second too late. And it takes brains to know just when to cackle.

A glance at the woman's face decided me to postpone till another time my defense of the hen. The vanquished rarely have an open mind in regard to the merits of the victor.

After all, would it be worth while to make any attempt, seasonable or unseasonable, to convert this woman to

my estimate of the hen? No doubt she would call me old-fashioned, and would assert that since the introduction of steam-heated henhouses, modern nests, perches, brooders, and incubators, since the hen had been deprived of the joy of motherhood and the privilege of rearing her own offspring, there had been a decided falling-off in her mental equipment; that having absolutely no use for brains, she no longer possessed them. Very likely this up-to-date farmer's wife would laugh derisively when she had forced from me the admission that it had been forty years since I had owned a hen. Women have a way of being so exact in regard to incidentals; they are so exasperatingly correct about trifles. But when one is sure of his ground, what difference does a mere detail of forty years matter?

To be sure I should also have to admit that I had owned and raised but one hen. However, if the man of one book serves as a warning, ought not the owner of one hen to prove equally formidable?

This hen of mine belonged to no special breed. She was just a little yellow ball of fluffy feathers the morning I found her in the yard with a broken leg, the victim of a foster-mother's cruelty.

With bungling boyish tenderness I set the broken leg, and felt the first exultant thrill of ownership when my grandmother said, 'You may have her.'

'What shall I name my chicken?'

After a moment's hesitation my grandmother said, 'Oh, call her Marie Antoinette.'

I accepted the name with no inkling of the fate it was intended to foretell.

After Marie Antoinette had grown into a beautiful hen, I was awakened one morning by a gurgling note of joy.

I opened my eyes to see a newly laid egg at my feet, and Marie Antoinette gazing at me with a look of affection in her small brown eyes.

She waited just long enough to be sure that I was awake, then she disappeared, as she had come, through the open window.

With the egg in my hand I ran to the kitchen.

'See, see, granny! Marie Antoinette has laid her first egg on my bed!'

'So she has, child. Tell 'Liza to poach it for your breakfast.'

Poach it! Poach Marie Antoinette's first egg! No, never! I should keep that egg for ever and ever. Accordingly I wrapped it in my best handkerchief and gave it the place of honor among my treasures, beside a button from Stonewall Jackson's coat.

Marie Antoinette did not come to lay the second egg on my bed. This led my grandmother to remark,—

'Now your hen is hiding her nest somewhere; you must watch her and bring in the eggs as fast as she lays them.'

I soon found the nest, but its whereabouts remained a delicious secret. When it had twelve eggs in it Marie Antoinette was missed at feeding time. After three weeks of impatient waiting—on my part at least—she came proudly into the yard with nine little chickens in her wake.

From the very first day she had a regular system for the management of her young. In the cool of the early morning she showed them how to find bugs, worms, and grasshoppers; when the noon hour approached she took them under the shade of the great live oak. She taught them to rush to cover under her motherly wings when they saw the shadow made by the white-headed eagle as he soared overhead.

As I sat one morning under the old mulberry tree, watching her divide a

particularly large and succulent earth-worm among her brood, a sudden cloud seemed to overshadow us, and before I could rise up or even cry out, the white-headed eagle had swooped down upon Marie Antoinette and borne her away.

I watched his upward flight, too horrified to utter a sound, but when I finally gave vent to my anguish the united wail of the Sabine men and women before the walls of Rome could not have carried more anguish than did my lament.

‘The white-headed eagle has carried off Marie Antoinette!’

My grandmother showed genuine concern at my grief. ‘Come to the house,’ she urged, ‘and Liza will pull the watermelon out of the well and you may cut it.’

Eat watermelon, and Marie Antoinette being devoured by the white-headed eagle! The golden apples of the Hesperides could not have tempted me then.

Although I have never owned another hen, that experience of my early boyhood on a Mississippi farm gave me a sentiment for the hen. I should like to see her on a plane, at least, with the turkey and the goose.

She is their superior in every way except that of size, and yet they have long held the place of honor on the Christmas and the Thanksgiving dinner-table, and they have had reams and reams of poetry written about them.

But the hen, that most important of all feathered creatures, who writes poetry about her? Who even takes the trouble to know anything about her early history in America? Who owned the first hen; when and where did she land upon our shores?

Why not make amends for our long years of neglect by making her the centre of the feast on the Fourth of

July? Hereafter let it be our Thanksgiving turkey, our Christmas goose, and our Fourth-of-July hen.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS EDITED

A STUDY of the classics of English literature as they are edited for the use of schools sometimes yields unexpected profit to the seeker after knowledge. I met with a particularly fine example the other day, rich in surprising information which I feel it my duty to share with my fellow members of the Club. This information covers many branches of knowledge,—mythology, history, biography, zoölogy, literature, languages, geography, and others,—but I can give only a few specimens here. In mythology, for instance, we learn that the Graces were the daughters of Juno by Eury nome, thus boasting an origin even more miraculous than that of most of the goddesses and nymphs. We are informed, too, that Robin Goodfellow was a famous English outlaw and popular hero; also that Old Parr’s first name was Catherine, and that he was the sixth and last wife of Henry the Eighth. This last assertion, however, is qualified by the suggestion that ‘perhaps’ he was Thomas Parr, the noted English centenarian.

The Tremont House, which I had supposed to have been a once famous hostelry on the street of the same name in my native city, was, it seems, not a hotel at all but an old Boston *family*. A reference to the leap of the Mameluke Bey is elucidated by the explanation that ‘the first word means a dynasty of Egyptian Sultans from 1250–1517, originally applied to Turkish slaves who were brought to Egypt, and massacred in Cairo in 1811’; while ‘the second word means the title of a military captain.’

The ‘Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk,’ are, according

to this authority, actually Selkirk's own composition, and it seems that we must congratulate William Cowper on a very successful piece of plagiarism. Flying Childers is generally supposed to have been an English race-horse of the eighteenth century, but evidently the world has been mistaken about him, for the note reads as follows: 'Flying Childers (Hugh). 1827-1896. An English statesman who went to Australia as controller of the trade and customs.'

But perhaps the most remarkable of these annotations is that which reads: 'Mentors, Isaac. 1642-1727. An English philosopher and mathematician; originator of a theory of light, colors, and gravity.' I am afraid that there is an error here, and yet it is not the simple typographical error which it might seem to be, for the word annotated is actually 'Mentors,' and not 'Newton' as one might guess. I think, too, that I see how the error came about. The editor went through his book and drew off a list of the words and passages he wished to annotate. Then, when later he came to write the notes, he was unable to make out his own handwriting in the case of 'Mentors' and read the word as 'Newton.' (Why he pitched upon Sir Isaac instead of Newton Centre, Newton Highlands, Newton Upper Falls, Newton Lower Falls, Newton Corner, Newtonville, or West Newton, when he had so many Newtons to choose from, one can only guess.) The printers, however, with a facility acquired from wide experience with careless writing, deciphered the word correctly as 'Mentors' and so set it up, perhaps verifying it by referring to the text; but, not being so well informed on scientific matters, they trustfully 'followed copy' in the rest of the note. There, if any other member of the Club can give a more plausible explanation, I shall be glad to hear it. The only

question that remains is, 'Who read the proof?'

I have not exhausted the possibilities of this mine of curious information, for I wish to leave something for my followers to discover for themselves. I will simply add that the author of these valuable notes is a master of arts of a great American university. Long may old — stand to promote the gentle art of annotation!

A FOOTNOTE TO THE SINGLE-TAX DISCUSSION

TO THE EDITOR: —

Permit me to thank you, and the author, for the very lucid, important, and timely article by Professor Alvin S. Johnson, in the January *Atlantic*. 'The Case Against the Single Tax' is the case against present political tendencies in this country. We who live in Wisconsin, which Mr. Roosevelt has so happily termed the 'experiment station,' know this better, perhaps, than some others, for we have been subjects for all the crack-brained prescriptions for curing the ills of unjust taxation by using 'the hair of the dog.'

The tendency in this state is already toward the confiscation of property by taxation. Our system operates now, so far as farmers are concerned, virtually as a single land-tax.

In his first message as Governor, in January, 1901, Robert M. La Follette criticised his predecessors because their record showed 'a steady and rapid increase in the cost of government.' He defined this as 'an advance of 50 per cent . . . within a period of ten years.' A table which is a part of the message, shows that the aggregate cost of government for the ten years (1889-1898) to which he referred, was \$30,334,000.72, or about \$3,000,000 per

annum. In the last year of the decade total disbursements reached \$3,708,582.50.

Mr. La Follette, who established our 'experiment station,' was governor six years, during which the state spent \$30,524,340.03, and for the last year expenditures rose to \$5,104,868. That was doing well, but the last Legislature, of 1913, appropriated over \$36,000,000, for the current two years.

We collect this year in income taxes over \$4,000,000; and in taxes upon railroads over \$4,000,000. Either item exceeds the entire cost of state government in 1900.

Meanwhile our ratio of increase in population has fallen from 22.2 per cent in 1900, to 12.8 per cent in the Census of 1910.

These figures have large significance in the light of Professor Johnson's argument.

Wisconsin has progressed in tax reform only in the direction of collecting these greatly increased sums of money, and also, in adding largely to local bonded indebtedness; for as our assessments rise, the limit of county, town, and municipal indebtedness rises, automatically. The constitution limits such indebtedness to 5 per cent of the assessed valuation.

Thirteen Wisconsin cities have recently taken over various public utilities and others are moving in this direction.

Is not the demand for government ownership of railroads, telegraphs and telephones, a wider manifestation of the unrest that finds new burdens, rather than relief, in higher taxes and growing public extravagance?

Professor Johnson points to the goal toward which 'reform' is hastening us, and at breath-taking speed. It is socialistic and communal ownership. We shall first extinguish private property by methods of taxation that will eventuate in the single tax, then culminate in confiscation, and we shall extinguish other private ownership in government ownership, through purchase or virtual confiscation, as in the case of the express business, now before our eyes.

Pardon me, but as I see it, this country is already in the midst of a revolution that means, if it succeeds, the destruction of all rights in private property. If I am, even measurably, correct in this view, the seriousness of the menace is my justification for trespassing upon your space.

ELLIS B. USHER.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,
January 6, 1914.

